Beautiful Mine

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Beautiful Mine

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Summary

In a post apocalyptic world where Alphas, Betas, and Omegas struggle to keep living, Will Graham finds himself at the mercy of a grieving Count and must negotiate through his life and try not to fall in love. When he finally finds his way out, he learns he's not so ready to let go of Hannibal Lecter.

Chapter 1

With a world at war, it was only a matter of time until most countries became decimated by the violence and killing, the bombs that were let off, destroying most of the fragile eco-systems, and the those who lived in them. Precious few were saved, bomb shelters put into effect, but the very means of the species of Alphas and Omegas were done for. Rare were the child-bearing beauties of Omegas before the near earth and life ending scenarios, now seen as precious gems once were, extinct save for a handful, and those who were around were guarded with all the families had to keep them locked up and saved for chance to be bred by an Alpha. Alphas weren't as precious, but hard to come by, as they took over major countries, made them their own, and claimed themselves royalty.

Betas were common ground, so many produced after the wars that it was no longer unusual to see one over seeing an Alpha, and no one paid them much mind unless their child was a Omega, which was even rarer.

The Graham's were a lucky pair of Betas, Mrs. Graham having given birth ten years post apocalypse, to a dear and sweet little boy, though it wasn't known until he came of age at thirteen that he was an Omega. The Graham's scrambled to keep him hidden, to keep his heats away from the rest of the world for a measly week, to just try and keep him from the clutches of those who would rather see the rarity killed off completely, or stolen and sold for good money to a rich Alpha.

The Graham's weren't well off and though they loved their son, keeping him out of view and unable to help with the load of chores and gather, living their lives the way they needed to survive, was taking a toll. William deserved better, he deserved a life fitting of his sex, protected by an Alpha.

Being the boy was only thirteen, going on fourteen, it was difficult to provide him safe passage anywhere, let alone overseas where most of the Alphas resided, away from the turmoil and wreckage of what was once the United States of America. Will's mother sent an ad out on one of the boats to Europe, hoping that someone over where would know of a place her son could go and be safe.

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Count Hannibal Lecter had been, initially, born to privileged, with a title and land, that is until his parents were killed in the great war. He and his sister, Mischa, were taken to an orphanage for the abandoned, where he'd stayed until he was thirteen. He escaped with his little sister, who was just eight and fled to the safety of his uncle, Robertus Lecter.

At sixteen, the Alpha once again fled, to start life anew, just the two of them. Steadily he rose up, and while most found themselves in a state of disarray due to the collapse of society, the would be physician profited from it. Not in the monetary sense, perhaps but in entertainment, and power. He was quite happy, given the circumstances, living in one of the biggest estates in the area--Castle Lecter--in Lithuania, which was passed down. It was, nonetheless impressive in those times of rebuilding and for an Alpha of thirty-five, no matter the way in which it was obtained.

What consumed most of his time, when not indulging or pursuing his interests and studies, was taking care of his sister, who'd presented as an Omega as she'd grown older. He had no interest in such trivial things like finding a mate, Hannibal found the concept entirely banal. So he focused on the aforementioned, which meant he kept a heavy, protective thumb on his sister. She could only leave with his permission and at his side or with Chiyoh, who guarded her heavily.

While Hannibal had servants who would occasional scavenge for him, he always selected his own meat, and prepared their meals. Today was such a day, whole suckling pig it was to be their dinner and he set out for a hunt, having taught himself to do so out of necessity. As he was away from the castle, procuring, his sister was left to entertain herself.

Once alone and sure Hannibal was gone for the day, Mischa convinced Chiyoh to take her out, for just a little while, so they walked along the harbor, the safest port of the country, mostly surrounded by Betas who had better things to do than bother a female Alpha and her 'pet' Omega.

Mischa chanced upon a bulletin posted by the docking office, one that someone had just put there as she watched them walk away, and curious looked over the letter. A family looking for a safer home for their Omega, a young boy, just barely of age to have been showing as an Omega at all, and his parents wanted an Alpha for him, someone to protect him. Mischa snatched the letter down, much to Chiyoh's displeased look, and wrote a letter inside the office and had it sent back.

"Your brother will not be pleased," the female Alpha said as they walked back, Mischa with a happy grin on her face.

"No? He can watch over that little Omega and let me live my life. Maybe I'll sail the world and find my own Alpha husband," Mischa mused, though Chiyoh only sighed, saying nothing more on their walk home. Mischa had no intentions of telling her brother until the Omegan parcel arrived, likely a year from now.

She could wait.

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Not a word was said to Hannibal by either Chiyoh or Mischa. For a year as they waited to see if her letter would be returned or a young man in it's place, Mischa swore the servant to secrecy, and the promise of letting her be on her own one day as well, as soon as Hannibal didn't need either of them anymore.

Finally a letter was received, and the next day Mischa and Chiyoh left for the docks once more to retrieve the package that the letter said would be arriving just after.

"Do you suppose Hannibal will be very angry with me?" Mischa asked, finally seeing the error of her ways in, kicking a stray, old cellphone that no longer worked with her booted foot as they walked.

"I think your brother will likely kill you both," Chiyoh said, her porcelain doll like features never flinching, or showing much emotion.

"He wouldn't dare." After all, Hannibal's celibacy was mostly for her, to keep her safe. She was doing him a favor. "I hope the Omega is easy on the eyes at least, that might make it a little easier for him."

Chiyoh said nothing as they grossed from desert planes into the grassy knolls of the sea port--from war zone to shipment zone. They waited, and waited, and finally the very last bit of cargo was brought off and a young man followed them out, dressed in worn jeans and flannel. He had a floppy mess of chocolate curls that surrounded his cherubic face, and vibrant sea blue eyes. Mischa nearly swooned herself.

"Your brother won't be so easily tricked," Chiyoh warned, rifle armed as people started to watch the young Omega walk down the ramp.

"C'mere, boy, are you William Graham?" Mischa asked, beckoning him over.

“Yes,” the male Omega said, looking at her, dressed much nicer than most around here. “Are you the Countess?”

“Sorta. My brother is the Count,” She explained, reaching her hand for Will’s. “He’s very smart, tall, handsome. He wants to be a doctor, and has taught himself everything he knows. If you’re ever ill, he can take care of you…”

The conversation was mostly one sided the whole walk back to Lecter Castle, as Mischa went on and on, mostly out of nerves and wanting Will to be prepared for her brother’s intensity. However, nothing would be preparation enough, and Chiyoh knew both Lecter’s well enough to know this had been a very bad idea.

Mischa had Will cleaned up and put him in older clothes of Hannibal’s, they fit okay, a little big, but it would do.

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“Hannibal?” Mischa called toward the stables, trying to find her brother after his hunt, sure she heard his horse coming back.

Hannibal was removing the saddle from his horse when he heard his sister's voice. He placed it in his proper location and made his way out of the stable to greet her. "Mischa," he smiled, initially, until, with a flare of his nostrils he detected the scent of another Omega on her person. The epiphany was not noticeable on his face, and he merely stood, hands in his pockets. "Tell me, what have you been keeping yourself occupied with in my absence?"

“Retrieving a parcel from the docks, something for you,” Mischa said with a smile, hands behind her back as she rocked back and forth from heel to toe slowly, antsy to show her brother, hoping it would not be as bad as Chiyoh said.

Leaning in, Hannibal kissed her brow, taking the opportunity to also scent her more closely and curiously. "Is that so? Very thoughtful indeed. Come, show me then," he said, with a contemplative squint of his eyes.

“You must promise not to be cross,” Mischa said, taking Hannibal’s hand as she lead out of the stables. “Did you catch anything?”

"You know I always keep my promises, Mischa, and as such I am afraid I'm not at liberty to do so at present, not until I've seen what it is that you've done," Hannibal stated, holding her hand protectively as they walked. Canting his head a tick in her direction, he smiled at her inquiry, "Of course, yes. Tonight, we will be having rabbit."

“Those poor bunnies,” She sighed, but lead Hannibal into the castle once more, drafty as it were, she had a few candles lit for the dim afternoon sun that was no starting to set.

"They felt little to no pain, dear sister," Hannibal said, walking through the entryway, releasing her hand. The scent that was on her person intensified inside the castle, and he turned to her and pursed his lips, eyeing her expectantly with a raised brow.

“Hannibal, you know it’s been some time since you’ve been left to care for me, and I think I can do a very good job of it myself, and finding myself a husband, an Alpha, at that,” Mischa started to say, taking both his hands as she started to walk him toward the old drawing room. “You’ll be so lonely without me.”

"Caring for you, has never been a burden," Hannibal pointed out, walking with her, not offering his thoughts on her ability to care for herself as that was never a question. He had planned on finding a husband, an Alpha, for his sister, but at a time of his choosing and when a worthy suitor made himself known, which had not yet come to pass. "Lonely without you, yes, you are the only one whom I love and yet I can only hope this little stroll will soon meet its end, so that I may marinate the meat for our supper..."

“I don’t want you to be lonely when I go, and I will take Chiyoh with me,” Mischa said hold onto Hannibal’s hands as she lead him in, the smell of the other Omega much stronger here. As they rounded the corner, the curtains held back with ties, and the setting sun cast through the room, the young male Omega stood there by the window glancing out over the grounds, quietly.

Having smelled the other Omega, Hannibal had been suspicious but needed to see for himself before he reacted, preferring instead, to choose his words wisely. When he saw the young Omega in his home, he bristled and retracted his hands from Mischa's. She was being reckless, petulant, and while the Alpha admired her cunning, he was hardly amused. "Mischa, now would be the time for you to cease your game playing and speak clearly, what have you done?" he asked, firmly, his eyes burning red with irritation. "Why is this boy in our home and without my permission?"

“I saved him from the Americas. It’s horrible over there and they will kill him,” Mischa pleaded. “I had him sent for after seeing his parents’ letter about it. I thought an another Omega around would be good for you, replace me, and you’ll still have someone to watch over.”

The young man, no more than sixteen at best now, though considered an adult by standards of law in the community, stood there unmoving, but was silently taking Hannibal Lecter in, and not by scent.

Hannibal cast a look at the Omega, the boy who was looking at him and then sighed, turning back to his sister. "A touching tale, however we both know that by bringing this...unwanted addition, into our home, you were hardly just hoping to save him. No, it was to save yourself," he rumbled, verging on a growl. "Likewise, you assume I will simply allow my blood, my only sister to leave to pursue her flights of fancy? I am your charge, Mischa, I tell you when you come and go, whom you bring here."

“I’m an adult!” Mischa exclaimed. “You are only five years older than me, Hannibal! When will I be old enough to do as I want?”

"You've made it clear by your actions that you are far less able to make sound decisions on your own," Hannibal pointed out, his lips curling in disdain. "I am the Alpha, head of the household and you *will* obey me." He snarled as he looked around, another thought coming

into his mind. "And just where was Chiyoh in all of your scheming, little sister? She would not be unaware of this Omega's sudden appearance, one can assume."

“She was with me. She knew the whole time. I promised she could finally leave from here, with me, if she helped,” Mischa explained, her chin held high, even if it started to quiver under her brother’s nasty snarling.

"I'll speak with her, later," Hannibal said, having a few choice words for Chiyoh now that he knew her part in this dreadful play. Still he couldn't bare to see his sister's distress, even if he was livid. "I now have to decide what is to be done as a result of your insolence, please excuse yourself to your room, and I'll fetch you for dinner."

“Hannibal, please, I was just trying to help-”

The Alpha walked over and gently touched Mischa's shoulder, calming minutely at her tone. Only she had that effect, be it sincere or otherwise on her part. He kissed her cheek and stepped back. "Be that as it may, I need to attend to our guest. You wanted us to become acquainted, did you not? As such I must insist, you go to your room, please. You know I dislike repeating myself and this is already the second time, do not make me do so a third."

Like a petulant child, Mischa turned from her brother abruptly, and stomped out of the room, a glaring gaze cast over her shoulder at him, but she did not make her way up the winding steps to the second floor, but rather the back doors once more. A ride, she thought was in order.

Left alone in the room with the intimidating Alpha, Will straightened. He’d never been around real royalty, none of his lineage before, as Mischa had explained everything to him. The Alpha was clearly angry, and disgusted with Will, who tried his best to turn off every facet of his abilities in reading people, but he’d already felt too much.

Hannibal walked over to the Omega, whose name he did not even yet know and clucked his tongue against the roof of his mouth in contemplation. "What is your name, Omega?" he asked, standing a mere three feet from him at best, finally taking a good look at him. He was not unattractive, aesthetically speaking, but that hardly mattered. The Alpha looked at him like he was a bug that needed to be squashed, and quickly.

“William Graham, sir,” the Omega said, swallowing down a little of his pride in the way he felt meger to the other man, who was double his age, and a bit terrifying.

"William," Hannibal repeated, letting his name roll over his tongue. Even that didn't set right with him, it was like a swallow of cheap wine, unbefitting of his palate. It wasn't the name itself but *him* , the fact that he was even here in their home. "You will stay the night, until I can sort out a way to undo the disservice my sister has done us both, understood?"

Will licked his bottom lip and nodded slowly. He knew he’d die out there alone, but he’d have died back home, too. It was only a matter of time, and he was good at accepting his fate. This had not been a hope for him, to be arranged off to marry someone he didn’t know, and on meeting the Alpha, he’d much rather make his claims outside and risk death, and the inevitable.

“Thank you, sir.”

The Alpha merely looked at him, all but glaring, Will represented his sister's defiance, her need to escape him. It both angered and hurt him simultaneously. "I trust you will comport yourself with dignity while a guest here. I needn't remind of with whom you are to be dining tonight," Hannibal advised, refusing to be overtaken by the boy's appealing scent. He did not desire nor need an Omega. "Come, boy, I will show you to your room."

Will kept his head down, following after the gruff Lecter, nothing like his sister, hands clasped behind his back to keep from touching anything that might let his scent linger too long. He didn’t want to upset his host any further than needed. The sooner he was cast out, the better though, he supposed.

Hannibal lead him up the stairs, and down a long corridor, lit by a few candles until he reached the one at the very end and opened the door. He entered first, and gestured for Will to follow him. "Here is where you will sleep, you will make your bed each morning, and keep the bathroom presentable. It should not be an issue as you won't be staying long," he said, licking his lips. He started to leave and then turned on his heel, facing the young Omega once more.

"I am curious, William, are your parents bottom feeders? Did they ship you off to better their undoubtedly miserable lives or was it to simply relieve themselves of the burden that you most assuredly are?"

Will held his breath, trying not to let all of Hannibal’s feelings and his own mix together, but it was all starting to blur. He shook his head. “No. I was the only Omega in the span of five hundred miles back home. Most of them get taken and killed or sold to Alphas, somewhere else. My parents worried for my safety, they were told people were better here.”

"How fantastic for them, to have a low born son married away to an Alpha Count, yes," Hannibal said, not asking a question but stating, and stepped closer. He flared his nostrils and then wrinkled his nose, feigning displeasure. "I insist you bathe, you stink of salt and fish....I will not have you spoiling our dinner with your stench. It is in one hour, Chiyoh will escort you there when it is time, is that, in any way unclear, Omega?"

“Yes, sir,” Will said, not feigning to argue, though he could, considering it was his sister who had beckoned for Will to be sent to them. He turned with a nod and shut the door. The room had no running hot water, no one did these days, so he heated it in the fireplace first, bucket by bucket.

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Dinner was ready, rabbit stew in a iron pot over the grand fireplace. He removed it to cool, and decided to find Chiyoh as there was no way he would go bring Will down for their meal on his own. He assumed his sister was likely brooding in her room and didn't bother to check. A taxing day indeed.

As Chiyoh often enjoyed shooting practice in the fields nearby, Hannibal quickly mounted his horse and headed that way, more than annoyed that he even had to bother. He rode past

the trees and out when he saw three betas swarming over what seemed to be a woman. He halted his steed and dismounted, retrieving his hunting knife from the saddle bag.

As he neared, the Alpha saw *who* it was that the foul creatures were attacking. It was Mischa. He growled, loudly, deeply, sharp incisors exposed as he took the biggest one first, slitting their throat with a flip of his wrist and swing of his arm.

Another jumped on him from behind which he easily threw off and sent rolling onto the ground while he snapped the neck of the second. Hannibal stalked over to the last, who'd twisted his ankle in the fall and was crawling across the grass. He violently turned him onto his back and straddled him, holding him by the throat. It was then that he noticed his sister was dead, murdered brutally. The devil emerged from beyond the veil, howling with its proverbial teeth and claws

As the beta trembled, muttering his pathetic pleas for mercy, Hannibal carved an M on his chest, for his departed sister. He was gone, not there, lost to his grief, anger and remorse for how they'd left each other last. The Alpha finished his frenzied attack by lowering down over the beta and ripped out his jugular with his teeth, rising with crimson and flesh hanging from his mouth.

The killer turned, leaving the dead where it lie, and scrambled over to his sister, looking down at her torn garments, the blood between her thighs and the blue color to her skin, they'd raped, beaten and strangled her. He broke into tears, not common place for the often stoic man, clutching her lifeless body to his chest. "Mischa, Mischa, I'm sorry, my dear sister, can you forgive me?"

It occurred to him then that there was only one way he could forgive her for setting this all into motion, and that was to *consume* her, keep her with him, always.

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Dinner was with Chiyoh. She and Will ate in silence and then he helped her clean up when it was clear Mischa and Hannibal were not coming back to have dinner with them. A horrible feeling clenched in Will’s gut, but he could not explain it and did not expect Chiyoh to listen. After cleaning up, he went up to the bedroom, and cleaned the bathroom and then crawled into the bed, in his clothes, and closed his eyes to sleep, trying to stave off the images and nightmares that soon clouded his dreams.

Hannibal, still covered in blood along with dirt, opened Will's door, the handle banging into the wall. "Omega, get up!" he commanded, no time for courtesy, not that he'd been overly polite up to that point.

Will opened his eyes, no time to drift from fantasy to reality, as it all began to blur, and his breathing came out as quick gasps of horror as he saw a horned beat in front of him instead of the Alpha. “W-what? Why?”

The Alpha growled, viciously, and walked over, grabbing Will's arm rough enough to leave bruises and pulled him from bed. "Because I am the Master of this castle and because you

will *not* reside here tonight, or ever, a *vile* creature such as yourself deserves no more than to sleep in the stable," he snapped, dragging him towards the door.

“Please, I’ll leave on my own, let go and I will,” the young Omega offered, but didn’t twist about, his arm already hurt enough, and without all good limbs, he’d die the first night out there.

"You will do as you are told, leave when I say you leave," Hannibal ordered, leading him downstairs, lessening his grip, only slightly. Out the door they went, with haste, into the dark of night. The dense fog and sounds of wild animals added to the terror, the full moon and fireflies that fluttered around them being the only source of light as they walked.

“Please, I’d be less of bother if you just let me go, I’ll never come back,” Will offered, almost begging as his bare feet slopped through mud and twigs, stinging the sensitive pads of his skin.

The more Will spoke, the more frustrated, angry and resentful Hannibal grew, this being apparent by the return of his vice like grip on the boy's slender arm and in his silence. Fortunately, they reached the stable, before he lost his normal mask of control and released him. The big Alpha began walking the young Omega backwards, in order to secure him inside. "You are not going anywhere, Omega. This is to be your home, it was what she wanted and so it shall be."

Will held his arm now with his other, rubbing the spot that was bruised and aching as he walked backwards into the stable, with the horses, who all seemed spooked by Hannibal. Will tried his best not to whine, to cry, or pout. He didn’t want sympathy, and he knew it would likely only anger the Alpha more.

“Y-yes, sir,” he whispered instead.

It was enough to reign in the beast, certainly saving the boy's life, along with what Hannibal now considered to be Mischa's last wish. "The stable will be guarded, if you try to leave, it will be to your detriment," he warned, and then turned to leave. He hadn't offered him a blanket, or a word of comfort, if Will need to warm himself, he could utilize the hay, or a horse cover, it didn't effect Hannibal either way.

Will shivered, only giving a nod that he understood. Now a prisoner, and likely still better off than he had been back home. “Yes, sir,” he whispered one last time.

Hannibal didn't look back as he heard the words, and exited completely, making his way back towards to castle to find Chiyoh. As he walked back, a tear ran down his face, which he wiped away quickly and took a breath. By the time he was back inside, he’d more or less regained control.

“What have you done with the Omega?” Chiyoh asked as she saw Hannibal entered the castle once again, her chin tilted toward him in question, still no sign of Mischa either.

"Mischa is dead, slaughtered at the hands of three betas, all of whom are now buried," Hannibal stated, before answering her question, his face devoid of emotion despite how he

felt. "I will not speak of it again. As for the Omega, he is confined to the stables, where he will remain. You will be his charge, given that you neglected to inform me of my sister's ploy from the start."

Chiyoh raised a brow at Hannibal, letting the information sink in of her friend’s demise. “Perhaps it was so, and I accept responsibility, but it was you who turned her away when all she did was try.” Chiyoh huffed, silently, and walked passed Hannibal, to the linens cupboard.

How easy it would have been to rip out Chiyoh's still beating heart then, and crush it, just as his had been. But he needed her, was curious if she would uphold to her duties. So he said nothing, letting her take her leave without interference and then went upstairs to his room. Once inside, he started a bath to cleanse himself, and wash it all away.

Chapter 2

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened

Chiyoh woke Will the next morning with blankets thrown at him and clothes to wear. She wasn't sure what Hannibal wanted the Omega to do, whether help with chores as the servants did, or just stay in the stables and tend to the horses. If anything at all, now that she thought about it.

"You will do your best to stay away from Hannibal. He comes for his horse every morning at eight, you should be awake and out of his way by then," she said, watching the boy took

everything into his arms, all curls and big blue eyes staring up at her. “If you are lucky you can live a long time like this.”

“It’s not a very nice way to live,” Will replied quietly.

“Would you prefer to go back home and risk death or rape yourself? You have protection here, just as your parents wanted,” she scoffed. She tossed down day old bread for him and an empty cup. “You can get water from the pump, just over there,” she motioned.

Will nodded his understanding, and Chiyoh left, for now, to go hunt her pheasants. She said she would keep after the boy, but if he wanted to leave, she would not stop him. Will got water and ate his bread, and then made a bed up in the rafters with hay, putting the blankets over it, and changed from his nightgown to the other clothes offered. By way of the sunlight, he knew Hannibal would be coming soon, so he stayed out of sight, hidden.

After breakfast, Hannibal was dressed in his riding clothes, and watered the plants in green room before heading to the stable. He hoped that maybe the boy had left, during the night, thus releasing him from the obligation of fulfilling his sister's plea. To his dismay, he entered, and was hit with the strong smell of the Omega. He saddled his horse, and climbed on, looking like a work of art atop the stallion. With the reins in his gloved hands, his called out an order, before riding off, "Bathe the horses, brush them and dispose of their waste."

Will dropped down from the rafters as Hannibal left, and got to work, doing everything that was asked of him long before the Alpha came back. The Horses were cleaner than ever, groomed, and waste removed and put out back in the manure pile. By the time Hannibal returned, the boy was not in the stables, but washing up in the yard, having worked up a sweat from it.

Hannibal got the horse into his stall and gave it a pat before walking out into the yard. Again he was overtaken by the boy's smell, and was annoyed with just how sweet and pleasant it was. Quickly, he walked over to where Will was, hands behind his back. "Do you realize I could smell your needy scent before I even made my way over into the vicinity? Are you always so persistently careless?" he snarled, glowering at the Omega.

“I don’t know how to stop it, sir,” Will answered, his bearing a little tighter today than they had been yesterday, knowing he had to keep his own if he wanted any sort of existence. “We do not carry the luxury of the old days where suppressants were the only way to stop it.”

The Alpha gripped Will's face in his large hand, and neared with his own, resisting the urge to bite. Dark, dangerous eyes bore holes into the Omega's pretty sea-blues, sharp teeth exposed as he growled out his words, "You insult my intelligence with your rudeness after all of my hospitality, boy?"

“No, I was merely saying I can’t stop it. If I don’t bathe it will only be worse,” Will said, voice lower this time as his bright blues got bigger, like a doe’s might, round and large and innocent.

Momentarily, Hannibal was caught in those eyes, they were striking, and he could certainly see how a weaker Alpha might be swayed. "I'm aware," he rumbled, and removed his hand,

pushing Will back in the process. "And do not think you can use your Omegan charms to manipulate me."

“No, sir. I just want to bathe and get back to the rest of my chores,” Will said, diligently, catching himself on the side a tree there.

"Good," Hannibal said, and then turned on his heel to leave. He was becoming far to engulfed in the Omega's scent, and both angered and dizzied him. The Alpha would simply have to avoid him as much as possible until he decided what he was going to do with him in the long run.

Will bowed his head until Hannibal was gone and then continued to wash and then put his shirt back on, covering himself. He’d need to find means of another place to be, of escape, as fast as he could, but he knew that might just take some time.

Back inside the castle, Hannibal prepared and had lunch, sitting down with a book once he'd cleaned up. His thoughts drifted to his sister, immortalized in the greatest hall of his memory palace and then to William. Unable to focus, he closed the medical book and decided he would pay the boy another visit, and as he hadn't seen Chiyoh, he took a bowl of soup with him.

A few minutes later and Hannibal walked into the stable, to seek him out. “William, I require a word.”

Will scrambled down from his place in the rafters, making sure his shirt was tucked in and boots on. “If it’s about your horse, sir, I’ll get to him.”

"No, not now, later," Hannibal said, holding up his hand. He looked at Will's appearance, and was, to his own dismay, pleased with what he saw. "I have brought you some soup as Chiyoh, apparently, is otherwise occupied, but I also wanted to...converse, briefly," he explained, his tone not friendly but not as harsh as it had been. The Alpha was more curious about the Omega.

Will stared at the soup; Chiyoh said she had to get pheasant for dinner, so he hadn’t bothered to ask anyone for meals otherwise. “Thank you. Converse about what, if I may ask?” Will didn’t reach for the bowl, he waited to be offered.

Hannibal extended his hand and offered the bowl, licking his lips contemplatively, with a nod. "I realized today that us seeing one another is unavoidable, and I do not enjoy a lack of harmony in my own home. So I would like to know about you, if we are to be married," he said, his face unreadable to if he was being sincere or not. "Start with your place of birth, and your talents, should you possess any."

Will’s eyes went as wide as saucers. He hadn’t thought about the marriage after the way last night had gone. He took the bowl and swallowed a thick knot in his throat. “New Orleans. I can fish and hunt. I repaired old boat motors with my father.”

"There is a stream, not too far from here, perhaps you will use this talent to procure fish for tomorrow night's dinner, then," Hannibal decided, before continuing. "Have you studied,

academically speaking, at home with your parents prior to coming here?"

“I liked to read, and read what we could scavenge, from libraries we found,” Will explained, sipping the soup between his sentences, starved. “We don’t have real schools set up, parents are required to teach what they can.”

"I see," Hannibal said, watching Will's eat his soup, not allowing himself to linger over the boy's rosy lips. The Omega seemed astute, all things considered, respectful and obedient. He wondered, briefly, how his flavor would differ from that of his sister's, though he had no reason to eat Will at present, other than the inconvenience of him being there. "And your favorite subject? What was it?"

“English, I liked stories, letting my imagination get carried away in them,” Will explained. “I like mystery novels. Those are fun.” He quietly drank more soup, slow going, not wanting to slurp, and unaware of the way Hannibal starred with hunger in any capacity.

"Mysteries allow us to be someone else, someplace else, as any story does. It plucks us from our waking life and implants us into a whole new world," Hannibal agreed, his hands in his pockets as he leaned against a wooden post. "Tell me, William, where would you like to see yourself, if not here, under my care?"

“I don’t know. I’m not sure of much of the world, and have always been told I can’t lead a normal life because of what I am.” Will gulped the last of the soup, and licked his lips. “I always wanted my own boat, to sail far away, maybe have a dog or two.”

Hannibal sniffed, his lips curling faintly in disgust at the idea of a filthy dog running about, dirtying his home. "Why do you dislike being Omegan?" he asked, arching a barely there brow. "In your mystery stories, do you envision yourself as an Alpha, or something other than what you are until the thoughts become useless dreams that coil under your pillow as you sleep?" This was, if nothing else, amusing for the time being.

“I just saw myself as… me, nothing else,” Will explained, holding the empty bowl in his hands, he walked to the water pump and cleaned it out thoroughly. “Is that so much to ask for? To be seen for me and not my sex? No one’s ever looked at me for more than what I offer, or what money I might bring in, or how unfortunate it was for my parents to have had me…”

Pleased that Will had cleaned his bowl, Hannibal tilted his head a tick to the side and watched. "I have yet to partake of the things you might offer, due to your sex, nor do I need your money or lack there of," the Alpha pointed out, eyes narrowed a fraction. "I am here, to do this thing you are seeking, know you, *see* you."

“And do you *see* me? Or are you stuck on what your sister has done and therefor only want to see me for my gender?” Will asked, almost defiantly, having called the Alpha out on how he’d treated Will since the moment Mischa showed them to each other.

"You do *not* speak of my sister!" Hannibal roared and backhanded Will in the face, a violent outburst from an unstable man. The defiance was enough on it's own and while Will didn't know Mischa was dead, it had enraged the Alpha. "You are nothing to me, boy, nothing!"

Will fell to the ground, the bowl breaking into pieces as he dropped it. A hand was brought up to his face, holding the spot, having never been touched, let alone hit before. The pain welled tears in his eyes, but turned away from the Alpha, and ducked his head, picking up the pieces of the bowl, nothing said.

It took all of Hannibal's restraint but he resisted the darker impulses rolling around in the bone arena of his mind. He took a deep breath, and pushed back his biological instincts to comfort the Omega's tears, even if he'd been the one to cause them and smoothed down his hair. Just as quickly as he'd been angered, he slipped his mask in place and put his hands back into his pockets. "Be at the dinner table at sunset, do you understand?"

"Yes," Will said, with a swallow, fingers shaking as he held the pieces in his hand.
I understand."

The Alpha let the lack of formality go, and nodded, turning on his heel without another word to head back to the castle. Inside, he poured himself a glass of wine, and made a fire, sitting on the couch to reflect upon the day's events and on Will.

***

At sunset, Will walked himself to the castle with Chiyoh, who had bandaged his hands from the broken bowl pieces. She apologized tersely for not being around, and then sat him at the table, and went to retrieve the dinner of pheasant she had made.

Will was quiet, hands in his lap.

Hannibal walked into the dining area, and sat at the head of the table, waiting for Chiyoh to serve him. It wasn't often he allowed another to cook, but couldn't be bothered with that now. He poured himself some wine, and then looked at the boy, at his cheek, pursing his lips. "William," he greeted, with a nod.

The Omega had a bruise across his face, and his arms, all from Hannibal. He didn't meet the angry man's eyes. "Sir."

Chiyoh serve the plates, one to Hannibal and then one to Will, herself last. "I hope cooking for you was not an inconvenience this evening, Hannibal. I thought you could use sometime to yourself."

"Not at all, and you were quite right," Hannibal said, giving her a small smile as he picked up the fork. "It smells and looks wonderful, thank you." With his other hand, the Alpha lifted his glass to bring it to his mouth, taking a tentative sip, after sniffing, all the while eyeing Will, and his bruises again.

"Would you like some wine, William?"

Will mostly looked at their meal, and then picked up his fork with one bandaged hand, and cut into the food, keeping his down. "No thank you, sir."

"Very well," Hannibal said, and set his glass down, cutting into his meat. He didn't wait and took the first bite himself, closing his eyes and humming around the fork. "Delicious, Chiyoh," he commented, after swallowing and then licked his lips.

“Thank you, Hannibal,” Chiyoh said, eating in dainty bites. She nodded to Will's cup of water, and he took it, drinking it down between bites, all taken quickly, to finish faster and get back to his private little loft in the stables.

"William, I insist you eat at a slower pace, for your digestion, and for the sake of Chiyoh and myself. It is as rude as it is appalling," Hannibal chided, nonchalantly, as he cast a stern glance in Will’s direction. He could only surmise what the boy was doing and well, it was almost offensive. With that in mind, he added another command, "After supper I will need you to clean up the kitchen and dining area, you will seek me out when you have finished."

Will paled, and then flushed crimson to his half hidden ears, making his eyes even brighter as he nodded his head and ate slower. He could feel Chiyoh's gaze on him, softer than Hannibal's at least. “Yes, sir.”

Hannibal noted the blue of Will's eyes and the flush of his skin, along with respiration and posture. He was entirely beautiful when made to feel in such a way, the Alpha mused to himself although he held his expression as one of irritation before letting it fade to concentration while consuming his dinner. After a moment, he canted his head towards the Omega, "How do you find the pheasant, William?"

“It’s good,” Will said, quietly, “I’ve never had pheasant before.”

"That is not altogether a surprise," Hannibal smirked, slightly and sipped his wine before taking another bite of his meal. "A diet of fish and scraps mostly I can only presume?"

“Yes, sir,” Will said, poking at his food, but took another bite, slowly. He didn’t dare muster out any more quips that might get him hit again.

Hannibal merely watched Will, and sniffed, finishing his pheasant. He washed it down with a swallow of wine and leaned back, wiping his mouth. The Alpha rubbed his chin and sighed, "What did you expect in coming here?"

“I didn’t. I was told to go, so I did,” Will answered, finishing his meal. “May I be excused to clean the dishes?”

"You may," Hannibal gestured, dismissively, and then looked at Chiyoh, swirling his wine in the glass. "You have hardly spoken a word."

Will cleared their dishes in silence, and Chiyoh watched until he was out of the room. “Just because your sister wished it doesn’t mean you have to keep him and treat him as a slave. He’s a boy, Hannibal. Don’t you remember boy, or were you to set on growing up? Perhaps you could show him a little sympathy and not beat him.” The female Alpha stood, wine untouched, and walked out.

Hannibal growled as she left, leaving him alone at the table. It was a feeling he never liked much, dining alone. The whispering ghost of her words were his only company other than the sound of William dutifully washing their dishes and it left him to contemplate his boyhood, how he'd taken care of Mischa, as any good brother would. Gracefully, he rose with his wine and went to stoke the fire, sitting on the couch.

An hour later, the kitchen was scrubbed clean, and Will entered the sitting room once more as Hannibal asked him to seek him out when he was done with the chores. He stood in the doorway, hand clasped in front of him.

"It would seem as though you've been crying to Chiyoh about how I supposedly mistreat you," Hannibal said, rising to his feet as he neared the boy. He refused to see how he'd behaved with Will as anything other than gracious, after-all, he was allowing him to breathe. The Alpha was far too taken with his grief over Mischa to allow any more over his actions towards the beneath him Omega. "What's to be done about that?"

“I didn’t. She came to seek me out before dinner. She asked what happened so I told her,” Will explained, flinching, expecting another blow, ready for it this time.

Hannibal stalked closer still, looming over him predatorily, his chest puffed out and shoulders squared. He wanted to hit him, he wanted to see the boy screaming in pain for his insolence, for his mere *existence* on this earth. If Will hadn't been born, Mischa would still be alive. "Have you no discretion, or sense of decency?" he asked, gripping his shoulders as he glared at him with nostrils flared and teeth flashing by the light of the hearth. "I think you nothing more than a fish wife, who spreads idle gossip when the first willing ear perks itself in your direction."

“I have more decency than *you!* ” Will spat back sharply. “I don’t go around beating people below me because I can’t control my own feelings.” Will’s fists balled at his sides, his whole body quaking as he felt not only his own anger, but Hannibal brewing inside of himself, like a bomb ticking away, waiting for the last fuse to light, the last number to tick down. “I *hate* you, and I hate being here even more. You’re horrible and rotten and nothing like your sister said you would be! You’re a *monster* !”

The Count moved Will against the wall, roughly, caging him in with a large palm on either side of his head as a vicious rumbling growl reverberated from his chest and out of his snarling lips. His eyes were the darkest shade of crimson as he lowered his face near the boy's neck--but not to claim. He retained enough calm to not rip his thrumming carotid artery from his neck and instead leveled his gaze to meet the Omega's. "I told you, you are *not* to speak of my sister and as for my alleged abuse, as for your thoughts on my humanity, trust, foolish boy, that you have yet to meet the monster," he whispered, dangerously low. A part of him, admired the low born’s fire, his spirit, it would be shockingly impressive if didn’t enrage him so.

Will has surmised enough to learn that Mischa had been killed, but he never said a word about it, though the need to was strong, he feld fast to his tongue, well the best he could. “A shame there is no one now to carry on your family line,” Will said, and ducked out of the Alpha’s reach, more than aware if he were to survive here, he had to start playing harder,

showing more of his true nature and not the one expected of him, the one his parents insisted he use.

It was fortunate that Will did not run, for it would trigger even the most controlled of Alpha's to chase, a trait inherent in any of that sex. Hannibal swallowed down the bile that rose in his throat at the words from the Omega, and was enough of a distraction that he didn't bother to stop the boy. It wasn't often Hannibal was taken aback or by surprised but Will had done that very thing. A moment later and he pushed himself from the wall, pursing his lips in satisfaction and retired to his quarters for the night.

Will walked out of the castle and to the stables, where he run up to the rafters and fell asleep.

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Will woke the next morning to his chores, no questions asked of course, but he felt like a fever had taken over him, an ache in his belly he couldn't understand, a need that rose hot in his flesh. He managed down to the stables to clean the stalls, when Chiyoh walked in, eyeing him with suspicion. She watched him and he just let her.

"Will," she said, after a moment but he ignored her, so she stepped closer, sniffing him, and touched his head. "Look at me." Chiyoh was a sterile Alpha, unaffected by the scent Will was excreting out of pours.

The Omega looked at her, flushed and breathing heavily. "I'm just coming down with something."

"No, you are not sick. You are in heat." She hummed, reaching for his hand. "It is unwise to have you out in the open, especially with Hannibal in the state he is."

"Where are we going? What do you mean heat?" Will asked, letting Chiyoh pull him along, down winding path to the back of the castle, down more steps, into the dewy morning fog before she opened the cellar doors and ushered him in.

"You've never had a heat have you?" she asked, setting up a corner spot for the Omega with more hay and blankets, handing him some of the wine.

"No," Will admitted.

"I did not think so. Must have been trigger by Hannibal." She touched his face, reminded so much of sweet Mischa, so alike and so different. "I will protect you down here, but no matter how awful it gets for you, do not leave here until your heat is gone. Do you understand?"

Will nodded slowly. "Yes."

"Good." She stood again, moving old stocks of wood to barricade the doors, as it would be just a matter of time before the scent permeated the grounds, and into the castle.

Hours in, Will was writhing in the hay, mewling, like he might be dying, soaked in sweat and his own body's secretions. It went on like this for hours, and Chiyoh kept watch, fed the boy, watered him-- all she could.

Hannibal finished tending to his garden when the scent hit him, his nostrils flaring and pupils dilating. The boy was in heat. The Count hadn't been in a rut in years, and yet his nose lead him to the exterior cellar doors where he sniffed, his knot throbbing. The Omega's sweet ambrosia curled in his brain like a siren call, and the Alpha felt as if he was losing his mind. "Omega..." he growled, jerking on the handle to try to pry open the doors to get to Will.

Chiyoh waited by the door, waiting for this moment. “You are not in your right mind, Hannibal. Leave!” she called through the door, as the boy behind her panted, unable to get any relief, whining in a such a way that it was like a mating call for the Alpha on the other side.

The whine, drove him into frenzy and Hannibal began pounding on the door, trying to open it with sheer force, making it rattle. "Chiyoh, I am head Alpha and I order you to open up!" he roared, his cock straining inside of his trousers. The older man growled again, an answer to Will's call, his mind running with the chant of *Omega, breed, knot* , which played nonstop like a broken record.

“No!” she said sharply,” No budging. “You will hurt him worse than before. He is a boy, Hannibal.”

She had locked Will off, behind bars they had set up there long ago for prisoners of war, and now just a cellar, but she kept the key hidden and safe, and Will inside of the cell, so even if Hannibal got in, there was no getting to what his body wanted. More protection, just in case.

Will was soaked through his clothes, face against the cool stones, drenched ass in the air, but the sight did nothing for Chiyoh, luckily.

"You want what is *mine* ," Hannibal snapped, furious and aroused simultaneously, though when in his right state of being knew that she was sterile and no threat. He clawed at the wooden doors, much like a tiger, until his nail broke and bled. "Omega!" he all but screamed, his voice carrying like song in the breeze. He could taste Will, imagine him there, with his ass pert and dripping, begging to be taken. "Keeping me from him will do him, us, *you* , more harm than good," he warned, pushing down his obscene, leaking and very hard Alpha cock.

It had been years since Chiyoh had seen Hannibal like this, but she kept her place, guarding. “I will protect him, every heat, if I must, Hannibal.”

The aroma was becoming a total olfactory attack and Hannibal became lucid enough, albeit for a fleeting second, to realize Chiyoh would not relent and he could not get inside. With another inhalation of breath he grumbled and righted his stance, storming off and into the castle, where he went to his room and locked himself up. He was more in his right mind there, and used the opportunity to relieve himself, where he came with an inhuman howl over his knuckles.

The heat only lasted a few days and when the boy was done, Chiyoh gave him new things to wear, told him to wash the others in the yard, and sent him on his way, back to the normal, leaving Will feeling dizzy with all that had happened, and had not.

He was not satisfied, nor was he taken, mated, or bonded with, and felt less than a person, even if Chiyoh tried to tell him otherwise.

Will took his things and washed them, in the yard, as told, and hung them in the stable over the rafters to dry, and got to bathing the horses.

Hannibal had apologized to Chiyoh, in a roundabout way, for the inconvenience of her having to see him in such a state before heading out to walk the grounds. Air was what he needed, and even though he had no desire to see the Omega, his body seemed to lead him right in his direction to the stables.

"You will warn me, the next time you are nearing your heat, well in advance. I will not have you trying to win me over with your Omegan wiles in such a way again, is that understood?" the Alpha stated, his hands behind his back.

“I have never had a heat before,” Will stated, not meeting Hannibal’s eyes as he continued to brush the horse he was grooming. “I had no idea. Chiyoh helped me when she realized. I’ll do my best to warn you, as I have no want or need to have your scent or mark on me, or your knot inside of me. Do you really think I want to be claimed by *you* ?”

"You are testing my benevolence, boy," Hannibal snarled, his lips twitching with irritation. "And you will look at me when I speak to you from now on." He stepped closer, not having raised his voice as to not frighten the horses, who he respected more than Will. "By all rights you are mine, if not yet by bond or vow. Like it or not, you are also mine to do with as I please."

“Hardly. We’re not married, we haven’t held some sacred union,” Will said, meeting Hannibal’s gaze. “Besides, you don’t like me, why bed me? I’m not worth your time.”

"Quite right," Hannibal agreed, licking his lips slowly, "You are not...the desire to bed you was merely an innate instinct imbedded in my biology. But you *are* mine. Have I not given you shelter, food, a purpose for your otherwise mundane life?"

“Yours as a servant,” Will said, brushing the horse once more. “But if you hate me so, I’ll leave and find my own way.”

"You will do no such thing," Hannibal stated, not particularly wanting him here but also he had to think of his sister. "We all earn our keep. Do you think that simply because you are Omegan, and rare in such times as these that you are exempt? That life will bend to your whims and offer up whatever is that you desire on a golden platter?"

“I have never had that hope or delusion,” Will sighed, looking around him. “I sleep in a stable with horses. I’m a servant, not a guest, not a member of your house. Servant.” Will set the brush down and moved to the next stall to start on that horse.

"A servant would not be disrespectful, would realize his or her place and be happy to stay there," Hannibal pointed out, circling and idly running his hand over one of the horse's coat. "You must realize that if it were not for me, you would likely be dead, or starving." Both things were not unappealing to the Alpha, in all reality.

“I do realize, and you are only keeping me as your sister’s last wish. I will say please and thank you, and sir, and nothing more to you, if that is what *you* wish,” Will said, happy to have no more conversation than that with the monster of an Alpha standing too near for his own comfort.

"You are either very cunning or quite ignorant," Hannibal said, lifting his head into the air momentarily before lowering his powerful gaze back onto the Omega. Directly in front of Will, he gripped his wrist, to crease his movement and lowered his tone. "You persist in mentioning my sister, after I have stated it is forbidden...one has to wonder the game in which you are playing."

“One in which you come to grips with reality and stop blaming me for your mistakes with her,” Will said, defiantly, but truthful. He yanked on his wrist but Hannibal’s grip was too tight. “Please let go.”

In a state of fury, and at the Omega's aroma of the fight or flight response, Hannibal pressed his body against the boy's backing him up against the stall door, hard. It was enough to make the horse whinny and move away. The Alpha gripped the other wrist and pinned them both above Will's head, against the pillar. Instinctively, he nosed along his scent gland, growling. "As I said, you are *mine* to with as I wish..."

Despite being over his heat, Will’s whims and nature betrayed him, and he whined through the panting of his breath, heart beating faster as his bright blue eyes burst darker with sudden lust. His knees felt weak, and nothing was solid enough under his feet. “Please...please… let go,” he whispered, his head canting to the side, allowing Hannibal room to scent him properly.

Hannibal's cock pressed hard into Will, his teeth scraping over his soft and supple flesh. The alluring gland was screaming to be sunken into and he wanted it, wanting to pop his skin and taste blood. He panted there, his broad chest heaving and pressing into the Omega's much smaller one with each inhalation of breath. "So sweet..." he murmured, in a foggy haze and then suddenly realized his actions, like a light switch had flipped in his head. The Count released his hold and backed off, his lips twitching angrily. The anger was aimed at William for enticing him so. He gave the boy a hard shove, knocking him to the ground. "You foolish little harlot!"

Will let his head bow submissively, his eyes on the ground as he slowly got to his knees, but never further than that. “I will keep my distance from you, sir. My only interaction will be at your request.”

Huffing, Hannibal gave a curt nod, and walked from the stable, the scent of Will's arousal coupled with his own, threatening to drown him entirely. He couldn't let himself become a prisoner to such carnal desires of the flesh.

Chapter 3

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened

Months of this went on, and that turned into a year, of touch and go, avoiding each other, eating dinner together, and generally trying to find where they fit together, which never seemed to be where they should. Chiyoh was tired of it, she had wanted long since to leave, but could not leave the young Omega by himself with the man Hannibal had become. Each heat was worse than the last as Will grew older, until finally their months and year turned into years, and he reached his eighteenth birthday. Still a boy to Chiyoh, but filled out, more pronounced, less Omega as his chores had him bulk up a little, and maybe that would help the young thing when he finally did decide to leave Hannibal at the castle.

Chiyoh had taken to letting Will read to her every night up his loft, curled in the soft hay, where he lay his head of curly, long hair against her stomach, and prattled off whatever book she decided she wanted to hear him read. It was a small and silly comfort, but they both needed it.

“I am leaving in a week, Will. I told Hannibal years ago when Mischa was gone and married off I would leave, and I have stayed for you, for your benefit, for Mischa’s wish. It’s not so safe out there for you, but if you come with me, I can still protect you,” Chiyoh offered, by candlelight, having adopted the young Omega as one of her own children, one she’d never have.

“We’d leave Hannibal alone?” Will asked, quietly, shutting the book when it was clear they were no longer reading.

“Yes. He’ll be fine. Without you to bother him,” she teased, stroking fingers through Will’s hair. “You are old enough to find a real mate, Will. We can find someone who will adore you.”

Will sighed. “When would we tell him?”

“Perhaps it is best we do not. I’ll pack us somethings and in a few days, we can leave, on a boat, anywhere you like,” Chiyoh offered, only wanting to sail away from the land that left too many memories for her now.

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The next morning, Hannibal had finished breakfast, and came back from a ride, he dismounted and hung the saddle, walking out into the yard.

There he saw Will, the bright sun casting over his more muscled form. The Alpha watched, from behind, not having allowed himself to pay much attention to the Omega's changed appearance over the years, until now. Mostly, he'd done everything in his power to avoid him. During Will's heats he would confine himself to his room or his study, in order to escape embarrassment. Nonetheless, he walked over to the young man, with his arms crossed.

"I will need you to sweep the decking and wash the windows once you have finished here," he ordered, his tone flat and vacant of compassion.

Will, bent over a basin where he was washing linens, turned only his head to look at Hannibal, hair flopping in his face as he did, cascading down his neck. He smiled, having grown used to Hannibal, after all, and taking every last command with a grain of salt, especially now that he was days away from leaving him behind forever.

“Yes, sir,” he said, turning his attention back to his task.

"After you've finished," Hannibal began, walking over to where he could look at him, not so easily dismissed and continued, "I will serve lunch, please see that you wash up prior." He chided himself for the kindness of the word please, but didn’t show it, not wanting it to seem like an unplanned slip of tongue.

“As always, sir,” Will said another, another glance up at Hannibal, another smile, and then back to his work. Will only ever did as told, that was how they avoided any other scuffles like his first few weeks there, and it worked well. Though Hannibal was dangerously handsome, Will could not think of being mated to a man with a monster attached to him, so vile and full of hatred. Even if Will, secretly, wanted to see the man underneath it all and mate to *him* .

Hannibal offered a wry smile, and clasped his hands in front of his body. He let his gaze linger over Will's form, which was difficult to avoid and then narrowed his eyes. "Very well, do hurry," he urged, and turned to walk back towards the castle to start lunch. He'd developed a particular taste for *long pig* and that is precisely what they would be having today as his ride yesterday had proven plentiful.

Will only gave another nod and then finished his laundry, and moved on to the other chores Hannibal asked of him. He washed up, not one ounce of sweat or stench to him as he entered the castle where Chiyoh was seated already waiting. She beckoned him over to sit with her.

“There you are.”

The Alpha looked up from plating the food, when Will entered, feeling a staggering sense of displeasure at how glued to the hip he and Chiyoh had become. He thought she coddled him, allowed him to cling to her teet like a newborn pup. He said nothing as he brought out their lunch and placed them down before each. Hannibal announced the dish and then took his seat, wine already poured. It was then that he took a moment to inspect the Omega, and to his own dismay was pleased with his scent, lack of foul odor and overall appearance.

Turning to Chiyoh, the Count sipped his wine taking his fork in hand, "Tell me then, what has you in such a seemingly excellent humor?"

Chiyoh smiled at Hannibal, reaching to touch his hand softly, but only for moment. “The beautiful weather. It does wonders to our moods, don’t you think, Hannibal?”

Will kept to himself, tasting the meal, and then set to eating more than conversing. He liked listening over talking, especially when his opinions weren’t wanted nor warranted.

Hannibal took a bite of his meat, and hummed, before swallowing, steeling his gaze on the other Alpha. "While it can, I do not concern myself over such trivial things, nor do I let it decide on my mood," he answered, though not unkindly at her, purposefully not addressing Will yet. He was fond of Chiyoh, as much as he could be all things considered but still, more curious than anything else. "However, I am pleased that you find it to your liking."

“Thank you,” Chiyoh said, not commenting on Hannibal’s other words, merely letting them go. She was so close to freedom, after all.

Will shuffled food around his plate, and continued to eat, brushing long tendrils of curls out of his face as he did.

The Alpha nodded to Chiyoh then continued to eat. As he observed the Omega pushing his food around, he grew slightly annoyed, especially with how fetching he seemed to look during such an act. "Something amiss with your lunch, William?"

Will shook his head. “No, it’s very good, thank you, sir.” He ate heartily after that, not wanting to give him or Chiyoh away anymore than they had already.

"Considering the lengths in which I go to place food on the table, it is most *gracious* of you to say," Hannibal said, sarcastically, and took another bite. The observant Alpha contemplated the way in which the pair were acting, how Will was switching up his composure with little complaint. "One might wonder if it is more than the weather that has you both acting like nothing more than giddy school children. The weather has been more than acceptable for many days now and yet, today seems a bizarre exception to both of your demeanors."

Chiyoh sipped her wine, smiling over the rim. “I have promised Will I would show him how to hunt the pheasant. A teaching moment, and useful skill. He knows how to hunt already, but pheasant are quite tricky.”

Pleased enough with the response, Hannibal licked the excess wine from his lip after taking a slow sip. "Ah, indeed," he began, setting his glass down, pinching the stem between pointer finger and thumb. "Very well, I suppose it will serve a purpose. See that it doesn't interfere with his duties, hm?"

“It will not, Hannibal, I promise,” Chiyoh said, with a glint in her eyes over at Will, who finished his meal.

“Shall I clean up?” the Omega asked, addressing Hannibal.

Hannibal looked between the two, nodded at Chiyoh and then held fast on Will. He swallowed, and bit his lower lip, taking the last sip of his wine. "Yes, and come to me when you have finished, please, William," the Alpha said, giving what appeared to be, somewhat of a kind smile to the Omega.

Will nodded his understanding, and took the dishes from the table and into the kitchen to clean them.

“He would fetch a fair price at the market, you know,” Chiyoh said, gauging Hannibal’s reaction to see how well he would take to their leaving later. “Many Alphas looking to make families, to get us out there again.”

"A surprising idea, considering how you have taken to him as a mother," Hannibal answered, not accepting or rejecting her proposal. No, he would not give her that. "Would you sacrifice the love you undoubtedly harbor for the boy to better the future of our name? I did not realize you sold your affections so easily."

“I merely think of his happiness and your own. It is clear you don’t like him, and he does not like you,” Chiyoh pointed out, canting her head, trying to read her long time friend. “Why do you hold on to him?”

"So it would be a noble act of self sacrifice then, in lieu of selfishness," Hannibal responded, allowing himself time to ponder her last query. "The loss of a child is akin to losing a limb. An amputee can feel it, once it's gone, in it's phantom state. Have we not all felt the tickle of

loss, just as you assuredly would in his absence?" he asked, his answer giving voice to his reason for keeping Will by way of riddle.

“I have loved and lost many, and losing him would be heartbreaking, but don’t we move forward, Hannibal, and continue on?” Chiyoh stood, wine glass in hand, and soothed a hand over his shoulders as she passed by, and out of the room.

Will entered once more, standing just off of Hannibal’s side. “All clean, sir.”

Hannibal stood, and allowed his eyes to flit over Will's exquisite face, from lips to eyes and shook his head with approval. "Thank you," he said, smoothly, and placed a gentle hand on his shoulder for the first time since they'd met. "Please, come, grab your wine and join me in the study."

A warmth spread through Will, the Alpha having given him the first gesture of kindness in years, or perhaps ever. He walked around the table and grabbed his wine, of which he usually never drank all of, and followed the Alpha into the study, admiring the books, as he always did.

The Count approached the Omega, leaning in behind him to to take a whiff before standing at his side. "William, I find myself wondering, after a conversation with Chiyoh, if perhaps I've been a bit heavy handed, in our interactions," Hannibal said, giving the facade of remorse as his tone and accent dripped thickly like a jar of overturned honey. "It would please me if you move back into the castle, in your old room. Surely a bed would provide more comfort than hay. Furthermore, I could use more assistance inside."

Will froze for a moment, wondering what Chiyoh had said, as this certainly made a strange turn of events. His old room was hardly ever his room at all, having hashed it out in the harsh winters in the stables, Will felt weather for it, but strengthened. He tipped his head up to look at Hannibal, lips pressed together thoughtfully.

“If that is what you wish. I wouldn’t want to bother you with my scent, sir.”

Hannibal's eyes twinkled, as he once again touched the boy's shoulder, ignoring the electric spark he felt under his palm. "Good and worry not, I have grown accustomed to your scent, trust that it will not be of any hindrance," he assured, his thumb stroking over his clothed flesh. "So it is settled then, you may move your things at once, hm?"

“Yes, sir,” Will said, quieter than he meant to, heart fluttering in ways it never had before, beating fast like that day in the stables. He handed Hannibal his wine. “I’ll go at once.”

A delicious rhythm, Hannibal noted, watching the pulse dance on Will's neck. It, unintentionally, caused the Alpha's pupils to expand, tongue sweeping over the full pillow of his bottom lip. With the glass in hand, he gripped there, with a force nearly hard enough to sever the glass from the stem entirely. When he spoke next, his words rumbled from his throat, raspy and laced in a way he hadn't planned. "Of course, yes."

Will’s fingers brushed Hannibal’s as he let go of the glass, and then retreated out of the castle, his creamy, sweet scent wafting behind him. He didn’t have much, just clothes and a few

books, which he gathered up and set up in the room he'd once been given years ago.

Hannibal, once again, chided himself, as he sat in the big arm chair in study, unwilling to leave the area for now. He would not allow himself to be caught up in his own manipulation. What he did know, being a man who kept his promises, even the ones unspoken, was that he could not afford to have Will leave. Even if he still found his tolerance of the boy to be inconvenient.

Once settled, Will found his way back down to the study, giddy now as he passed Chiyoh, who looked a on, perplexed.

By the time Will entered, the Alpha was enjoying a snifter of brandy, staring off into the flames after he'd set the book he'd been reading aside. He was lost on one of the many tracks in which the train of mind ran, eyes narrowed and glowing. It was the Omega's scent that snapped him from his pondering and he tilted his head to cast a glance in his direction. "Please," he said, gesturing towards the chair at his side.

Will crawled into chair, at first tucking his feet under himself, and then he let them down, feet on the ground, trying to find a dignified way to sit that was suitable for Hannibal. He didn't want to mess up this precious moment in his last days here. "Thank you."

Hannibal leaned forward, his sleeves rolled to his elbows as he held his glass, grateful Will had removed his feet from the upholstery and sighed. "Would you care for a glass?" he asked, sniffing the air to take in the Omega's scent, instinctively.

"I've never had brandy," Will stated, and never was he asked either. Alcohol was a rarity, but the Lecters had many cellars of many things.

"Allow me to tempt your palate then," Hannibal insisted, and rose from his chair to procure a glass of brandy. He returned and handed it to Will, taking his seat once more, curious if the low born would find it to his liking.

Will took the glass and sniffed the liquid inside and then sipped it, licking his lips. It burned a little, but it wasn't terrible, so he took another sip, his eyes never leaving Hannibal's. "It's nice."

Hannibal smiled, and nodded, "Indeed it is." He then took a sip of his own, also never letting his gaze falter. "I trust you were able to settle in?"

"I don't have much," Will said, settling into the chair more comfortably, aware Chiyoh was watching them from the doorway, sipping another glass of wine. Will took a few more sips, his young body taking to it, a flush over his cheeks.

Licking his lips, Hannibal called out to Chiyoh, not looking in her direction but having scented her proximity. "Is there something you needed, Chiyoh?" he asked, knowing she was likely being protective of her surrogate son.

"Just checking in on you both," she said, and left, down the hall and up the stairs.

Pleased at her departure, Hannibal leaned forward again, veiny forearms bulging. "She loves you," he said, wanting to gauge Will's emotional reaction to her.

“She’s been like a mother to me, I guess,” Will said, taking another sip of the drink that rosied his cheeks, and make his tongue feel slippery, his words easy and warm.

"Do you miss them? Your birth parents, I mean," Hannibal asked, a bit more comfortable in the moment than he'd care to admit. Perhaps it was with the aid of the wine and brandy that he was, he reasoned, inwardly.

“Sometimes. I haven’t thought about them recently. It stirs up too much, and I’ll never see them again anyway,” Will said, truthfully. At least he had Chiyoh, as he knew Hannibal would never love him in anyway, and that was okay.

There was a very thin line between love and hate, and as a rule, one could not exist without the other. Hannibal canted his head a tick and pursed his lips, as he contemplated. "When I think of Mischa, occasionally, I drop a teacup to shatter on the floor. On purpose. I'm not satisfied when it doesn't gather itself up again," he admitted, the first time he'd given nod to his grief over her loss. "Too often our lives are riddled with things that we can not mend nor be reversed."

“All you can do is move forward,” Will agreed, another sip of brandy between his plush pink lips that wrapped around the glass, his skin flushed, and his head a little swimmy.

Chiyoh had used those same words, earlier, Hannibal realized, adding to his suspicions. "And how do you see yourself moving forward, William?" he asked, a bit distracted, almost hooked by lure of the Omega's gaze and features.

“I’m not sure. I’ve wanted a family, but in this world we live in, it seems almost cruel,” Will sighed, but knew to repopulate and make the world better, he was a vessel for that very thing; he had duty, so to speak. He subconsciously wrapped an arm around his middle as he sipped the drink, nearly gone now as he was warmed through.

Hannibal nodded, watching Will hold his stomach and it sparked something deep inside, a knowing that he too, desired a family. His reasonings were for furthering the Lecter line, not that he had considered such a thing with the Omega at his side. "Cruelty is a gift that humanity has given itself," he offered, and then gestured to the boy's glass, arching a brow. "Another?"

“Sure,” Will said, his speech less timid, and handed his glass to Hannibal. “I guess we go on either way. Rebuild the world, even I don’t know what it was like before.” He bit his bottom lip, tugging it through his teeth, weeting the supple flesh.

The Alpha's fingers brushed over Will's, his body nearing as he swallowed, finding himself curious about how those lips might feel underneath his own. He shook the thought, and rose from his chair to refill both of their glasses, cock half hard. "Perhaps not knowing will allow for a richer experience," he said, looking over his shoulder as his back muscles rippled under his shirt. He lingered and poured slowly, hoping to allow himself a moment to regain his control.

Will’s eyes were on the Alpha the second his back was turned, allowing himself that moment to linger his gaze, to watch, to want in ways he knew would never be. He’d prided himself on avoiding Hannibal, but nature pulled him right now no matter what he did. Leaving with Chiyoh was the best choice. He’d find someone who would honor and treasure him, and treat him *right* .

“Perhaps,” Will whispered with a sigh.

When it became apparent that his erection wasn't going down, Hannibal turned and came back, handing Will his brandy and then sat down. He was feeling a bit intoxicated, himself, and couldn't be bothered to care. "You seem, a bit pensive, William, what is on your mind that you're not saying?" he inquired, leaning close, his spicy scent filling room.

“Thinking about that family I won’t get to have,” the Omega said quietly, taking the brandy cup into his palms, and took another sip, lightheaded off the scent of Hannibal and the alcohol toiling through his lithe body.

"You nor I, can predict the future and what it holds...for both of us," Hannibal murmured, and placed his alcohol warmed hand on Will's arm, staring at the Omega's sea-blue eyes. "Fate and circumstance has brought us to this point, be it pleasant or otherwise."

“What do you see? In your future, that is,” Will asked, his voice barely above a whisper as he leaned his head back against the chair’s headrest, gazing openly at Hannibal in ways he never allowed himself to do before.

"I see...opportunity," Hannibal answered, pulling his lower lip through his sharp teeth. He too, was allowing himself to respond and look as he had never done before, at least not that he'd made apparent. He kept his hand where it lay, his instincts all but going into overdrive due to sexual frustration and the brandy.

“That’s vague,” Will said, bringing the glass to his mouth once more, sipping on it slowly, and then licked a stray drop from his lips. Will knew nothing of sex, nothing of their breeding, only what his heats made him want and want, and every heat it was Hannibal, despite what he would tell Chiyoh or Hannibal himself.

"I suppose it is. I see an opportunity for happiness, for advancement," Hannibal said, still not totally direct, all too distracted by Will’s scent, his presence. No sooner than he'd finished speaking and a low growl of lust vibrated from Hannibal's chest as he watched the Omega's slick, pink tongue, causing him to clear his throat as a primal need burned through his veins like molten lava. The sober part of himself, somewhere inside, warned him and called out, only to be ignored.

Will turned his gaze away, brushing long hair off his neck, behind his ear, flashing his scent gland, unmarred, unscarred, perfectly tan from outdoor work, and flushed pink. He sipped his drink. “You’re rattling off riddles, Hannibal,” the boy said, aware he’d said the Alpha’s name, but it was too late to take it back.

Hannibal sat his glass down and took Will's, doing the same, the call of his name and display motivating him. With one quick movement, he was over the Omega's body, his nose pressed

into his scent gland and a hand in the boy's curly hair. "Am I, then?" he rasped, his lips just barely brushing over the young man's skin.

Will’s hand grasped into Hannibal’s shirt as a low, needy whine escaped his throat, so close to the Alpha he’d been banned from. “Hannibal…” he managed to get out, worried this was a ruse, that the alcohol was getting to them… but none of this could be right.

"William..." Hannibal murmured, certainly intoxicated, but definitely affected by the boy, had been, in all honesty, for some time. It had been a constant annoyance, up until now. He pressed the faintest kiss to the Omega's gland, and then pulled back enough to meet his gaze, waiting as it seemed Will was trying to stop him.

The kiss sent Will right over, and his arms wrapped around large shoulders instead, dragging Hannibal down over his lips, having wanted to taste the shapely flesh for a while now. If he was going to die-- and surely he would when Hannibal came to his senses-- he would die having at least been bold.

Hannibal groaned into the kiss, pleasure washing over him like a waterfall as he plunged his tongue into Will's mouth, tasting him like a fine wine. The boy was sweet, and tinged with brandy, a forbidden treat he'd denied himself for all these years. His hands grasped the Omega's face, feeling his jaw shift as their tongues slid and danced together sinfully.

Will arched against the Alpha, his body reacting with wanton grace, fingers stretched into his hair, tugging gently, keeping Hannibal’s warmth over him, afraid if he let go, the other man would push him away again, forever.

Hannibal didn't let him go, too lost in the feeling and instead, hooked one arm around Will's back, pulling him with him as he stood up and backed the boy against the wall. He pinned him there, just as he had done similarly in the stable years ago, and rolled his hips, seeking out friction while he sucked his tongue and nipped his lips.

“Alpha,” the young Omega whimpered, able to feel Hannibal’s hard, aching cock through their clothes, having dreamed of what it might look like-- *feel* like. His dripping hole was soaking through, nearly throbbing as Will bit and kissed the Count with abandon.

"Omega," Hannibal snarled, and snapped his hips into the boy, nostrils flaring at the scent of the sweet slick. It put him into fevered frenzy, strong hands walking down to grip Will's ass, and lips kissing down to the Omega's alluring neck where he lapped hungrily.

Will daringly worked Hannibal’s buttons of his shirt undone, fingers dragging down his toned chest, through dark hair that lead down to his navel and below his well fitted pants. His head swam with lust and tipsy, his movements fluid as he undid Hannibal’s slacks, and dove a hand in, grasping his large cock.

Hannibal grunted, sniffing and bucking into Will's hand, leaning in to capture his lips anew, savoring every hot, wet corner of his mouth. Now that he'd started, the Alpha found it too intoxicating to stop, nor did he want to. His skin was ablaze, heart thudding like a drum as he rolled his hips again and again.

Will gasped into Hannibal’s mouth, laving their tongues together, sucking Hannibal’s into his mouth as his grip tightened around Hannibal’s cock, rolling his wrist to keep up with the Alpha’s needs.

Overcome, Hannibal suddenly pulled Will's hand from his cock to tug his shirt off and undo the boy's pants, pulling them down along with his boxers. As he removed his own, he feasted his eyes on the Omega's flesh, thinking how entirely edible he looked, in every sense of the word. With them both now naked, he allowed his hands to fully navigate along the curves of the younger man's body, ending over the soft swell of his ass, where he kneaded. "Beautiful, William-"

The Omega swallowed, every limb shaking in Hannibal’s hands, hot and perfect, on his skin. He took the moment to nose against Hannibal’s scent gland, taking in his spicy, perfect scent, which made his entrance leak, and his small cock stand even more erect. “You… you think so?”

"Your beauty has never escaped my notice," Hannibal answered, with inebriated honesty, his head hazy and swimming with the Omega's scent. He lifted the boy, hooking his legs around his waist, peppering kissed on his face and lips as he walked them to the large leather chaise against the opposite wall. The Count laid him down and climbed between Will's lean legs, his large cock pressing between his cheeks as he panted.

The Omega flushed anew, legs spread, thighs apart, hips canted up, inviting the Alpha to take him, neither one of them near a heat or rut, so this would be fine, this had to be okay. Will hoped, pulling Hannibal down for another long, passionate kiss.

Hannibal pressed the tip inside of the boy's hole, without hesitation and moaned into the kiss, his hand skating down the side of Will's body, under his thigh to spread him further still. He waited only a second before slowly pushing past the rings of muscle, and to the hilt in one smooth motion, cursing in his native tongue. “Will-”

The boy writhed, gasping loudly as his body was impaled, hands gripping the Alpha’s shoulders tightly, fingers leaving white prints against his tanned skin. Vivid blue eyes brightened and darkened all at once. “Hannibal-”

The Count pumped into Will's hole, wet squelching sounds filling the room, as he built a brisk pace. He had never felt anything nor anyone as good as the Omega and it was driving him out of his mind with sinful pleasure. One hand braced himself, and the other went into the boy's impossibly soft curls tugging, pulling to expose his neck as he kissed and nipped, but never breaking skin.

Too caught up in the moment, Will didn’t care if he was bonded or not, just having Hannibal’s teeth and mouth on him anywhere sent thrills of pleasure through him, building in his core as the heat began to spread. “Harder-”

Hannibal wanted to sink in his teeth, claim him then and there, but he retained some shred of cognizance, enough to refrain. Instead, he drove into Will harder, fervent, the chaise moving across the floor in small increments. "William," he grunted, growling and covered his mouth

biting kisses, his balls slapping lewdly. "Pure paradise, is what you are," he found himself adding.

The boy's prostate was beat again over and over, his heat swelling and gripping Hannibal's cock tightly as he started to feel the edge of his first ever orgasm. He bit into Hannibal's lips, panting hard as rutted down to get his cock in as far as he could, to take his knot, to take everything Hannibal had. " *Sir-* "

Hannibal tasted his own blood which spurred him on to begin brutally pounding, with wild abandon, wrapping both arms under Will's back and keeping their bodies flush. Heat spread through his skin and to his groin, his knot throbbing with a promise to expand. With another breathy groan, he fed from the Omega's mouth, relentless and passionate before catching his breath and murmuring, " *My* boy-"

Will came, hard and spilling down his own thighs, over Hannibal's cock and over his stomach, mewling with the unbearable pleasure of it all, groaning Hannibal's name, over and over until he could no longer say anything, limbs weak and body lithe.

The rush of come and sweet sounds of Will's release pulled Hannibal over the cliff into a rolling sea of pleasure. He came right behind him, knot inflating as he pushed it past the rim, hooking them together, cock spilling seed into the Omega. As he went through the waves of orgasm, the Alpha chanted the boy's name like a prayer, groaning and kissing him deeply. It was perfect, and sheer euphoria.

Will hooked his lean legs around Hannibal's back, holding him there are the Alpha's knot expanded. Will turned his head, exposing the creamy column of his neck for the Alpha, an invite, a need to be claimed-- to be loved.

Hannibal's eyes roved over Will's gland, and he pressed his nose there, inhaling deeply with a groan. Teeth scraped, once again but he didn't bite, and instead opted to run his tongue over the sensitive flesh, taking him in right from the source. Admittedly, things had gone further than he'd intended but he didn't regret their coupling, however a bond was for life and he would prefer sobriety for such an act if it was to occur. "William," he murmured, kissing up to the boy's lips, still drunk on brandy and on him. He brushed an errant curl from the boy's sweaty brow and looked into his eyes. "How are you feeling?"

Admittedly disappointed, Will gazed at Hannibal, but did not say the words on his mind, but kissed him again, slower, enjoy the moment as he committed it to memory. "Exhausted, but elated, sir."

"Hannibal, is more than acceptable, all things considered," the Alpha insisted, and nuzzled into the boy after a few slow kisses. He wasn't sure how he would feel later when the fog lifted but for now, he found himself entirely blissful. "I would have to state that I find myself feeling in the exact manner, Will."

Will's drunken manner had a lot of influence over his otherwise cautious mind, but considering the situation, he wrapped his arms around Hannibal to keep him close, their heads rested together. If this were a ploy to try and contain him, to keep him from going

should the Alpha have almost suspected, Will wouldn't be privy to it until the fog cleared, if at all. “Hannibal…”

Purring, for the first time in years, Hannibal gazed at the Omega upclose, pupils dilated. No matter how inebriated or perplexed, the Alpha could not deny the response the boy caused his body to elicit nor the electric charge that seemed to course through them. One thing he knew for certain, was that he did *not* want Will to leave. “Mm, much better…”

The Omega had never known bliss like this, so much need having been quenched, he thought he could surely live like this forever. He carded a hand through Hannibal’s hair slowly, taking in his honeyed eyes, the perfect symmetry of his face. There was a lot the boy wanted to say, but little his could formulate, or find merit in for the moment. “Are you sated?”

Likewise, there was much on the vast mind of the Alpha but wanting to have time to contemplate in a less influenced state, he wouldn't speak until he had done so. Instead, he nodded, slowly, his eyes warm and practically gleaming, as he took in the young Omega’s striking beauty. “Immensely, yes and yourself?” he inquired, finishing the question by nosing under Will’s jaw, affectionately.

“Yes, but I worry this is a dream,” Will said, holding tighter to the Alpha.

“If that is so, then perhaps it is one from which we shall never wake,” Hannibal responded, his tone deep, and gravelly. He held Will in equal measure, covering his inviting mouth anew with his own and savored each sweep of tongue.

Will had so many alcohol infused questions, but decidedly kept kissing Hannibal instead, keeping his lips and tongue busy, preoccupied with the taste and feel. “I hope not.”

Hannibal devoured the boy, licking every corner of his mouth, and all but swallowing his tongue. He kiss walked slowly down to the Will's collar bone, where he sucked a fresh bruise, marking him, in his own way. "You have ignited my hunger, moistened my palate..."

Will bit into his bottom lip, humming a groan. “Are… do you…” Will swallowed not sure what he wanted to say, clutching the older man with both hands to keep him there. “Again.”

The Alpha was more than happy to oblige, and with a feral yet desire laced look into Will's eyes, he bore his fangs and sunk them in, deep inside the Omega's chest. This time, he bit hard enough to pop skin and taste blood, and while it would not bond them, he enjoyed it nonetheless. Hannibal groaned at the boy's flavor, lapping up every drop. “Entirely, delectable.”

Will wished for the bond, but right now he took what was offered as the Alpha's knot deflated slowly. He groaned at the feel, gasping. This was much nicer than being slapped and pushed around.

Hannibal looked up into the boy's eyes once more, his teeth stained with crimson as he kissed Will's own taste into his mouth. "You will be sore, a warm bath will prove to be useful in this regard," he mentioned, hot breath over rosy lips, feeling concern for the Omega’s well being for probably the first time, though he also liked that William would be marked by him, would

feel him for a few days. The Alpha had bitten his chest hard enough that he hoped it would scar.

Will nodded. “I will, once the knot has gone down and I move again,” he whispered, in no hurry to be moved, to be pushed aside yet. He wanted to savor this.

"Of course," Hannibal whispered back, not having meant now anyways, he too, wanted to continue to allow for the indulgence. "I will see to your bath myself, join you, should it please you."

From nothing to all at once; Will head spun from the whiplash. He nodded. “I’ve not had a real bath in a while.”

While Hannibal wouldn't bond with Will in this moment-- if at all, he *would* do everything in his power to have the boy feeling content, secure in his place. "Very well," he said, with a nod in return, "then so you shall."

The next thirty minutes were spent doting on each other, the boy a little shier, unsure of how or what Hannibal liked, but used his abilities he didn’t tell the Alpha about to figure it out easy enough. Finally, the knot deflated and Hannibal slipped out and Will gathered his things as they ascended the stairs to one of the bathrooms, where hopefully hot water had been put to heat for some time now.

Fortunately, it was, thanks to Chiyoh, undoubtedly, and Hannibal prepared the bath, adding a bit of lavender and salt. He took Will's hand and guided him into the water, following suit. Once they were both seated, the Alpha behind, he picked up the sponge and began to lather the boy's skin. "How does that feel, do you find it to your liking?"

“It’s really nice,” Will said, having not felt such luxury since he first arrived here. He felt grimy and unworthy as he his head fell back against Hannibal’s shoulder.

Hannibal scented Will, his nose pressing into the boy's gland as he washed his smooth chest, over his pink nipples and down to his abdomen. "Good...it does feel quite relaxing."

Will groaned at the touch, something so delicately intimate, and yet so common for some, was so uncommon for to the Omega. He was hardly quick to latch on to such thing, but being starved for affection from an Alpha, Will couldn’t help the preening he did, head canted to let the Alpha scent him, take him in. “Very.”

The Count kissed up to Will's ear, where he worried the lobe between his teeth, rinsing the soap from the boy's body at the same time. It was not something Hannibal had ever done, for anyone, save for doting on his sister but this was a different thing entirely. "Mm, yes..." he whispered, musing inwardly as he continued to lavish unexpected affection on the Omega. "I would anticipate Chiyoh to be at loss for words at this turn of event."

“She’s convinced you don’t want me,” Will admitted, canting his head as he batted big blue eyes up at the Alpha, long lashes only accentuating them even further.

Hannibal found that he was almost bewitched by those eyes, surprising even himself. The Omega truly was a sight to behold, which was unfortunate as the would be doctor quite enjoyed beauty. "Likely because I have not been courteous to you, William. I am not unaware of how I have behaved," he said, his face as unreadable as his motive, "I wish I could give you back the happiness that I have stolen."

Will was sobering with the warmth of the water, feeling the Alpha out, and his sincerity, though limited as it were. Will believed some of it, but he felt a darker truth lying just beyond the tainted veil of painted lies. “You cannot give back something I’ve never known.”

"No," Hannibal agreed, and began to lather Will's long tresses, massaging into his scalp. He too, was sobering, and the more the alcohol waned, the faster the fog began to dissipate. "It is akin to a tale bound between hard covers. The words cannot be unwritten, only furthered, shaped and molded in a way that benefits the plot."

“Is that what you’re doing?” Will asked, quite aware he might be pampered to be convinced to stay if the Alpha even suspected he could be leaving with Chiyoh, but Will needed the affection, so he didn’t say a word about it.

"It is what we all do, everyday of our waking lives," Hannibal pointed out, taking a bowl and rinsing the boy's hair. They were both suspicious and yet aware, chaos wrapped in a beautiful binding. "We often examine the past and use that knowledge to then shape the future."

Once his hair was rinsed, the boy turned around in Hannibal’s arms and straddled his thick thighs, gazing at him with calloused, work ridden hands resting on his shoulders. “How is your future looking?”

The Alpha licked his lips, and ran his hands down Will's slippery sides, to his hips, drinking him in ways he'd never allowed himself before. "Vast. Rich in beauty, new experiences, and with you," he rumbled, not entirely a lie. “Yours?”

“You told me yourself that I was never leaving here, that I was your property,” Will said, without an ounce of accusation, but clarity and truth. He was a good liar, always had been for all his cunning. “Where in the world would you find all of that? Aside from me, since I’ll always be here.”

"Perhaps I wish for you to *want* to stay, of your own accord and not by the obligation in which your birth parents originally set forth," Hannibal answered, smoothly, noting the reiteration that the boy would remain. "Am I to understand that you presume it was not solely you to what I was referring? You offer a bounty of unexplored riches, Will, ones that until today I have never ventured to partake of."

Will flushed, biting his bottom lip at the remark, smiling a little. “You have never said anything of the sort to me, how could I know when just today you’ve acted? And… why now?”

"As I mentioned, my actions prior to now have been, considerably rude," Hannibal acknowledged, stroking the blush on Will's face and giving him a small smile. "Certainly I

have not allowed my growing interest in you to be made apparent. Today I simply found your charms too irresistible to resist, dear boy."

They hardly spoke aside from casual talk at the table, and Will knew when not to say a word, which was most of the time. Something was off. “Charms. Hardly what you were calling them yesterday, or a week ago.”

Trying to detour Will's suspicions, Hannibal's face took on a somber, remorseful expression as he cupped the boy's cheeks. "Yes, and for that I must apologize. Too often, we seek to push away that which we want most. You must understand that it was a combination of many aspects, that lead us here today. A winding road that began with a conversation between Chiyoh and myself. You may ask her, if you'd like."

Will stilled, gazing into Hannibal’s eyes, seeing the truth for what it was, and that Chiyoh had likely mentioned something about Will leaving, or going, *anything* and Hannibal being Hannibal, did not want what was *his* to be taken away or leaving. “I might,” Will said, but rested his head against Hannibal’s.

"Please do," Hannibal said, a gnawing feeling in the back of his mind, in his heart. He focused his attention elsewhere, on Will, not wanting to be bothered with the latter, holding him close and feeling the way their pulses seemed to beat in sync.

Will pressed their lips together, making the most of their intimacy while it lasted, his smooth slick body slid up against Hannibal’s well toned, hairy one, which rubbed and scratched against his skin in tantalizing ways.

The Alpha felt himself harden all too quickly under the boy's plush behind, Will's effect more than clear as he languidly kissed him back. Their joining was powerful, magnetic and the Alpha knew it, couldn't deny it, even if he wanted to. Despite his own swirling uncertainty, for now, he would simply permit the tide of pleasure to engulf them both.

Chapter 4

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened

Will slept in his own room, though over the next few days he allowed himself the pleasures of crawling in with Hannibal, gratifying each other over and over until he was so tired, he crawled back to bed. Chiyoh warned him not to get attached, that Hannibal was just as cunning if not more so, that the older man had his reasons for everything, and Will would do wise not to get attached.

So he didn't.

Late into the night, well after bedtime, Chiyoh took her things down the stairs and put two horses together for them, her things saddled onto the back of one, and then Will's onto another, and then went to get the boy, who was dressed.

"You are sure you want to leave with me and find a real husband?" she asked him as they slipped into the stables, moon brightly shining overhead.

"Yes," Will said, giving her a look as he got on to his horse. "Hannibal only sees me as property, not a mate or a husband. I'm grateful to him for the experience though, perhaps it will help me attract someone better."

Chiyoh canted her head at him as the horses walked out of the stables, them on their backs, and toward town, where she had managed to get a boat, nothing large, but fitting for them to sail the coast at least, go south a ways, perhaps through Spain or France. It hardly mattered. "If they do not see you as tainted."

"I'm a rarity aren't I? Tainted or not."

Silence swelled between them as they rode, taking a little over an hour to ride there, where she tied the horses up for Hannibal to retrieve later once he'd figured out where they had gone. They grabbed their packs and she lead them to the dock, doing up the boat rope as they got on, and sailed into the night with Will at the helm.

***

The next morning Hannibal woke up at his usual hour and planned on making a big breakfast for his household. He went downstairs right away and happily set to work. Admittedly, he was growing fond of the Omega, his own manipulation starting to work against him and decided he would have a more candid discussion with him once they were full and sated.

Finished and ready to serve, he realized then that not only had Chiyoh not come down to greet him, but Will had not either, nor did he detect his scent. Still, he went to the boy's room to look and when he wasn't there, checked all around the grounds.

The reality hit him like a ton of bricks and the words of his sister's ghost resounded in his mind like a somber note. *You'll be so lonely without me* , she'd said, on the day they'd last spoken, in her final hours and yet still, here he was, as she'd predicted without her, Will or even Chiyoh.

The Count put the pieces of the puzzle together and saddled his horse, following the trail of hoof prints to the dock, where he was simply too late. He did, however, wrangle the other two once he'd made a few inquiries. The boat hands had informed him of the pair's departure, one with no known destination and the only thing he could do for now was wait, plan-- or maybe, he was better off without them, alone.

***

Eventually the duo landed in Paris, where they sold the boat, as not to be tracked. Nothing was as beautiful as it had been once, or like the pictures Will had seen in books from

Hannibal's library. Buildings were half destroyed, shops were makeshift and crumbling, some people had carts of food to sell that they grew or made themselves, but mostly everyone kept away from everyone else.

"Paris is rich with potential for you, Will," Chiyoh said, staying close to the young Omegas side. "There is not much on the streets, but once we hit the big city, you will see a difference. All the higher linage Alphas live there, or visit often in hopes of finding a mate."

"Is that why you brought me here?" Will asked, canting his head at Chiyoh, now wondering if she hadn't her own designs in all this as well.

"Partially. I cannot protect you forever. My hope is you will find a suitable mate, and they will care for you." She reached over and wiped smudge from his cheek, which he pushed her hand away for.

"What if I care for myself?"

"One way or another, you will die. Either you will starve or the Betas will get to you, destroy you, as they did Mischa," Chiyoh said, sadly. "You deserve to be loved and adored."

"Hannibal did…" Will replied, looking down at his feet.

"Hannibal was manipulating you. He's far too self interested to give you care beyond what he gets out of it, Will," Chiyoh reminded him. "He did not bond with you because he does not want the responsibility of you."

Will sighed, as they walked, toward the city. "I know…"

***

Chiyoh was not wrong, the city was filled with Alphas from all over the world who were able to get there, like a common ground meeting place for singles to find Omegas. Everywhere Will went he was gawked at, turning heads of the females and males alike.

Matthew Brown was an Alpha who kept to himself, but today, on a whim, he found himself bored, in need of adventure. As such, he made his way to the city center, to see if anyone caught his eye, be it an Omega or just...entertainment.

Only minutes after arriving he was hit with a very sweet, young and all too appealing scent. The twenty-five year old Alpha, followed his nose to the source where he saw the most beautiful young Omega he'd ever laid his eyes on.

Slowly, and confidently, Matthew approached, nodding politely at Chiyoh before turning to smile at the boy. "Well, hello, I don't believe I've had the pleasure of seeing you around here, I'm Matthew," he said, almost in whisper as he clasped his hands in front of himself, knowing better than to touch the Omega out of the gate. He wanted to.

Chiyoh raised a brow and then looked at Will, staying close but not intruding.

Will offered his hand, politely. “I’m William, or… Will is fine,” he said, completely unaware of how people stared, how much attraction he actually garnered for his looks and scent. Hannibal had told Will for years now how useless he was, after all.

"Will," Matthew said, almost purring the name as he gently took the Omega's hand to place a kiss along the back. "The pleasure is certainly all mine." To be respectful of the boy's charge, he then offered his hand to Chiyoh, once he'd released Will's. He knew how it worked, how to play the game, though when it came to his instant attraction to Will, that was totally authentic.

“Chiyoh,” the female Alpha said, shaking Matthews, sizing the Alpha up to get a good read of him, even if she knew Will could do that better than herself.

"Would you...mind, if I get to know Will, Miss Chiyoh?" Matthew asked, his piercing blue eyes staring into her own. He knew he was being sized up, so he smiled, warmly, and placed his hands in his pockets...but from his periphery, he continued to watch the Omega. “That is, if you want to know me, Will.”

Chiyoh glanced back at Will, who nodded. “I will be in the market, Will, if you need me,” she said, aware enough that she would smell his anxiety should something go wrong. She walked off, leaving Matthew and Will to converse.

"You're new here, are you not?" Matthew asked, his pupils dilated, and a hand going over his mouth as a gesture of sheer awe. He was perceptive too, in his own way and he could sense the potential for a strong connection, just in scent and body language alone. It wafted off the boy in refreshing waves.

“Yes. We arrived this morning,” Will answered, with a smile, finding Matthew’s scent alluring, which made his skin flush anew.

"Lucky for me that I happened this way, though I never expected to see someone as beautiful as *you* ," the Alpha smiled back, and then leaned in a step as if he were about to impart a secret, taking the opportunity to inhale the boy’s aroma, "And do not worry, I am new here too. Maybe we should find a place to sit, would that be alright?"

“I’d like that,” Will said, smiling brightly at the Alpha, looking around for a bench or something, and given this was the very greenest part of the city, there were a few about, though worn.

Matthew offered his arm, for protection and the opportunity to touch the Omega again, nodding. "Good, let's go to the one at the end there, it's a less populated area and I have a feeling you don't take to crowds, much like myself," he crooned, doting on the boy already with just his tone.

“I don’t. I’ve been kept pretty isolated,” Will admitted, hooking his arm with Matthew’s, grateful now for the baths Hannibal doted upon him so that he was not left smelling of hay and horses.

"Whoever kept you in such a way, clearly did not understand you, or value you for the rare gem that you are," Matthew said, strolling with Will, watching the other Alphas lift their noses to sniff jealously. "I know that feeling all too well, not being understood, being underestimated."

“Do you?” Will asked as they neared the bench and sat down, next to Matthew, thighs touching. “My parents sent me overseas to live with an Omega and her older Alpha brother, in hopes I’d be protected. She died and he resented me.”

Matthew kept his hands in his lap, refraining from hooking an arm around Will, as he so desired to do and listened, with rapt attention. "That must have been hard, I am sad to hear it. Did he strike you?" he asked, finding the very thought almost unbearable, unfathomable. Who would dare such treason?

“When I was younger,” Will sighed, for once finding he couldn’t look away from the other’s eyes. “I learned not to talk to him so much or bring up his sister, and he’d leave me alone.”

Pulled in by Will's eyes, Matthew reached out a gentle hand and caressed the boy's cheek with his knuckles. "Then he was not worthy," he whispered, licking his lips slowly. "You deserve to honored, cherished, to find someone who will be more than a ruler, but instead a partner."

“He didn’t want a mate anyway,” Will whispered, soothing by Matthew’s actions, eyes fluttering closed for a second, enjoying the touch.

"And do you?" Matthew asked, leaning closer, his words coming out in a rumble. He could not take his eyes off of the Omega, he saw a great potential, quiet power, the caliber of mate he'd been seeking for so long.

“Yes. I want a mate and a family,” Will replied, quietly, letting his hand rest on Matthew’s knee, daringly.

Matthew smiled, widely at that, placing his hand atop the boy's. "I should like to invite you to my home, for a proper date, if you and your guardian would agree to it," he offered, his thumb caressing Will's hand. "So you can decide if you would find me eligible to court you. You deserve to be happy and have all that you desire. I can give it to you."

Actual courting was something Will had only ever heard about, never seen, never been asked for to do. “We’ll go.”

"Will, you won't be sorry," Matthew promised, and took his hand to kiss again, turning it over to nose along the scent gland in his wrist. "We should speak with your charge before we depart, I do not live far from here."

“We can find her,” Will said, standing, taking Matthew’s hand.

"The market, I believe she said is where she would be," Matthew said, his heart racing at the continued contact, he felt like the big Alpha in town with such a beauty at his side. "It's just across the way."

So they walked, hand-in-hand, toward the market to find Chiyoh, who was bartering for good when Will and Matthew approached. She arched a brow their direction. “Back so soon?” She did note their hands locked together and offered Will a very small, whimsical smile.

"Yes, we are getting along quite well," Matthew smiled, his eyes gleaming. "I wonder if you would be alright with Will coming to my home for a date. I live just a block or so from here and I will not do anything that the boy does not wish," he assured, and then added, "You can come along if need be, it is merely that I crave more time with him."

Chiyoh looked at Will, who seemed very eager. “I will follow, close behind but never bothering you. I will keep myself busy while you… have a date.”

"Excellent," Matthew agreed, and looked at Will excitedly. What a pleasant surprise the day had turned out to be. "We'll be on our way." With this he bowed his head and hooked a well muscled arm around the Omega's waist, ushering him gently down the worn cobble street. "She loves you," he said, quietly, unaware that Hannibal had uttered the very same only some time ago.

“She does. She has cared for me since I arrived,” Will said, arm around Matthew as well, keeping them nearly joined at the hip, kindred spirits almost. “She wants what is best for me, that’s why we fled Lecter Castle.”

"Castle Lecter, in Lithuania?" Matthew asked, though he was sure he knew. As they strolled, he melted into Will, in his mind they were meant to be, the boy was his true mate and he would not be swayed by anyone nor anything. "A famous house, rich and powerful, purebred. Yet this Alpha, lacked the intelligence to see you."

“He did at the very end, but still did not want to bond,” Will sighed, leaning into Matthew. “It’s not worth staying if someone does not appreciate you.”

"You needn't worry your head about him now, should you decide to allow me to court you, you'll be nothing less than worshiped," the Alpha whispered, with a reverent tone. "Hannibal, was his name correct? The only unmated Alpha male of that house, not that is many left, to my knowledge."

“Yes, Hannibal,” Will answered, nodding his head as their fingers laced together. “I all but offered myself, even for children and he refused. I don’t want uncertainty.”

"His misfortune," Matthew offered, and lead Will up a set of stairs to what was once a nice townhouse in its day, though still better than most now, all things considered. "I don't offer uncertainty, that is a fact of which you can be most assured, beautiful one."

The Alpha unlocked the door, and opened it, with a grand gesture, allowing Will to enter first, and when he felt comfortable to do so. Will slipped in and Chiyoh after him, staking the place out first, and then stood out of the way.

It was no castle, but it was better than a stable.

“This is nice,” Will said, quietly. “You live here by yourself?”

"That I do, and thank you," Matthew answered, with a smile, and walked Will to the somewhat worn black leather sofa. "Please, make yourself comfortable, would you or your guardian like something to drink? I have whiskey, water and orange juice," he offered, never taking his eyes off of the Omega.

Chiyoh busied herself out the backdoor and left them alone without a word. Will sat down and nodded.

“Uh, water?” he said, remembering his last drink was with Hannibal, and rubbed at his chest where the very present bite mark was still healing, scarring.

Matthew nodded, glad Chiyoh had walked out, and then went into the kitchen, procuring two glasses of water. He returned and handed one over to Will first, sitting next to him, right at his side. "Here you are, Will. I want you comfortable here, it's of paramount importance to me."

“Tell me about you,” Will said, taking the water, and sipping it. Nothing special, well water, as most people had, but it was perfect to Will.

"I'm much more interested in hearing about *you* ," Matthew flirted, wanting to know every little detail about the boy. "But I would be happy to tell you anything.” The Alpha took a big gulp of his water before setting it down on the coffee table, and leaned back against the sofa, stretching confidently. With an arm behind the boy as he began to speak. "I'm twenty-five years of age, an only child, born and bred in the United States. I keep to myself, mostly, as I tend to prefer solitude, you, of course, being an exception,” he smiled, and softly carded through the Omega’s hair.

“Really? What part?” Will asked, smiling as he figured the Alpha was from the west given his accent, but it was hard to tell these days. “I don’t like people either, well, not a lot of them. It gets too busy in my head.”

“California,” Matthew smiled back, happy Will didn't move away from his touch and continued with soothing strokes. “People like us are observant, Will. We watch like hawks on a wire, trying to avoid the smaller birds. It makes us special, and all the more reason why we could make a great pair.”

Someone that finally saw him, someone that finally didn’t see him as just a boy. “Birds of a feather…”

Matthew chuckled, and leaned over closer to Will, devouring him with his eyes. "Only a fool would have let you fly away..." he whispered, and sniffed, humming at the Omega's scent. "How would you like to spend the rest of our evening, I can serve you something to eat if you're hungry?"

“I would hate for you to go through the trouble,” Will whispered, gazing up at Matthew, the attraction was instant, and it was a wonder he’d been able to find an Alpha so quickly…

The Alpha slid his hand around to cup Will's smooth jaw, thumb brushing cheek as he licked his lips. "Never, would a thing done for you, be of *any* trouble," he murmured, utterly

awestruck. "May I kiss you, Will? If you say no, it will be respectful."

“Yes,” Will whispered, leaning in.

With both palms holding Will's face, Matthew moved in and placed a soft, reverent kiss on Will's lips, nothing rushed. He held there with a low deep growl of pleasure before running his tongue along the seam, begging for invitation.

Will whimpered a little into the kiss, taking in Matthew’s tongue, sucking on it slowly.

Matthew walked his hand down the side of Will's body, around to his back where he pressed their bodies close. The Alpha lathed their wet muscles together in a languid dance, his skin alight and burning hot. It was a confirmation, to him, a sheer revelation, that they were meant to be.

“Matthew,” Will managed to whisper against his mouth, slowly, panting at how worked up he'd gotten so quickly. His skin felt alight with pleasure, arching into Matthew’s touch.

"Will," Matthew whispered back, hard and leaking from the tip. In this moment, nothing else matter but the two of them, no one else need exist. The Alpha kissed him back onto the couch, gently nipping his lips, and savoring every inch of him. Taking a breath, he gazed into sea-blues with his and murmured, "I do not desire to you rush you, we can stop, if you need me to."

“Slow, please,” Will murmured, and groaned, pulling Matthew over him. He wanted to be courted before all of this went down.

"Slow is best," Matthew agreed, not in any sort of hurry, he was more than content to just be in the Omega's presence. "You taste like nothing I've experienced before," he added, and kissed Will again, softly, on his lips, cheeks and jaw with a groan.

“So… can we court?” Will asked, a little timid and unsure how this worked, but eager.

“I'd love nothing more, yes,” Matthew answered assuredly and kissed Will again, hoping to inspire confidence. “It would be an honor.”

An actual courting was something Will had only dreamed of. He wrapped all his limbs around Matthew and kissed his face, excitedly. “Thank you.”

Matthew purred and kissed Will with equal excitement, stroking a curl from his brow. "No, thank *you* , beautiful one," he smiled, blue eyes wide with affection.

***

Will and Matthew spent days going on weeks together, With Chiyoh watching from afar, getting further and further back, letting her young charge take the reigns of his destiny. Finally, a few months in she approached him, and told him she was leaving.

“Going?” Will asked, eye big and bright. “You can’t leave me.”

“Will, you have an Alpha, and Matthew is very good to you. He will love and take care of you the ways we have both wished for you to be. Now, I will go and find my purpose,” Chiyoh said with a smile.

Will hugged her tightly, not wanting her to go. “Are you sure?”

“I am. You will be fine.”

***

Many occasions Matthew asked Will to bond, but Will wanted to be extra sure, a gut feeling that he’d have to be, after being abandoned so often, physically and emotionally, he wanted to be sure it would be forever, and the right choice. So, he and Matthew never did anything more than heavy petting, never undressed.

One day out by the park where they met, Will had laid out a blanket with a little gathering of food he managed to rummage for and hunt, spread out for the both of them.

"Almost as delicious a sigh as you," Matthew purred, offering his hand to Will to sit with him on the blanket. He wanted to bond with boy more than ever, wanted to knot him, and make it official, but he was more than willing to wait. "After you, beautiful."

Will flushed, never growing tired of hearing it, and nuzzled into Matthew’s neck with his nose, scenting him, soothed by it. “Thank you.”

The Alpha nuzzled Will back, always making sure to scent mark him thoroughly each time they had an outing, claiming him at least in that way. He was not the typical Alpha in the sense that he didn't not require nor need the Omega to serve him, and as such he made them both a plate from the food laid out. "I must confess something to you, Will...I am falling in love and quite considerably, these past few months together have been nothing short of miraculous."

Will smiled at that, leaning into Matthew as he took the plate and picked at the various berries he’d been given. Though Chiyoh had left, he was staying in the spot she had found for them, though by himself, she scent marked everything there to give the impression the Alpha was still about. With any luck, Will would be living with Matthew soon enough.

“I… think I might be, too,” Will replied to the confession with his own.

"Will, my day is made all the more better by this," Matthew said, and placed a berry in his mouth, leaning over to share it with the Omega in a kiss. His heart was ablaze. He had many plans for their coupling, such a powerful union would most assuredly make an impact on the world.

Will had no doubt he’d be happy with Matthew, as their being together was easy and in turn set the boy at ease. However, maybe it was too much, so, as Will hardly felt challenged, but perhaps that was the price to pay.

The Omega shared in the sweetness of the berry, groaning as he pushed the juices between their lips and tongue slowly.

Matthew moaned, an arm around Will's torso as he plundered his mouth, the sensation and taste overwhelming. Every moment with the boy was sheer bliss and he knew other Alphas were watching, wanted them to see that the Omega was his.

Will answered with his own pleasurable sound, all but purring now. He knew his heat was coming in a week or so, and that it would be the best time for him and Matthew to make their union concrete. They just had to last a little longer.

The Alpha could sense the beginnings of the boy's impending heat, which was another reason for his insistent displays of affection. He could only hope they would bond then, and seal their destiny together once and for all. After a few more minutes of heated kissing, he pulled back so they could finish eating, and smiled.

"Tell me something about you, something you have not yet told. I want to know every bit of you, inside and out."

“I think I’ve told you everything,” Will said with a shy smirk, realizing only then he’d been holding up part of and act with Matthew, that his good boy attitude was only a ploy to lure him in, but he had a feeling Matthew would like the darkness under the light. “I… have always wanted a dog. But they are so rare now…”

"A dog?" Matthew asked, lifting his brows with delight, a shadow of darkness lingering behind his blue eyes. He knew exactly where to find such a creature for his soon to be mate, and hoped it would garner him even more favor with the Omega whom he treasured. "Then you will have one, as soon as you are residing with me, and we've bonded. In fact, you may have as many as we can acquire."

Will laughed, kissing Matthew’s cheek. “I saw one once, and he was beautiful and sweet. I loved him, but someone hunted him and ate him.”

"A weakling," Matthew began, the words coming out in a quiet hush. "That is who would do such a thing." He stroked the boy's hair and took another bite from his plate, still aware that there were eyes on them almost from every side of the park.

Will smiled a little. “Yeah. Happened a lot back home though, people were starved, so they ate what they could.”

"Yes, it was the same in California, people were forced to consume many things," Matthew mused, a faint dark glint in his eyes, thinking of the power obtained from eating the strong. "Would you like me to fetch us more water from the well or are you ready to depart?"

“Where would we go?” Will asked, eating the last berry from his plate.

"For a stroll, or perhaps to the markets, if you wish," Matthew answered, and likewise ate the last on his plate. “We can remain here if it suits you best, beautiful one.”

Will cleaned up their mess, eager to move around a little. He packed the blanket back into a basket Chiyoh had gotten for him, along with the plates. “A walk would be nice.”

"Excellent," Matthew hummed, taking Will's arm in his own, offering to take the basket with a gesture but he knew the Omega was more than capable on his own. “I am the envy of the city with you on my arm, Will.”

“You think?” Will smiled, letting Matthew take the basket. “No other Omegas around.”

"One of *many* reasons why I am to envied," Matthew crooned with a smile, walking with Will out of the park, to the street. "Once mated, should you continue to desire to be, the world will be ours, darling. No one will be able to stop us or deny our power."

“Power?” Will asked, curious, how that worked here.

"As I mentioned the smaller birds, or Betas-- as they are more commonly known, try to control the population as a whole, but our coupling, the hawks that we are, will only serve to strengthen our standing," Matthew explained, hating Betas most of all, wanting nothing more than to see their rise to power be stripped from them.

“Oh,” Will said a tad naively, but held fast to Matthew’s hand, not saying a word about how his parents were Betas, as it was mostly unheard of for two to have an Omega child.

Matthew smiled over at Will and they continued down the road, fingers laced. "A good life, one you deserve, that is all I wish for you, beautiful."

Will leaned in against Matthew, head to his shoulder as they walked slowly. “I can’t wait.”

“Nor can I,” Matthew whispered, moving his arm to go around Will’s waist. They made it to the market and smiled at the Omega. “If there is anything you would like let me know.”

“You don’t need to get me anything,” Will said, very capable of bargaining himself, as Chiyoh left him with a few things to trade if needed.

"As you wish, darling. But take heart, for I did not ask out of need, but instead it was with a desire to show you my affections," the young Alpha purred, looking over a few items as they went inside. "You must forgive me, I find it nearly impossible to not do so."

“I didn’t mean to sound ungrateful,” Will said, touching Matthew’s hard belly with his other hand as they entered the shop, looking around at the baked goods.

Matthew turned, almost suddenly, next to the bread and placed both hands on Will's face to look into his eyes. "No, you did not sound ungrateful, never worry about that with me, you are entirely perfect," he said, and leaned in to kiss him gently, thinking about how cruel Hannibal had been to the Omega. He pulled back at once, but let his gaze linger.

Matthew was genuine, and Will loved that it was all he got off of the Alpha, never once had he felt like he had done anything to upset him. It was was a relief. “Okay,” he whispered, licking his bottom lip once for the lingering taste of Matthew’s lips.

With a pleased nod, Matthew smiled and put his arm back around Will's waist. He didn't care that people were staring, he felt their eyes, but all that mattered to him was the Omega at his side. The Alpha selected some bread, churned butter and cheese, along with fresh sliced meat as they walked. "That was all I required, if there is nothing more, shall we go?"

“This seems okay,” Will answered with a nod, never leaving the Alpha’s side, aware that the moment he did, he could approached by anyone, and he didn’t want to be bothered.

"Good," Matthew said, and then went to go strike a bargain with the merchant, keeping a protective eye and arm on Will.

A few moments later and they were heading out, basket from the picnic now also hosting their newly acquired items. "Would you like to accompany me to my place, or shall I walk you to yours?"

“Let’s go to yours for a little while,” Will said with a coy grin, the impending heat he was nearing was making him just a tad needy to be near his soon to be Alpha alone.

"Yes, a wonderful idea, beautiful," Matthew grinned, and pulled the boy closer, with a quiet growl as they strolled. He longed to touch Will, in any and every way all of the time and his rut would only intensify that need.

Once they arrived at Matthew’s place, Will shrugged off his coat and laid it over the sofa, and then took a seat on the sofa.

Matthew did the same, and sat next to Will, angling his muscular body towards the younger man, one hand on his own face, rubbing as he looked at who was the most beautiful creature ever born. "How is it that you continue to strike me with your beauty, your charms and wit, Will?"

Will’s smile brightened his blue eyes as he leaned in and kissed Matthew softly for that. “You say that now, but you’ll grow tired of it,” he teased.

"Never," Matthew promised, and gently guided Will into his lap where his large hands roved up the Omega's sides, each stroke reverent, as a smile spread over his lips. "Only a few more days, a week at best and then I can begin to show you, just how... *deep* , my love truly goes."

Straddling the Alpha, Will rested their heads together, giving a soft shudder at Matthew’s words, honestly wishing his heat would come sooner, but all good things were worth waiting for. “I can’t wait.”

Matthew closed his eyes, briefly, feeling their hearts beating together as they shared breath. He opened them again, and kissed him, softly, sucking Will's lower lip between his teeth, letting go with gently pop. "Nor can I, but I would wait a lifetime for you."

Will let out a soft whine and kissed Matthew hard, tongues twining together slowly as he pressed his hand against Matthew’s heart, palming his hard chest. “And I you,” he murmured between kisses.

"Will..." Matthew growled, and then kissed him again, exploring every corner of his mouth, treasuring each taste and sound that the Omega made. It was a testimony to their connection, to the sheer strength of their soon to be bonding, he mused inwardly, to himself.

Daringly, Will slipped his hands under Matthew's shirt, feeling out his skin and muscles by touch for the first time. A groan escaped his chest, body set ablaze with sudden desire. "Matt-"

Matthew tugged off his shirt, to let Will feel as he wished, exposing just how well muscled he was. For an Alpha, he was devoid of the usual thick covering of fur but made up for it in bulk. He said nothing, only a growling purr and just watched, placing his hand atop the boy's as his chest heaved with unspoken, heated want.

Will's blue eyes burst dark with lust as he looked over his soon-to-be mate with new need and appreciation. He palmed down Matthew's well formed pecs and stomach, to his pants just below where Will sat, grinding his palm down over the hard line of the Alpha's cock.

Groaning, Matthew lifted his hips into the touch, taking Will with him before lowering back down. His eyes burned into the boy, as large hands slipped under the Omega's shirt to touch the skin of his back where he lightly trailed his nails.

Will kissed the Alpha again, undoing his pants and reaching in for his cock, he stroked, thumbing over the wet tip, panting as he imaged having it in him, taking him. "Matthew…"

"Will..." Matthew moaned, sucking in a sharp breath through flared nostrils at the feel of the Omega's hand on his large and leaking cock. He wanted to be inside of the young man now, but would wait and enjoy this instead. It was truly an honor to be given such treatment by the heavenly being atop him.

Many times they had touched over clothes, and many times Will had left Matthew with nothing, but he wanted to assure him that he wanted him, and kept stroking as groaned, rocking his hips down over the Alpha's thighs.

Of course Matthew did not expect nor require it, it was enough until bonded just to bask in Will's presence but he felt appreciation for this moment, wanted to suspend it in time forever. The Alpha boldly walked his hands down to knead the plush pillows of Will's ass, growling louder at how perfectly round and warm it was. He could picture and almost feel its comforting embrace around his cock in his mind's eye. That, coupled with the Omega's insistent pleasurable stroking, had his breath coming out in ragged bursts as he leaned in to cover the boy's delectable mouth with his own.

Will groaned into Matthew's mouth, working him over harder with his one fist, the other skimming around his hips and up his chest once more until his slipped behind his neck. He wanted every part of Matthew right then, his hole leaking onto his pants, starting to soak through.

As the scent of Will's slick permeated the air, Matthew's kisses became rougher, more needy as he nipped at his lips and sucked the Omega's tongue. It was only a few more pumps and he came, hard, over the boy's knuckles and up his muscular chest, knot expanding uselessly at

the base. With a muffled howl, his body shook, hands clutching at the younger man's back, under his shirt and over his shoulders. "Will-!"

Will whined at the way his name sounded like that, and pumped the Alpha to completion and then bent and licked the come off his fingers and Matthew's chest, slowly.

Breathing heavily, huskily, Matthew ran his fingers through Will's curls, and pulled him up to meet his mouth, licking the taste of himself from him there. Resting their foreheads together, he felt overcome with emotion. "I love you..." he murmured, staring at the Omega up close. "I desire to return the favor, and if not now, then soon, my darling."

"What do you want to do?" Will asked, breathlessly, having never done much other than being fucked by Hannibal, he wasn't entirely sure what they could do.

" *Taste* you," Matthew purred, and kissed down Will's face, to his scent gland where he nuzzled, breath hot. "Bring you to your release, by any means you'll allow. I wish to know you in every state of being."

Will writhed down again Matthew's hips, hand slipping into his hair. "I'll let you," he whispered, wanting nothing more than to have Matthew's large hands all over his skin.

Swallowing, Matthew licked his lips and stood, picking him up, and walking them into the bedroom, where he laid him gently onto the bed. "Thank you," he whispered, blue eyes taking Will in, hungrily. "Just look at you..." he gasped, his hands sliding up the Omega's still clothed thighs, to his belly, under his shirt. He flipped his hands to grasp the fabric, wanting to remove it and cast a look into the Omega's stunning eyes. "May I?"

Will swallowed and nodded his head. He'd been trying to conceal the bite left on his chest for some time, but if they were be mated, Matthew would see it sooner or later. "Yes."

Matthew smiled and then pulled Will's shirt off carefully. He sat his shirt aside and immediately saw the bite mark, the scar. Trailing his fingers over it, he looked into the Omega's eyes, a bit of jealousy hidden behind his own. "Hannibal marked you..." he whispered, and then leaned down to kiss over it. "He was not worthy."

"Instead of bonding with me, he marked me that way," Will whispered, almost sadly, sorry to have the reminder always there.

"A cowardly fool," Matthew pointed out and then took one of Will's pink nipples into his mouth, slowly lathing his tongue over it as he peered into the boy's eyes, hand deftly working the Omega's pants undone to prepare for his descent.

"Perhaps," Will said, still trying to let go of Hannibal in his mind, and the reminders weren't helpful at all. Instead, he laid back, lifting his hips.

Matthew hoped to take Will's mind off of his past and pulled the boy's pants down, setting them aside. He was breathless, speechless at that sight and got between his legs to nose under the Omega's balls, around his shaft, howling at the scent. "Oh Will," he said, and licked up his shaft wetly.

Immediately, Will's mind went to nothing but the Alpha between his thighs, and the warmth of his mouth, overtaking him as pleasure fogged his mind. Will's fingers went to Matthew's hair, tugging gently. "Mm."

The Alpha melted at the approval and grinned, then swallowed Will down, until his nose was met with a smattering of dark, soft hair. He opened his throat and an began to bob up and down, tongue circling relentlessly.

The Omega all but purred at the satisfaction of it all, knees bent and his heels digging into the bed. "Matt-"

Matthew popped off and slid his tongue down Will's shaft, over his balls and to his twitching hole where he gathered slick on his tongue an almost inhuman howl. As he did, his hand took the Omega's cock and began to fist, leaving the Alpha freedom to lap hungrily. "Will, you are delicious-"

Will's head lolled back on the bed as he writhed, rutting his hips down over the feel of Matthew's tongue against his sensitive puckered hole. Every nerve was on fire, every bit of him falling apart as he whined for more. "Please-"

The Alpha snarled in ecstasy, sloppily feasting on Will's wet aching hole, still working his cock in hand, expertly. "What is it that you wish, beautiful one?" Matthew asked, breathily, between smacking kisses and presses of tongue. He needed to be certain of what he was being encouraged to do.

Will wanted everything, but he knew it wouldn't be a good idea, so he bit his tongue from saying it, taking a moment to catch his breath. "Fingers or something… inside me…"

Matthew eagerly complied, and inserted two long, thick fingers inside Will's hole, slowly, licking around them. He ran his tongue back up to the boy's cock and took him down, while he slid seeking digits in and out, curling them to press against the almond shaped nub buried deep within. "Oh, Will, you're so warm, so wet..." he murmured, around the Omega's tip, his own dick throbbing anew.

Unable to help how he writhed and jutted his hips, Will started to feel the pleasing heat burn through his thighs, threatening to release so soon. "Matthew… I'm-"

The Alpha added a third finger and increased his rhythm, insistently massaging the boy's prostate and syncing his motions to how he moved up and down over Will's cock. Cheeks were hollowed and not a word was uttered, merely a groan which vibrated down the Omega's shaft as he waited to taste the sweet nectar that he craved.

Will came heavy and hot, shooting down the Alpha's throat and soaking his fingers thoroughly as Will shouted into the air, and bit his fist not to groan too loudly. His toes curled and uncurled against the bed as he came down from blissful pleasure.

Swallowing him down, Matthew saw the young Omega through the waves of his release, piercing eyes taking in every move and expression. He popped off, and suckled the sensitive tip, just to be sure he got it all and removed his fingers, carefully. Groaning, he licked those

clean as well before crawling over Will's body, shoulders and bicep muscles rippling under his skin before leaning down to kiss him deeply, languidly. "Will..."

Chest heaving with each breath, Will pulled Matthew down into the kiss and then rolled over him, straddling the Alpha with trembling thighs. “You’re amazing…”

Matthew trailed his hands down Will's sides, to his hips where he rubbed, softly and smiled over his lips. "If I am, it is because you are my inspiration, my muse..."

Will smiled down at the Alpha and then rested against him, laying over him, his head to his chest, listening to his heart. “And you mine.”

Humming, the Alpha wrapped his arms around Will and kissed his head, not willing to let him go. "Soon, we will belong to one another, by bond, heart and soul, my dear beauty."

Chapter 5

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened

Will was walked home hours later with some of the bread and cheese, which he put away after he kissed Matthew goodbye and said he'd see him later. He made sure to lock up the best he could as Chiyoh taught him, and kept the knife she gave him on hand, just in case.

Settling in at the small table, Will wiped dust off it and tore at the bread, popping some into his mouth.

"Hello, Will," came a voice from the hall, shoes clacking on the floor as Hannibal walked into the dining area.

Hannibal had found Will after weeks of searching, using all of his resources available to an Alpha of his standing. He'd been bereft, nearly driven mad on his own and grieving the loss of the young Omega. It made him all too aware that he was indeed in love, and totally unable to stay away.

After having watched Will as he was escorted home, by the other Alpha, Hannibal had kept a safe distance, bristling and seething with quiet jealousy until he saw his opportunity by way of a faulty window.

The place wasn't too large, but enough that Will hadn't heard Hannibal or smelled him until the second he heard his voice. The boy turned in his seat, eyes wide. "Why are you…" the question only lingered, never finished, too in shock to complete it.

The Alpha tilted his head with nostrils flared, breathing in Will's scent, so pungent and sweet, yet changed. He drank in the Omega, the one he'd mistreated and pushed away for years, with fresh eyes. Hannibal's appearance had changed, reflective of his grief, far less elegant than he had been, rougher around the edges. Still, he spoke with the smooth grace he always had, "Freeing yourself from me, and me, freeing myself from you, they're the same, William. I could not let you get away," he rasped, low and deep, approaching the boy.

"You never wanted me," Will said, with a leveled anger in his tone, angry at the fact that Hannibal might actually have come here to get him back, to drag him back to his prison.

"That is not altogether true, Will. I did and do want you, we belong together," Hannibal said, calmly, having anticipated the Omega's anger. He sniffed again, the scent of the other Alpha like poison in his nose. Holding back a snarl at the thought, he continued, "While the epiphany was late, I had planned on telling you as much but you fled, not allowing me the chance."

Will rolled his eyes, staying exactly where he was seated. Hannibal didn't own him, and he was promised to another Alpha now. "You had your chance. I gave you the opportunity, even after you treated me horribly. I found an Alpha who actually thinks I'm amazing, and not worthless or horrible, or disgusting."

Hannibal took it upon himself to sit at the chair across from Will, showing him that he no longer thought himself above him but that he wanted them to be on an equal playing ground. "I do believe I apologized to you for my transgressions, and it is for that reason that I did not bond with you when you offered yourself to me," he explained, clasping his hands together on the table, leaning forward. "I will also point out that I am not unaware of your...suitor. I could practically smell his foul stench on you from the road. While he may think he adores you, he doesn't know you, and will never understand you, or *see* you...not in the way that I do."

"You don't know anything about me," Will growled out, angrily, slamming his palms on the table. "You refused to see me for all the years I lived on your land. Suddenly I'm eighteen and you can't keep your paws off. I'm not that naive. You're lonely, and you pacified my needs of being wanted to get me to stay. Well, it didn't work. Get out!"

The Alpha snarled at that, hurt, angry and rejected, but kept his calm, showing little emotion. A part of himself had to admire Will's power, silently giving him praise. With that in mind, he rose from the table, and paused, "Simply because I did not make it known, does not mean that I was not watching, observing, and wanting you for all those years. Nor does it mean that I do not feel for you. You may cast me out, but it does not change the conviction of my confession, William. I do hope you fair well with this Alpha."

With this Hannibal turned on his heel and started to slowly walk to the door, taking in as much of the boy's scent as he could and then with a final glance he left before Will could deny him again.

Once Hannibal was gone, Will broke down, throwing his bread against the wall and sobbing into his hands. It was all he had longed to hear from Hannibal and he couldn’t bring himself to accept it, not after everything.

***

An hour later, Matthew heard a knock at his door. Surprising to have a caller at this hour, he thought but went to answer either way, thinking only of his Omega.

Upon opening, Matthew was hit with the lingering scent of Will on the other Alpha and he growled almost instantly, suspiciously and full of concern.

Hannibal's lips twisted into a faint yet deadly smile as he swung a concealed scalpel at the Alpha, but Matthew was fast, and avoided it just narrowly. "What have you done to Will?" the younger man asked, baring his teeth as the pair began to circle each other inside the living room, hackles raised.

"He is not your concern, and is quite safe, waiting for me to take him home," Hannibal answered, low and deep with the blade clutched in his hand.

"We are to be mated, we belong together and you will take him over my dead body," Matthew hissed, and with a stone fist cracked Hannibal in the jaw.

It was enough to knock him back but not down, and he bore his now blood stained teeth in turn, eyes flashing dark and deadly. "I must confess I was giving careful thought to that very situation."

With a roar, Hannibal dropped to the ground and swung his feet, knocking Matthew off of his own, the Lithuanian suddenly pouncing on him like a lion. He drove the sharp metal deep into Matthew's carotid, the arterial spray washing over him like a tidal wave.

As the younger Alpha bled out, and struggled, both men holding eye contact, his last word was just a whisper, one name…”Will”.

Disgustingly touching , Hannibal thought to himself, and rose to his feet once the jerking had ceased, getting to work to clean up and make his tribute.

***

The next morning the city center was buzzing, crowds gathering around a horrific display of what appeared to be a man skinned a molded into the shape of an anatomical heart. People were going door to door to inquire if anyone had any idea as to how such a sight might have occurred, if they had seen anything peculiar.

Will went out, even if it wasn’t advised with how soon his heat was set to come, but Matthew had not come to his door that morning, and on seeing the display, he suddenly had an idea as

to why that was so.

Big blue eyes searched the crowd of people, looking for Hannibal, as he knew the Alpha would not be able to resist seeing his own work and the reactions from everyone.

Hannibal had shaven, cleaned up and was standing near one of the worn statues, in a state of relaxation and smug satisfaction. As he admired his work and stoically observed others, he caught Will's scent. With a twitching smile to himself, he could only hope that the point would be driven home and that his gift would be understood.

Will could smell Hannibal but had no drive to seek him out now, and headed back to his home, anger and sadness welling up inside of him. He shut the front door and put barriers up, well aware that Hannibal might just come back to see him again after this.

***

Having observed a note in Matthew's journal that spoke of his plans to acquire a dog for Will, as well as the boy's deep love of them, Hannibal had formed a plan. He knew that the Omega would not seek him out, would likely be holed up in his home under heavy protection. So, he procured a beast easily enough and tied it to the backdoor banister and waited, mud covering his own body to block his scent.

Whimpering at the door was what brought Will out, looking at the dog there, he gasped a little. “Who left you?” he asked, looking around, and then picked the dog up. “Poor thing…”

The pup, frightened at a strange sound, scrambled out of Will's arms, which was enough of a distraction for Hannibal to step out of the bush and push the Omega's head into the wall, knocking him out cold. The dog growled at him, but ducked its head when the Alpha bore his teeth. After a quick inspection to make sure he was truly unconscious, the older man hoisted the boy into his arms. Reluctantly, he also, in a last minute decision, took ahold of the leash, and headed down the quiet back alley streets, towards a boat that was waiting.

Once Hannibal had reached the boat, he secured Will to a bed, and set sail, heading for home, dog curled at the Omega’s feet.

***

What only felt like hours passed, but on opening his eyes and seeing the contents of his old room at Lecter Castle, Will realized it had to have been much longer. He rubbed his eyes with one hand, finding that he was shaking, sweating, with need. He’d been out long enough to reach his heat, and as he moved every part of his ached for the lingering scent of Alpha in the castle.

He had to get to the cellar, there’d be no relief as his Alpha was dead.

Will slipped out of the bed, dizzy, and headed down the stairs quickly, toward the back entrance.

Hannibal had just fed the dog, and let him out to run in the yard, when he scented Will. The Alpha ran after the Omega, his predatory instincts ignited and his mind beginning to spin with that all too familiar resounding chant. "Omega-" he growled, just behind him, his body going into fevered rut, only this time there was no Chiyoh to intercede.

Hearing the Alpha gaining on him, Will ran faster, but the more he thought he was getting away, the more he realized this was part of an older ritual, and he was running to be caught, no matter how much he tried to tell himself he wasn't. Avoiding the cellar, Will ran instead into the woods beyond the castle.

The Count sped up, deft and strong legs carrying him with almost inhuman force. He followed Will, past the treeline, into the forest, his nostrils flared and eyes alert. The Alpha's blood pumped hard through his veins, skin ablaze, as his large cock began to leak from the tip. "William…" he growled again, almost right upon him.

Will whined, a low mewling in his chest as he looked behind him, which caused him to slow, narrowly dodging a tree, bare feet crunching over twigs and dried leafs.

It was enough that Hannibal then caught Will easily, hooking his well muscled arms around the boy's slender waist from behind and pressing him against a different tree. " *My* Omega," he rumbled, sniffing at the back of his neck, and pressing his clothed cock against the other's ass, rutting like a rabid wild animal as he held him there.

Effectively caught, Will stilled, eyes closed, cheek pressed into the tree trunk as his limbs shook, heat radiating off his body. Every right minded thought left him, rolling his slender hips back against Hannibal's bulge. "Alpha-"

Hannibal ran his tongue over Will's scent gland and undid the Omega's pants, quickly, and tugged them down, next doing his own as he maneuvered the boy down onto all fours-- the traditional mounting position. With two broad palms he gripped William's hips and entered him without hesitation, howling at the tight wet heat.

The Omega's head dropped between his arms with relief, leaning back as Hannibal entered him, taking him into the hilt, and pressed tight against his prostate. Will moaned loudly, fingers clutching into the earth under them.

The Alpha set a punishing ferocious pace, blinded by his rut, and overwhelming desire to take Will again and again. It was something he'd thought of much over the months prior but was now amplified by biology and innate need. He leaned forward as he ground his hips, balls slapping wetly and scraped his teeth over the Omega's back, rubbing his face there to scent mark, all but mad with insatiable lust for the boy. Hannibal was hardly able to utter anything more than a litany of curses in his native tongue tinged with deep rumbling growls and grunts.

Will gushed around Hannibal's cock as heat built in his core and threatened to spill out already, taking Hannibal's brutal force, no thought to the pain as pleasure rushed through his veins. "Alpha-"

"Omega-" Hannibal groaned, sweat dripping down his spine and off his brow as his own release spread throughout his body and to his groin. He pistoned two, three, four more times before he was coming hard, knot expanding and what seemed like buckets of come exploding from his cock like a geyser.

Will tensed when he felt it, and started to follow right down with Hannibal, gasping and groaning, neck bared without even realizing he had done so. “Oh-!” he mewled out sharply, coming, seeping out of his hole and over the ground.

As they came, and were locked together the Alpha looked at the Omega's unmarred neck. He couldn't resist, having wanted this since Will had left. Hannibal bit down, with sharp teeth, into the boy's mating mark with a growl, popping skin and forming the bond. Hungrily, he lapped at the coppery beads of blood, that spilled out and rasped, "Beautiful, *Mine* -!"

A sharp groan of pain that turned to pleasure escape Will, fingers dug deep into the dirt below him. He’d wanted this months ago, he’d wanted to be bonded and cherished, and in the moment all he could think was how blissful it was, that inkling lingering in his mind that this was wrong pushed down.

Hannibal responded with a deep purr, feeling the electric charge of their coupling as it hung thickly in the air. He sealed the wound with his saliva and turned them onto their sides so he could hold the boy. The Alpha couldn't think about anything other than this perfect moment, so akin to nirvana. "Will..."

Will reached back and held on to Hannibal’s thigh, letting his breathing come down slowly, eyes closing, enjoying the moment. “Hannibal…”

The Count peppered kisses along Will's shoulders and neck, lavishing affections over the Omega as the sweat cooled on their skin as they lie on the forest floor. Sighing, he held the boy close, taking in his scent and basking in the ambience. "You are sheer perfection, my William-"

The boy grew still and quiet, sated for now, though Hannibal knot felt tighter than the first time, locked securely into place, hooking them together for a while. He had a lot of questions, but Will kept them off his tongue, afraid to mess up their coupling.

The fog that had taken over Hannibal's mind, was dissipating, at least for now and he found that he was left with a sense of euphoria in its place. They were mated and it was what he had been wanting for months. He did not wish to sully their serenity either with bringing up what was just simmering under the surface, so he would wait for that and focus on something else. “You will need to find a name for pup, Will…” he whispered and kissed the nape of his mate's neck.

“Winston,” Will said, quietly, not moving, just breathing, half covered by Hannibal larger form.

"Very good," Hannibal murmured, lazily kissing and licking over Will's fresh mating mark. The timing had been perfect, waiting those weeks in Paris just until he'd detected that the Omega's heat was near before making his move. It had worked out precisely according to

plan as he hadn't expected the the boy to forgive him so easily, nor trust that his feelings were real. They were, and with time, he knew William would see. "There is something very cathartic about what we have just done amongst the trees. It is godlike and brings us back to our animal ancestors."

Will only hummed at that, hand still on Hannibal's thigh, rubbing the hard muscle there. It was blissful and it was also so very disheartening to the boy.

The Alphan Count let his hands trail over Will's chest, to his heart, where he noted the rhythm, and the Omega's respiration. He closed his eyes to be immersed in the feeling completely, letting it wash over his senses like a cool comforting breeze. Such a jubilant sensation, the teacup was gathering itself back up.

They laid like that until the knot finally lessened and then Will no longer felt trapped, but he was still stuck inside a body going through a heat, which meant he had a few hours, *if* that of clear thought. He got to his feet, finding his clothes silently.

Hannibal continued to observe Will, as he stood and redressed himself, keen eyes narrowed in contemplation. Once they were clothed, he took the Omega's face into his large hands, and looked into his eyes. "Will, you must know that what has happened here today, was more than merely an innate biological instinct, for me; a vast and unyielding love dwells within my breast and is solely for you..."

"I have wanted to be needed by you for years," Will whispered, not pulling away, not pushing Hannibal off, as the connection and loss of contact would surely destroy him. "Only when I dare to find happiness not in you are you suddenly there to take it away from me. Just to have me all to yourself once again."

Matthew was dead, and Will had nowhere else to go now. The worst part was, he wasn't even sad about it.

"I sought you out for months," Hannibal whispered back, wetting his lips. "And I finally found you only to realize that I was but mere moments away from losing you completely. I could not allow such a fate to befall us, Will. We belong together, have, from the very start and I knew that this was what was best for you, for both of us."

"I'm a fool for being with you," Will whispered, hurt that Hannibal had taken this long to see the things Will wanted for a while. "What changed your mind?"

"These feelings had planted their seed long before you left, William," Hannibal murmured, his thumb caressing the Omega's cheekbone as he held his face, reveretly. "I was going to tell you the day you left, but it was far too late. Every moment since, I found myself to be in a state of remorse, longing for your return. When you did not, I did the only thing that was within my power, and that was to find you...my true mate."

"I wish you had bonded with me then. We could have avoided this," Will whispered, frowning a little as he gazed at Hannibal, not so forgiving yet.

"As do I," Hannibal rasped, quietly, and leaned in to kiss the boy's lips once, softly, not pushing the intimacy completely. No, he wanted the Omega to yearn for it, for him. "I...have made many errors, under the veil of my grief. I cannot undo what has been done, but instead offer you a promise that I will not mistreat or forsake you again. I *always* keep my promises, Will."

“So you do.” Will sighed,and slipped his hand into Hannibal's, moving it from his face, to walk back to the castle.

The Alpha nodded, with a small smile and didn't add anything further, content with things for the time being. As they headed back to their home-- a home that was host to many memories-- Winston came galloping over to Will, clearly having decided that the boy was his preferred human, and jumped up on his legs, tail wagging.

Will let go of Hannibal to pet the dog right, and then found a stick to throw for him, running with the dog, laughing as they made their way back home.

Hannibal was pleased that the pup had taken to Will in lieu of himself and thought it a way to steer his mate back into a state of comfortable ease. Back at the castle, he opened the large door, and followed inside after the boy and Winston, walking over to check on the food that had been keeping warm near the hearth. "William, we should take the opportunity to eat while we have our wits about us, hm?"

“Huh?” Will looked up from where he was playing with the dog, and blinked. “Oh. Good idea.” He pat Winston on the head and wandered over to Hannibal, a tad happy he no longer had to hide himself away from the Alpha when he was in heat.

"Yes, we will need our strength," Hannibal smirked, a bit coyly, and brought the beef stew over and began to portion them out a bowl each. It was simple, but high in protein and nutrients, perfect to insure they had all the energy their bodies would require.

“Yes,” Will agreed, taking a seat, Winston at his feet. For now they were sated, but he knew the impending heat was due to come forward again soon.

Hannibal announced the stew and sat it down in front of Will, and then himself, taking his seat across from the boy, instead of the head of the table. It was, again, to show the Omega he did not think him his better. As the Alpha picked up his spoon, he tilted his head a fraction, smiling at him. "I would like it, very much, if you would join me in my chambers at night for slumber, from this point forward," he offered, with an arched barely there brow. "If it would please you."

“I’m your mate, how can I refuse?” Will asked, spooning beef into his mouth, or what he was assuming was beef, and then some potato.

"You are my mate, indeed, but I only wish for your happiness. I want us to be partners of equal standing, Will," Hannibal assured, no longer the cruel man he'd once been before, not to the boy across from him at least. He finally took a bite of his stew and hummed around the spoon, gingerly dabbing his mouth at the corners.

“That will take some getting used to for me,” Will admitted, pushing carrots across the bowl thoughtfully.

“Of course,” Hannibal answered, taking a tentative sip of his wine. He could be patient and could wait, the important thing was that they were bonded and together. “I hope you find the stew to be to your liking, Will.”

“It’s good. Better than I’ve eaten in months,” Will said, quietly, finishing his third spoonful.

Hannibal hummed, and took another bite, glad that Winston seemed to be very well behaved. "I'm glad to hear it. I want nothing more than for your happiness," he said, informing the Omega that he too will soon have the status as Count, since they are bonded, and would, hopefully be married. “You are a Count, now, Will.”

“Only Alpha’s can be Counts,” Will murmured into his spoon as he slurped up a few more bites.

The Alpha tilted his head at the slurping, but made no mention of it, and instead clasped his hands together in front of himself on the table. "If we were to marry, you will be seen as such, though perhaps not with the same standing as myself due to your sex. However, I see a great power in you, quiet strength." Hannibal knew that he had done much to tear down the Omega's sense of self worth for years, but hoped to rebuild it even more than it had already been.

“Then what’s the point of saying I’ll be a Count if no one is going to care to treat me as one,” Will asked, setting his spoon in his bowl, hands in his lap.

"You'll garner respect more than any other Omega," Hannibal explained, and sipped his wine, picking his spoon back up to take another bite. "A Countess, for example, has more power than someone beneath her, and yet not the same as the Count. But here, in our home, we will be the same, I assure you."

“I’m not a woman,” Will said, brows furrowing. Even Chiyoh as a female Alpha got more respect than Will did. He was wanted, sure, but respected? He’d only seen it with Matthew.

"No, certainly not, nor was that my implication, but you are Omegan, and that is simply how it is done," Hannibal stated, having more respect for Will now than he ever had before. The Alpha knew it would take time to prove his affections. "I, unfortunately, did not make the rules, but as I've said, in my eyes, we are the same."

Will’s mood was soured emotionally, but he knew in a matter of minutes everything could change around physically. He ate another bite of his food before feeding some of it to Winston. “I’d rather just be your mate then. It doesn’t sound like it matters what title I hold.”

Hannibal narrowed his eyes minutely, pursing his lips with the hint of displeasure but nodded, and said nothing more on the matter. Likewise, he held his tongue on feeding the dog at the table, a discussion for later. The Alpha ate the rest of his stew silently, and finished his wine, gingerly wiping his mouth. “Would you like some more?”

“No,” Will said, hardly hungry now and set his bowl on the ground for Winston. “I am going to take a bath. I’m full of dirt.”

"As you wish," Hannibal said, eyeing the bowl, then Will, and back to the bowl again, lips parted just so. He rose from his chair at once, and walked over to pick it up purposefully, gathering it, along with the other dishes in preparation to be washed.

The Omega started to strip down once more, tossing his things haphazardly, while making his way up the stairs. The true test, for the Omega, was to see how his new mate would treat him. He got to the bathroom, and started to heat the water, and took that time to brush out his hair a little, and inspect the mating scar in the mirror.

Truth be told, he did not miss Matthew as much as he thought he might.

Hannibal took a calming breath, and set about washing the dishes, giving Winston a bit of the stew, but in his own bowl. Once that was done and the dining, along with the kitchen was neat and tidy, he went upstairs, collecting the clothing as he walked. Once they had been put in their proper place, along with his own, the Alpha went, nude into the bathroom to join Will. "I find myself in need of a bath as well, I will accompany you with yours...which I hope is acceptable?" he asked, with an arched barely there brow, despite the decision already being made.

“I remember we shared one once,” Will said, sticking his hand in the water to test it and then dumped it in. He knew he had little choice; not much had really changed.

Going from servant and Master, to estranged and now mated, would be an adjustment for them both. Such a shift in power dynamic usually was. Hannibal smiled, a small twitching thing and added lavender and salt to the water, his eyes roving over the young Omega's body, unashamedly. "Yes, that we did and I do believe it was quite enjoyable for us both, was it not?"

“It was,” Will said, getting in first and curling to the front, to let Hannibal in behind him.

Humming, Hannibal got in carefully and situated a long leg on either side of Will, opening his arms to give him room. He was also curious to see if his mate would lean back into him, seeking affection or keep a distance-- as much as could be kept in such a confined space.

Will would take what he could, right now he needed every last touch of his new mate, his skin sensitive to touch, pooling to desire quickly. He leaned back against Hannibal, cleft of his ass against Hannibal’s cock.

The older man's arms went around Will right away, his nose pressed into the crevice of the boy's neck as his cock sprung to life anew. All of his irritation and contemplation melted away, deft thick fingers tracing around the Omega's pink nipple. "Mm, William, I find myself unable to resist your siren call," he growled, sharp teeth scraping over tender flesh, possessively. “Furthermore, I have no desire to...”

Will melted back into Hannibal, his smaller cock hard against his thigh, and his hole becoming well lubed once more as Hannibal worked him over with words and touch alone. “

Your scent makes me want to bed you every second I’m near you,” Will admitted.

"You will hear no complaints from me in that regard," Hannibal rumbled, words rolling off his tongue huskily. He kissed walked up to Will's ear, where he worried the velvety lobe, breath hot against it as his cock pressed into the cleft of the Omega's ass. "You are a banquet for my senses and I could feast on you endlessly."

“Hannibal-” Will managed to say, eyes slipping closed as his nerves and sensitive spots were teased. His body grew hot with need once more.

"Will-" Hannibal growled, and continued his pleasurable assault with lips and tongue, until suddenly, strong hands lifted his mate up and then back down onto his cock. Wrapping his arms around the boy's waist, he began to pump, water sloshing back and forth inside the tub.

Will’s eyes went wide, gripping the sides of the tub as he pressed down against Hannibal’s cock, taking him in completely. “Alpha, *my* Alpha.”

"Yes, yours, and you, dear Will, are all *mine* ," Hannibal snarled, pleasurably, bucking up into the Omega, holding him tightly as he bit into the other side of his neck with raw, unhinged hunger.

Grinding down, Will moaned out, completely seduced by the heat, pleasure filling him completely. “Harder-”

Hannibal gnawed, roughly, at Will's neck, blood spilling into his mouth, as he fucked into the young Omega with ferocious abandon, all but howling against his skin. "So delightfully insatiable-"

Will hooked one arm around Hannibal’s neck from his position, anchoring himself as he writhed wantonly in his lap, eyes closed as started to peak. “Oh, God-”

The Alpha slid his broad palm down Will's stomach, over the planes of muscle and gripped his cock, twisting his wrist and deftly stroking him towards completion. "Ah, yes, my William-" he groaned, water splashing over the rim of the tub from the sheer force in which he was relentlessly entering the boy again and again.

Panting heavily, Will came, spurting into the tub and over his chest, groaning things that made no sense coupled with Hannibal’s name a few times, body tense.

Hannibal pistoned wildly, like nothing more than a beast as ropes of thick seed painted the inside of Will's walls, knot expanding as he pushed it past the rim to latch them together. As he came, the older man chanted his mate's name like a prayer, kissing his neck, jaw and around to his lips.

Will whispered Hannibal’s name, gazing up at him as his breath evened out. “I think we’re clean.”

"Are we then?" Hannibal whispered back, taking Will's jaw in his hand as he softly, slowly continued to kiss him. He then shifted his legs a fraction for comfort, the movement applying

pleasurable pressure on his knot which sent another wave of come into the boy. The Count groaned at the feeling, and panted, breath hot.

The boy was pliable in Hannibal hands like this, docile and well kissed. His lips moved against Hannibal's with fevered passion, taking in their mingled scents.

Hannibal purred, deeply, into the kiss, never tiring of the feeling; he wanted to feed from the boy's mouth forever. The Alpha suckled Will's tongue, nipped at his lips and softly felt the curves of his mate's body with worshipful awe.

Will found he loved Hannibal like this, soft and passionate, no harsh words between them, just intimacy they had felt even at their first meeting, without knowing what it was to be. Will groaned, one leg sprawled over the sides of the tub, still very much hooked together. "Hannibal…"

"Mylimasis..." Hannibal murmured, in his native tongue, lost in the decadent beauty and power of their coupling. He nuzzled into his mate, more gentle than he'd ever displayed before and caressed every bit of skin he could reach.

Will smiled up at Hannibal, his bright blue a light against flushed skin and dark lashes. "How much did you miss me?" he whispered.

"It was Insurmountably excruciating without you, of that you can be assured," Hannibal answered, with honesty, gazing at the boy, and committing each expression to the largest wing in his memory palace. "It is a wonder that I survived at all."

"Whatever will you do now that you have me?" Will murmured, against Hannibal's lips, softly kissing him.

"Worship and honor you," Hannibal murmured back, kissing Will in between words, holding him close. "Give you unspeakable pleasure and love you, for as long as I continue to have breath."

Will smiled at that, nipping at Hannibal's lips. "I look forward to that," he whispered in a pleasure induced haze.

"As do I," Hannibal said, softly, smiling back and nipping his lips in equal turns, heart swelling with boundless adoration and eros. "There is nothing I would deny you, if only you request it, William."

"I just want to live my life fully with you," Will answered, as there was little Hannibal could give him now, after living with very few things for years.

"And so we shall," Hannibal promised, resting his face against his beloved's. "I can give you many things, things that are not of a monetary value, but trust that a life well lived, together, will be among them."

"Like what?" Will asked, quietly, enjoying their afterglow.

"You mentioned once that you desired a family," Hannibal began, whispering as he kissed him again. "I too wish for the same and could give you one, should you still desire it. You already have the dog," he chuckled, feeling just as content and with the knowledge that he would respect Will's answer, no matter what it might entail.

Will knew in his mind they had to overcome a few things here first, really hash it all out, but he smiled widely when Hannibal offered, when Hannibal wanted that. "You want pups with me?"

Hannibal smiled back, stroking Will's cheek and nodded. "Indeed I do, it would please me greatly to see your belly swollen with a pup or two of our own making, William."

"Maybe someday then," Will said, fully aware that someday could be any day, given his heats. But hopefully fate would work to their favor.

"When you are ready, of course," Hannibal murmured, also knowing that it could happen sooner, rather than later but he would let the proverbial chips fall where they may. He ran his hand down, over his Omega's belly and let it rest there.

"Of course," Will echoed back with a soft, contented sigh, wrapped up in Hannibal's arms as they waited for the knot to go down. This was a moment he longed for, and would cherish.

Hannibal purred, deeply and lapped over Will's bite marks, holding him protectively. He'd been the cause of so much of Will's suffering and now all he wanted to do was make him nothing short of blindly euphoric. As they waited, he picked up the sponge and began to bathe his mate, rubbing soothing circles. "How does that feel?"

"Perfect," the Omega said, quietly, sighing with his face pressed into Hannibal neck, scenting him with closed eyes. There was so much to be angry at, but right now, he wanted only this.

"Yes, that you are," the Alpha hummed, washing every bit of skin, gently, and then scented Will back. He next got to work with lathering the boy's long curly hair, massaging his scalp and taking his time.

Everything about their coupling felt like a dream to Will as he filed it all away in his memories, just in case. "Do you think I should cut it?"

"I find it beautiful, Will. Nonetheless, should you desire to do so I can take you into town to have it done," Hannibal answered, wanting to prove that he no longer wished to control every aspect of his mate's life.

"You like it long?" Will asked, curiously.

"Ordinarily, I would prefer short, but on you, it's quite striking, yes," Hannibal answered, and picked up the cup to prepare to rinse. "Likewise something shorter would bring out your eyes, show off your face, I merely wish for your comfort. But should you keep it long, I would think perhaps a trim at minimum would be optimal, wouldn't you?"

“I suppose a trim wouldn’t be too bad,” Will agreed, letting the domesticity of it all seep into his skin, holding it in his heart for harder times he knew were coming.

"Then it's settled," the Count stated, and rinsed out Will's hair, making sure to get all of the soap. When he was done, he captured his mate's lips softly, and then began bathing himself, his knot finally releasing them. With a wink, he nosed along the boy's jaw. "It would seem as though we did get clean, after all."

“We did,” Will said, finally standing to grab two towels from the linens cupboard, one wrapped around his slim hips, the other he wrapped around Hannibal’s.

Hannibal then wrapped his arms around Will's waist from behind and walked them into his bedroom, where he opened his wardrobe. "I took the liberty of procuring some clothing for you, I hope you do not mind," he said, having went through a lot of trouble to find it, given the world they lived in. "I also did not have time to bring what you had prior back here and as such knew it would be necessary."

“I guess that makes sense, since you kidnapped me and all. No time for gathering my things,” Will said, snidely, but fingered through the clothes, some of it new, some of it used, as such was the way of life. He picked out linen pants and a light shirt, airy and nice for the weather and his heat.

"And for that, I apologize, William, but look at what it has yielded," Hannibal offered, as he got dressed in some grey cotton trousers and a white button up shirt. He left the first few buttons undone, for the same reason. Not letting the remark sully his mood, he canted his head with a smile, "A spirited drink on the back deck perhaps? To celebrate our union?"

“If you wanted to get me drunk, Hannibal, you should only ask,” Will said with a coy cant of his head, and then moved away, bare foot still, as he made his way down the steps to the backdoor.

Hannibal followed, gathering a bottle of wine and two glasses on his way out. He sat them on the weathered table and uncorked it, pouring one for them both. With a coy smirk on his shapely lips, he handed the glass to Will first and then took a seat, one leg crossing over the other. "I do find the blush that covers your skin when you partake, to be quite pleasing," he commented, in response to Will's remark inside the bedroom.

Will smiled over at Hannibal and then turned to face the sunset that was impeding on the day, and sipped his wine, one hand in his pocket. “It’s beautiful out here.”

"It is," Hannibal agreed, casting his eyes skyward, and then to Will, noting how magnificent he looked by the red, orange and yellow light of the sun's descent. He wondered, to himself, how such a radiant splendor could have gone so unnoticed all those years past. "You belong here, William, just as this land belongs to you, it is my hope that it might serve as a source of strength."

Will turned his head once more to look back at Hannibal. “Strength?”

"Do you doubt your capacity for such?" Hannibal asked, licking a stray drop of wine from his lips. "You have quite the power buried deep inside of you, Will, I've tasted it."

“And when have you done that?” Will asked, once more, sipping more of his wine as he finally took a seat next to Hannibal.

"When I take in your scent, and when I sunk my teeth into your flesh," Hannibal answered, watching Will's every move. He took another slow sip of his own wine, and angled his body towards his Omega's.

“A shame you didn’t do it sooner,” Will sighed, having realized a while back that he was attracted to Hannibal, but given the Count hated him, he kept it all to himself.

"I would apologize again, but I have already and you'll tire of that eventually," Hannibal remarked, his eyes narrowed thoughtfully, though he often imagined scenarios where his actions might have been brought them together before now.

Will’s mouth form a thin line at that, though he knew there was only so much squabbling he could do about their predicament, it still stung and left him reeling about what might be a rouse. “Perhaps I just need reminding that you actually love me and this isn’t a ploy to keep me here because of how lonely you really are.”

In an instant, Hannibal's glass was on the table, and the Alpha was hovering over the boy, scenting him, and pressing his nose into his neck before pulling back to take his jaw in his hand, gently. "I do love you, William. I would not desire a family, and with you, if I did not," he pointed out, his tone calm, yet possessive. "I have loved you for longer than you can imagine and yes, I deeply regret my actions up to recently. I wish to marry you, and spend the rest of our lives making amends, Mylimasis."

“How long have you loved me?” Will asked, breathless at that confession, almost sure that Hannibal hated him longer than he loved him.

"From nearly the moment I laid eyes on you," Hannibal answered, honestly. He'd only hated himself for feeling the way he did, for what happened to Mischa, and Will had, unfortunately, been made to pay the price for everything. "I never truly hated you, William. Too often, we push down what we do not want to see, but yet know it is there, it causes us to behave erratically, or even violently."

“What finally changed your mind?” Will asked, wrapping all his limbs around Hannibal, dragging him down to his level like this, gazing into his eyes.

"When I woke and you were no longer there," Hannibal whispered, in answer, wrapping his arms around the boy's back, and pulling him closer as they sat on the accommodating lounger. "It was not because I was alone, but that part of me was missing...you complete me, dear Will. My only solace was that when I looked to the sky at night, I was stuck with the realization that some of our stars would always be the same."

“You poor Alpha,” Will said, daringly, teasing, and kissed Hannibal sweetly on the lips. “You have me now. No more needing to glance at the stars and wonder where I am. I’ll be by your

side.”

Hannibal grinned, and kissed Will back for that, clutching at his flesh almost desperately so, seeking closeness to the maximum. He wanted to hold the Omega's heart, literally, press it to his lips in worship, but it would be too devastating a thing when it would eventually cease to beat. "Good, William, very good."

“Tell me your desires, Hannibal,” Will whispered, wanting to hear his new mate’s deepest needs.

"I wish to taste you, know every part by my tongue alone," Hannibal began, his words coming out in a deep rumbling whisper, eyes darkening with lust. "See you writhing and begging for more, perhaps with your wrists bound by the finest silk. There is much pleasure that can be experienced from the kiss of pain, I can show you, take you there, if you ask me to."

Will shuddered at the thought, remembering their first weeks together when Hannibal pushed him against the wall and held his wrists over his head and how turned on they had both been. Licking his lips, Will nodded his damp head of hair. “Please, take me wherever you like.”

The Alpha flitted his tongue over Will's moistened lips, and hummed, deeply. He lifted the Omega, effortlessly, wordlessly and went back inside. Unable to make it upstairs, Hannibal pressed him against the nearest wall, and covered his mate's mouth with his own, biting kisses, as he rutted up into him. "Mine...all mine-"

“Yours,” Will promised with a muffled groan as their mouths fit together with wet, passionate kisses. He clutched his hands around Hannibal’s shoulders, holding him there.

Hannibal let Will's legs down, pressing one of his own between them, pulling the boy's shirt from his body, and then placing it over the nearby chair. He then gripped his wrists, tightly, and pinned them above his head, with a growl as he nosed along the Omega's underarm, at the scent gland there. "Mm..."

The feral way Hannibal could be like this drove Will mad with lust, his aching hole wet with need, as his small cock dripped against his clothed thigh. “Hannibal…”

The Alpha licked there, scraping teeth and over to the boy's nipple, taking it between his sharp incisors as strong hips rolled their erections together. In the blink of an eye, he spun Will around and pressed his mouth against the Omega's nape, clamping down hard as deft fingers snaked around to undo his pants. "Will..."

Will groaned, spreading his thighs as his pants were undone and dropped to the floor. “Take me, fuck me, please, Hannibal-”

"All things in good time, dear boy," Hannibal rasped, wanting to take him now, but Will had inquired as to what his desires were...he would *show* him. The Alpha quickly removed his own clothing and set them aside, then drug his nails down the boy's back, giving his ass a stinging slap as he descended and went to his knees. Before the Omega could protest, the

Count spread him open with two large hands, running his hot wet muscle up the part to collect and taste the slick there.

Will’s only experience with this had been so very different and less commanding, but he found he liked it better. His toes curled into the floor as he panted against the wall, holding himself up with both palms. “Oh-”

Hannibal buried his face in between Will's plush cheeks, savagely consuming all that he was given. Lewd slurping sounds filled the air around them as he gave his mate's outer thigh a pleasurable slap, other hand grasping the boy's cock.

Hips sprung forward at the touch, and then ground back to keep Hannibal’s mouth on him in any form Will could get. He felt greedy for it, but could care less as he groaned, too pent up with desire and heated pleasure to stop his new mate.

The older man continued to dine on the boy like he was starving, and for a while longer before he rose to his feet, lips and chin glistening with slick. Hannibal aggressively turned Will back around and ground their naked bodies together. "See how good you taste," he commanded, and crashed their lips together, hand sliding down the Omega's spine where he inserted two thick fingers and began to fuck him with wild abandon they made out.

Will groaned into the taste, his body writhing up against Hannibal’s at just how lewd they were being, seeing the refined would be doctor do things Will never imagined he’d enjoy. “Yes-”

Hannibal was ever the hedonist, and enjoyed the eccentricities of life as well as the elegant. He could be romantic, but could also fuck like a beast when warranted. "Tell me, do you wish me to *fuck* you hard, boy? Make you come on my cock until you can no longer speak?" he growled, speaking in a manner far more uncouth than usual, in between biting kisses.

“Yes-” Will said again, breathing harder as all his instincts kicked in to take everything his Alpha offered him wanting only to give him everything he required in that moment. “Please.”

The large muscular Alpha removed his fingers and brought them between their lips to lap at, as he turned them and back the Omega to the stairs. He lowered Will down resting his ass on the soft carpeted edge of one, his knees planted on another a few levels down. Without a word, he entered his mate, roughly, and looked into his eyes, his own dark with feral hunger as he started to thrust. "Will-"

Will wrapped every limb around Hannibal once more, holding tightly to him as he was fucked, fingers gripping the Count’s hair tightly as gasps and moans left his lungs and chest. “Oh, fuck-”

Hannibal grinned, wickedly, and gripped the step above Will's head, strong arms flexing as he used it for leverage to drive into the young Omega with relentless, passionate vigor. "Exquisite..."

Already on the edge of boil pleasure, Will panted hard as he tried to last, every single nerve in his system on alight with blissful need. “Harder, please, I’m-”

"Yes, come for your Alpha," Hannibal commanded, his words spoken amidst grunts and groans, skin burning with the promise of his own release. He snapped into Will, again and again, balls hitting wetly as he wrapped one of his hands around the Omega's slender neck.

Will gasped, moaning through another intense orgasm as his body shook and tensed around Hannibal’s cock, throbbing. His head lolled back heaved breaths puffed and shaking into the air. “Hanni-!”

Muscles rippling and tensing, Hannibal leaned over Will, spurting his seed with a loud roar. He pumped through the hot thick waves, until he could move no longer, his knot inflating and hooking them together as the Count fed from the wet carvern of his beloved's mouth. "William-!"

Languidly, Will laid under Hannibal, catching his breath, locked and knotted into place. He nuzzled the Count’s face, gazing up at him with lazy, tired blue eyes. “Mm…”

Hannibal nuzzled back, his breath and heart rate starting to slow. Crimson faded to warm amber as he looked back into sea-blues and kissed his mate softly, far more tender than he'd just been. "I love you, William."

“And I you,” Will murmured, returning the kiss just as tenderly.

Chapter 6

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened

A week went by and Will's heat dissipated, and slowly they returned to a normal pace and normal routine. Or so Will had thought. He went out to the stables where he used to live and started to get to work on grooming the horses, who looked happy to have him back after months of him being gone.

Hannibal walked out to the stables, shirt rolled to his elbows as he'd been marinating meat for dinner. "You no longer have to do tend to the horses, if you do not wish to do so, Will. I have

hired a new hand for such a task," he murmured, and kissed his mate's jaw affectionately, elated at how things were going.

“Someone else takes care of them?” Will asked, looking at Hannibal up close as he brushed his hand down his mate’s chest slowly.

"He has been, yes, since you've been away and during your heat," Hannibal answered, his eyes taking in his beautiful Omega. "If it pleases you to do it, I will let him know. I should have told you sooner, but we have been...occupied," Hannibal smiled, hooking an arm around Will's waist.

“What am I to do then?” Will asked, not wanting to take work away from someone else that might need it.

"Whatever you wish," Hannibal answered, rubbing soothing circles into Will's back. "You may fish if you'd like, or you can do this. I assure you, with as big of an estate as this, he will not be without a full day's work."

“How about just your horse and mine?” Will bartered, since he had taken care of those two already.

"I'll let Peter know," Hannibal said, and raised his other hand to pet down the horse's nose. The Beta that worked for him was kind, loved animals and a bit unique, mentally speaking but he did a good work and kept to himself.

“Okay, thank you,” Will said, wanting to take extra care for their personal things after all.

"Certainly," the Count answered, and licked his lips. "Are you hungry? If not then maybe we can go for a swim, or a ride, given that the weather is favorable for such an outing."

“We can ride to the lake, to swim and fish,” Will said, smiling a bit at Hannibal, brows raised excitedly.

While fishing was not something he found to be of his own liking, the rest sounded appealing and he nodded, smiling back. "Excellent, William, yes, indeed we will," he paused, resting his hand atop the stall door and pursed his lips. "I will observe, the fishing, in lieu of participating. I fear I would not be much aid in that respect."

“You don’t know how to fish?” Will asked, grabbing his old pole from the wall and bucket. He strapped them to his horse after saddling her.

"I prefer to hunt," Hannibal answered, watching Will as he readied his horse. He walked over and began to do the same to his own. "I always had my servants procure any fish I might have needed before meeting you. It never appealed to me, the sport."

“I know, then you made me do it,” Will said, hopping up onto his horse, and then waited for Hannibal before trotting off toward the lake.

Hannibal held the reins firmly, his posture straight as they rode side by side. He didn't comment on Will's last remark and instead took in the beautiful countryside. When his mate

would truly forgive him, was beyond him.

Half way there, Will clicked his heels into the horse a little and they sped off toward the lake, the boy laughing giddily as they went, wanting Hannibal to follow.

Grinning, Hannibal steeled his gaze and did the same, voice raised with a command for the horse to increase it's speed. Gloved hands gripped tight as he leaned forward, hooves thudding loudly on the ground and kicking up dirt. The Alpha was right on the Will's tail, and gaining momentum.

Leaning over his horse, reins in hand, Will and his horse went faster, until the edge of the lake appeared, and slowed the horse, and stopped, getting off and tying him to a tree.

Pulling the reins to stop his horse, Hannibal dismounted when he'd just narrowly lost the race. "You cheated, William," the would be doctor pointed out, pressing his lips together in mock displeasure as he tied his as well. "Quite the naughty boy..."

"I cheated?" Will asked, scoffing a little at the very idea.

"You took off before I was made aware," Hannibal said, not actually bothered. He snared the boy, and held him by his waist. "Hardly fair, wouldn't you agree?"

"Not my fault you weren't paying attention," Will whispered, leaning up to kiss Hannibal's lips softly, and then nipped at them with a playful smirk on his own.

Hannibal clucked his tongue, and kissed Will again, biting his lower lip before releasing it completely. With a grin, he removed his gloves, and started to undo his shirt, button by button in preparation for their swim. "As I said, naughty, William, *very* naughty."

Will let his eyes rake over his mate's body as he undressed, and then started on his own shirt, shucking off his boots. "What are you going to do about it?"

Taking off his boots, Hannibal removed his shirt, and started working on his trousers, gaze never leaving Will's. "I think punishment is in order, hm? That is, after all, what misbehaved boys, such as yourself, should receive," he rasped, sweeping his tongue over his lips.

Will pushed off his pants and ran toward the water. "Only if you can catch me."

Hannibal growled, and stepped out of his pants, leaving them on a low hanging branch as he chased after Will. His heart pounded in his chest as muscles rippled, adrenaline pumping hot in his veins as he neared him.

Will jumped in and swam, laughing a second before he went under. Chuckling in return, Hannibal leaped into the water, making a big splash and swam under to catch his boy. Will only went as far as he could go and still see the horses, treading water as he waited for his mate.

Catching up to Will, Hannibal wrapped his arms around him, and pressed their foreheads together. "I have you now, William," he growled, holding him flush against his body, eyes dark, and playful.

Will loved this part of Hannibal, seeing him play and be free was the best thing the Omega could possibly ask for. He wrapped his arms around Hannibal's shoulders and held tightly as he kissed him. "You'll always have me."

Hannibal kissed him back, pouring all of his passion and love into Omega's mouth as he held him. No other ever could nor would have such an effect on the Alpha, only William. "Then my wealth is more vast than I ever thought possible, Mylimasis."

Laughing with delight, Will kissed Hannibal once more and then crawled around him to clutch onto his back with both arms. "Who knew you were such a sap."

"I have an appreciation for the beautiful and the rare, dear boy. It is not often that I love, but you have inspired such," Hannibal explained, holding onto to Will. "However, I also said I would punish you, do not think that has been forgotten," he grinned, and swam out to deeper water with his Omega on his back.

"For cheating?" Will nuzzled his face into Hannibal's neck, scenting him. At one point he would have been irritated to be punished, to have Hannibal strike him, but now the thought was exhilarating, as he knew Hannibal would only hit him with means to pleasure.

Hannibal had been slowly replacing the memories of the abuse with a better ones, hoping to reshape the boy's perspective on what had come to pass. Never again would he punish Will in the way he had years ago. "Mhm, yes," the Count murmured, huskily, bringing a hand back to browse through the Omega's hair. "You will look so beautiful bound, and writhing, positively luminous."

Will grinned, and nipped at Hannibal's jaw. "Bound how?"

"Well, as I mentioned, I would quite enjoy binding your wrists with silk, perhaps blindfold you so that you could fully appreciate each and every sensation being done," Hannibal explained, angling his head to look back at Will, kissing his lips. "Rope can be quite pleasurable around your ankles and wrists behind your back or in front..."

"And then what would you do with me, all tied up and at your disposal?" Will asked, quietly, stroking Hannibal's neck gently with his wet fingers.

Hannibal's lips curled into a seductive snarl, a deep growling purr resonating from his chest and out his throat. "I would not spoil all of the surprises, William, no fun in that, but I would first titillate your perfect flesh, tickle it, before it gave way to something a bit rougher. I would continue until your throat grew hoarse from begging and your skin was alight and singing."

Will wrapped his legs around Hannibal's hips from behind, shivering at the thought. "You are a tease."

"Punishment is not supposed to, altogether, be a delight now is it, Mylimasis?" Hannibal crooned and then swam around a bit with Will on his back, once they were out far enough, he dunked them and came back up quickly, wiping the water from his eyes and grinning back at his mate.

Will sputtered a little and then gripped Hannibal’s shoulders and dunked him back in while he swam off with chortled laughter. Hannibal shook his head, water dripping from his hair and coughed once before rolling to turn and swim after Will.

"William..." the Alpha rumbled with a chuckle, arms dipping into the water from left to right as strong legs kicked to reach his mate.

Getting the best playfulness out of his mate was on Will’s top priority list today, and so far it was going well. He dove deep into the water, disappearing under.

Hannibal ceased swimming, and observed, watching the ripple of water to guide him exactly to where it seemed his young mate would be heading. When he was certain, he started again, powering over to the area and dove underneath, eyes open.

Will tugged on Hannibal’s toe, and surfaced again to breathe, and then under he went, tugging on Hannibal’s feet playfully. The Alpha laughed, having come up for air and then with a deep breath went underwater again, wrapping his arms around Will for a submerged, closed mouth kiss. Those kisses were fun, but not very romantic, as bubbles broke from their lips, and they had to swim to the surface.

Laughing, Will wiped water from his eyes. Hannibal did the same, smiling, and took a deep breath. Clearing his throat, the Count brushed wet tendrils from the Omega's face, and then pressed their brows together, gazing.

"I believe you wanted to fish?"

“Yeah. There’s lots of fish in the water, luckily,” Will said, feeling one swim by his toes.

"Excellent, we'll have it for dinner then," Hannibal said, moving back to roll his muscular neck.

Will kissed Hannibal’s shoulder and then his neck, and swam to the edge of the lake, where he walked out, shaking his naked, lithe, form off. He couldn’t get into his clothes wet, so he found his gear and went to a rock, naked, to dry and fish from there.

As Hannibal swam to the bank, he watched every minute twitch of Will's hips and ass, the sight akin to a work of art of the rarest kind. He decided to leave his clothing off as well, and joined his mate, on the rock nearest.

"You should have no problems catching any fish, William, I suspect they will sacrifice themselves willingly just to be near your magnificent presence and boundless beauty," he rasped, stepping over behind his Omega, and gripped his hips, distractingly.

Will nearly dropped his line into the water, laughing as Hannibal did that, and turned his head a fraction to look him in the eye. “Maybe so, but I still need to try if we want to eat tonight.”

"A fisherman of such skill should be able to uphold his focus, despite what may be going on around him," Hannibal purred, and peppered gentle kisses on the back of Will's neck,

thickening cock pressing into the Omega's glistening ass. "Tell me, do you think you can do it?"

“Better than I would have last week,” Will murmured, grinning as he faced forward again, concentrating on the fishing. “Tell me, Hannibal, will you be able to stand it when I do not bend to your ministrations?”

"I suppose we will have to see who will break first," Hannibal retorted, seductively, sliding his cock over Will's hole, bending at the knees as his teeth scraped the Omega's back. He then stepped away completely, standing next to his mate and looked over at him. "My willpower might surprise you and I'm always up for a challenge."

“Then I guess we’ll see,” Will said, challengingly, casting his line out once again into the lake.

Truthfully, Hannibal did not want to stop touching Will, he wanted to carry his Omega to the bank and plunge deep into his comforting depths, but his face gave no nod to that as he stood close. "So we shall."

Though Will leaked and craved his Alpha, he didn’t budge, reeling in fish after fish, bending to put them into the bucket, ass to Hannibal, every time.

Hannibal watched, licking his lips with nostrils flared. His cock was aching, hard as the rock on which they stood and leaking from the tip. Yet he did not waver. "You are quite impressive, Will," he began, his voice a few octaves deeper, wrought with lust, "proficient at your task. I have no doubts that you are working up quite the appetite. I look forward to being able to satiate that *hunger* ...over dinner, I mean."

“Is that what you mean?” Will asked with a smile, five fish in, he was sure they could go.

"In asking, you presume my words could have had other meaning?" Hannibal asked, looking calm, though his obscene erection said otherwise. The Count brushed back a stray strand of drying hair from his eyes and smiled, hands clasped behind his back as he waited.

Will just hummed as he picked up the bucket, ass to his mate, and walked it off the rock, to the smaller stones, and then the bank of the lake.

Following Will, Hannibal's eyes stayed glued to his mate's ass, until he reached the bank. A new tactic was needed, and the Alpha excreted alluring pheromones from his scent glands, subtly as he wordlessly checked the straps on his horse's saddle.

Will glanced over at Hannibal, hair falling into his eyes, now dried and soft looking. “You are desperate,” he taunted, taking in the scent that was almost too much to bear.

Hannibal canted his head, breathing sharply, maroon eyes blown black as he looked into Will's. "One might argue that I am not the only one, judging by the amount of slick that is flooding my senses," he pointed out, voice vibrating with the promise of a lusty growl.

“Let’s go home, Hannibal,” Will said with a mischievous look in his eyes, a plan in motion as he put the bucket of fish on the staddle and dressed.

"Let's," Hannibal agreed, narrowing his eyes speculatively as he got dressed. Outfitted anew, the Count regally mounted his steed and took ahold of the reins, tapping the horse with a clucking sound to start off before Will could beat him again.

This time, so he did not toss the fish from the bucket, Will trotted along the path home slowly, taking his time as the sun slowly dove under the mountain range. He let Hannibal get as far ahead as he liked. The Alpha likewise did not go too fast ahead, his need to protect overriding any other. It was that trained of thought which gave him pause, still his horse to wait for Will.

Will smiled, cheekily, at Hannibal as he caught up. “There you are.”

"Mhm, yes, here I am, William," Hannibal rumbled, not unaware of the Omega's power over him. Willing the horse to trot alongside his mate, he looked over, watching as soft curls blew in the breeze.

“No one in sight, you could have won,” Will said, gazing over at his mate, far more in love than he wanted to admit.

"I have *already* won," Hannibal offered, smiling at Will as they neared the stables. Having the Omega as his mate was more than prize enough.

Will raised his brows as he got off his horse and took off her saddle and the bucket of fish. He got her into her stall. “How poetic of you.”

Hannibal dismounted and took off the saddle, hanging it up. He looked at Will, and got his horse back in the stall, pursing his lips. "You find it displeasurable then?"

“Not at all,” Will said, coyly canting his head, hair pushed over one shoulder as he headed into the castle with his bucket of fish.

The Alpha followed Will inside, and lead them into the kitchen, Winston excitedly jumping at the sight of the Omega. "Quite the catch today, it will make for an wonderful supper."

Will set the bucket in the large sink and pet Winston a few times and cuddled him, and then walked over to Hannibal, scenting him. “A very good catch.”

Hannibal scented Will back, strong arms going around his shoulders, rubbing down his back with a pleased hum. "A white wine, tonight I think. Something with a subtle hint of oak, elegant, and perfect for pairing with our fish."

“Perfect,” Will whispered, pleased with the musk of his mate from their outing, enough that he began to purr and leave kisses down Hannibal’s jaw and neck.

The Alpha responded by pressing his hips into Will, pushing him against the counter, still very worked up from their game by the water. Growling, deft fingers carding through long tresses as he captured the alluring boy's mouth, tongue spearing inside heatedly.

Will groaned with delight, completely enamored with his mate. He hooked his arms around him and pressed their hips together, rutting down. “Hannibal-”

"Will-" Hannibal murmured, between biting kisses. He tugged the Omega's head back, and licked down his jaw, over to his mating mark as he rutted with fevered abandon.

“Take me, punish me,” Will begged, giving in to his submissive nature, hands clutched into Hannibal’s shirt.

It spurred something innately Alpha in Hannibal, and made his cock throb in anticipation. In one swift movement, he picked Will up, and carried him out of the kitchen, upstairs to his room, wordlessly. Once inside, he sat him down onto his feet. "Undress me," he commanded, stepping back, eyes dark and powerful.

Will reached for Hannibal’s shirt first, undoing it and then pulled it over his head, setting his things on the bed, and then his trousers next, those, too, folded on the bed.

"Good boy, now remove your own and wait on the bed," Hannibal praised, and walked over to the dresser, cock jutting out as he looked for a few items.

Will quickly undressed and set his clothes with Hannibal on a chair instead, and then crawled on to the bed, on all fours, which was customary of Omegas.

Walking over, Hannibal's cock leaked at the sight. He ran a large palm down Will's spine, slowly, counting the vertebrae. "A beautiful presentation, Omega," he growled, and sat the items out of view. Without a warning, he lowered his hand somewhat hard, on the boy's left cheek, enjoy how it grew pink so quickly.

The Omega groaned after a yelp that escaped him, having not expected that so quickly. His thighs trembled, arms threatened to slack already. “Oh…”

Hannibal grinned, behind Will's line of vision and then moved around to place a silk tie around his eyes. "This will allow you to feel your punishment better, Will."

Will closed his eyes as the cloth laid over them, and whined a little, but didn’t move. “Yes, *sir* .”

"Good boy," Hannibal whispered, and then picked up another tie. "I am going to bind your wrists, insure you do not get away from me." The Count was in a different headspace, more feral as he roughly bound his mate's wrists, to the bedpost.

“Afraid I would run mid mating?” Will asked, hand clasped together and out for the Alpha to tie up as he pleased. Will was trusting now, as their bond made him more susceptible to it.

Grabbing Will's curls, Hannibal tightened his hold and whispered near his ear, breath hot. "I would not allow that." The Alpha took his place back behind the Omega after letting his hair go and then smacked his right cheek, harder than before. “You are *mine* , William.”

A whine escaped the boy, head dropping as it was let go. He bowed his head more in submission, saying nothing else.

All of the feelings Hannibal had been suppressing were coming to the surface; how Will had left him, whored around with another Alpha and seemed to challenge him now at every turn. The older man was still very aroused, and loved his mate, but he was also not totally stable as of yet.

"Tell me, Will, say that you are mine, that you will never again leave my side," the Count demanded, scratching his nails down the Omega's spine, leaving pink trails in their wake before he slapped the boy's ass again, aggressively.

"Have I not shown you? Proven it to you? I have been yours since your sister took me in, yours since you told me I had to stay, yours since the moment you bit me, and claimed me otherwise. Our bond only solidifies your ownership," Will said, through half gritted teeth.

Hannibal could wait no longer and positioned his cock head over Will's hole, pushing inside, roughly, leaning over his body as he began to pump. "Yes.. and I trust you know that you have my heart," he groaned, each word punctuated with a frenzied thrust, madly insatiable. With a growl, he snaked an arm around and grasped his mate's throat. "But you *left* me and were courted by another...it would be wise to never tell me how much of your flesh the other Alpha got to know... *ever* ."

Will bit his tongue from saying what he wanted, far too in the moment, and not wanting it to end badly. He was in vulnerable position, after all. "Why would I?" he asked instead.

The question was like an admission and Hannibal drove into Will harder, back on his knees now, hands on the boy's hips. He lifted one to spank the Omega's supple and reddened ass again, the sound echoing in the room. The Count's heart ached at that thoughts of his boy with Matthew, and made him wish he could murder the pathetic excuse for an Alpha all over again. "William-" he howled, pleasurably , the word also tinged with the promise of blood if his mate continued.

Swallowing down a mewl, Will groaned instead, his breath shaking with every last whip of Hannibal's hips into him, limbs trembling as he tried to keep himself up on all fours, but dropped to his forearms, panting. "Hannibal-"

Hannibal roved his hands over Will's cheeks, offering them his soothing touch for a fleeting moment, before smacking once more, sweat gathering on his brow. Lying atop his Omega, the Alpha ground his pelvis in a circular motion, fucking into his mate with wild abandon as heat began to build in his core. "Sublime, dear boy-"

The boy grunted as his whole body started to tense up, pleasurable heat rocketing through him as he started to reach the edge, ready to spill right over. "I'm-" he panted, not even sure Hannibal could hear him.

Hannibal did listen, to every grunt, moan and breath, and he wanted them all for himself where he'd stow them away in his memory palace. Totally covering the boy, with one forearm holding himself for support and a hand in Will's curls, he pounded, relentlessly, skin smacking loudly. "Yes, you may find your release," he growled, his own so very near.

Will finally released, his body quivering and pulsing around Hannibal’s cock deep inside his body, milking him for every last drop, like his body depending on it. “Alpha-!”

The Count immersed himself in his mate's wet warm depths a few more times, muscles rippling and tensing, until he came, spilling hot thick fluid into the boy. As he did, he clamped his teeth down on the nap of Will's neck, just as they were hooked together and bit until flesh gave way and blood beaded, tongue lapping hungrily. "Omega-!"

The Omega whined at that, hands clawed into the bed spread, but he said nothing to it. If Hannibal wanted to mark him up so no one else wanted him, then so be it. “Hannibal…”

Hunger sated, and balls empty, Hannibal calmed, gently lapping at Will's wound as a loving purr vibrated from his throat. "My William," he whispered, and removed the blindfold, next stretching long arms to undo his wrists. It was like a switch had flipped and he was compassionate once more.

Undone, Will flopped his belly against the bed, huffing, panting hard. “Yes… yours.”

"Good," Hannibal panted, peppering kisses along his mate's neck and shoulders, nosing into his hair.

“You are quite… the storm, Sir,” The Omega said quietly, still catching his breath.

The older man rolled them onto their sides and wrapped his arm around Will's chest, caressing his hot skin, and feeling the rise and fall that accompanied each breath. "Even amidst the chaos of a storm, there lies beauty, the power for creation, as well as destruction."

“I like your storm,” Will whispered, aware he had his own brewing inside, and soon enough it might just coil hard enough at the center to rain down. But, until then…

Hannibal kissed Will's velvety ear lobe, closing his eyes and taking his mate's scent in. Behind his eyelids, he could see his Omega commanding storms of his own making, and it was *glorious* . "And I, yours, though unseen and only the faintest hint of it's magnitude felt."

"I’m afraid you wouldn’t love me anymore if you were the reason for one of my storms,” Will said with a lift of his leg to push back behind them and grasp Hannibal’s calve.

"Every family loves differently," Hannibal offered, his hand sliding up to take Will's jaw, angling his mate's face to meet his own for a kiss. Whispering over his lips, his eyes darkened, "And we *are* family, Will. No storm nor any person could separate us, or our love. I would fill the graveyards with the bones of all who dare tried."

Hannibal’s strong and animalistic scent all but drove Will to love him further, it was after all the first thing the young Omega had ever noticed about his Alpha before they’d ever even met. Will had smelled him long before he arrived. He reached to cup the side of Hannibal’s face, kissing him softly, in unrushed, deeply slow breaths.

The Alpha lathed their slick, seeking tongues together, languidly, grunting quietly into the Will's mouth, as his knot pulsed deep inside of the Omega. His broad palm rested over the

boy's throat, fingertips taking in the measure of heart rate there. Hannibal had forgiven his mate, but the betrayal still lie nestled in his mind like a parasite. "William-"

“I love you, Hannibal,” Will groaned softly, rumbled through his pale throat.

"I love you, Will," Hannibal rasped, keeping his Omega close, still uncertain that he might slip away. Given that they were knotted, he knew that was implausible but nonetheless, he held him.

Chapter 7

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened

Early one morning Will rose and dressed, stretching as he meandered down to the kitchen to whip them up some eggs from the chicken out back. He didn't cook much or too well, but eggs were universal and very hard to mess up. He seated a plate of them at Hannibal's spot across from his own and ate in silence as he waited for his mate, kicking his legs. He finished

and then set his plate to be washed and got together a basket for going into town for things they might need.

"Thank you for breakfast, Will," Hannibal said, and taking his plate into the kitchen once he'd finished, already dressed for the day. As he worked on the dishes, he called over his shoulder to his mate, "I believe the outing will be of good use to us both, don't you?"

“We’ve been cooped up since my heat,” Will agreed, tugging on his boots now.

"Yes, and we shall obtain anything that you might need," Hannibal stated, placing the clean plates aside and drying his hands. "Furthermore it is time we make announcement of our bond. The town will surely celebrate our union."

Will stood and wrapped long arms around Hannibal’s waist, gazing up at him with a smile. “Do you think?” Not all Betas were pleased when Alphas and Omegas bonded and bred.

"Most, yes," Hannibal smiled, leaning down to kiss Will's face, arms going around his shoulders. "And those that may not, hardly matter. They are nothing but mere flies, fluttering about in the afterbirth."

Will grinned, never happier than he was now than he had been in all his life. He let go and grabbed the basket, reaching his hand for Hannibal to follow.

With a grin in return, Hannibal took Will's hand, and walked with his boy out of the castle, towards the stable, quite pleased as well, for the time being…

“Shall we ride or walk?” Will asked, smaller fingers in Hannibal’s, twined.

"I had thought to ride, but now that I see the day, I should think a walk might do us well," Hannibal decided, canting his head to look at his beautiful mate. He rubbed his thumb along Will's skin, keeping his eyes trained on him.

“A walk then,” Will said, decidedly, already having it in mind given how nice it was out. He kept his hand firmly in Hannibal’s staking his claim on him.

The Count flared his nostrils to draw in a assessing breath, delighting at the powerfully sweet aroma of his Omega, so very different from how it had been when they'd first met. "You walk with a certain confidence, Will, it suits you and is most fitting the title that awaits you."

Will had, of course, learned his confidence from Chiyoh, or rather, she helped to fine tune it. She was teaching him for another Alpha, not Hannibal, but it worked out just the same. “Thank you, *sir* .”

"When you refer to me as such, I can not help but find myself wanting to pin you to the very ground in which we walk upon, and then I fear we would not make it to the market in time," Hannibal rasped, squeezing Will's hand, firmly.

“Is that why you preferred I call you that all these years?” Will asked, coyly, his head canted as a curl of hair fell into his face. Their feet touched muddy ground, and fresh tire tracks, as it looked as though someone had gotten a car up and running recently.

"One of the reasons, yes," Hannibal admitted, finding a sadistic pleasure in it back then, and more than that, it lacked the intimacy of his first name. A wink was given, the Alpha aware of everything from the tracks to the boy's unspeakably alluring eyes. "I no longer prefer to be addressed as such, save only for certain, special circumstances."

“I’ll reserve it for bedroom moments only,” Will stated quietly, boots slopping over muddy tracks as they walked, at a meager pace, enjoying the day.

"Thank you, William," Hannibal said, a twinkle in his eye as the pair walked down the beaten path. "Is there anything that you may find you require whilst we peruse the market?"

“I don’t think we need much, the farm animals give us most of what we need, but I am terrible at making bread,” Will sighed.

"I could show you how," Hannibal offered, being quite the gourmand himself. "But we will procure some today, for tonight's supper."

“You make bread?” Will asked, clearly happy to be with Hannibal, to walk at his side and not downwind.

"Yes, I have a passion for the culinary arts, even in times such as these," Hannibal said, proudly but not unkindly. He took in the countryside around them, as, in the distance, the beginnings of town was starting to peek over the horizon. He was in an excellent state of mind, just being with his mate, appreciate the world around them as they partook of conversation.

“I always figured. Are you technically a doctor, if the world still had such things?” Will asked, never having had the chance to be so personal with Hannibal.

"I know everything that would have earned me such a title before the war, yes," Hannibal answered, his free hand in his trouser pocket as he held fast to Will's with his other. He liked that his Omega was inquiring about him, having longed for years to find someone who could understand him. "I also have a vast knowledge of the mind, I find it a fascinating study."

“Psychology?” the boy asked, having read many of Hannibal’s books while he was away or allowed in the house at all, which was only if Hannibal was not there.

The would be doctor was surprised, initially but impressed. A faint, yet sly knowing grin spread across his lips as he looked at the boy and nodded. "Precisely. I assume you've peeked into one of my books then, yes? Do you find the topic to be of interest?"

“A little bit. I love to read, and it’s all you had to read,” Will said, coyly.

"I keep my more prized books in my room, should you care to browse them at you leisure," Hannibal admitted, narrowing his eyes a bit flirtatiously. " *La Vita Nuova* , is a personal favorite, written by Dante Alighieri. It is an expression of courtly love, and means ‘the new life’, much like our own, hm?"

“I will have to take a look later,” Will suggested, a smiling on his lips as they entered the rim of town, more people about now as they walked by.

"Of course, yes," Hannibal agreed, with a hum, deciding to hook his arm around Will's as they walked along the outskirts of town. He did not smile back this time, as the bearing of an Alpha's teeth in such a way could mean several things; aggression or weakness, depending on the circumstance and he wanted to give his mate a pleasant outing, given how rough he'd been the other day.

Will hummed back as they entered town, wrapped his arm around Hannibal’s waist, head against his massive shoulder. “Maybe we get some things to make bread instead?”

"An excellent idea," Hannibal stated, keeping a vigilant eye on the people around them as they headed towards the market where the items needed could be acquired. It had been some time since the Count had gone to town, having had Peter do it for him in his time alone; he noted that there had been some restorations since last he'd seen.

Will let go of Hannibal to wandered to the cheeses, chatting with the woman there who made them herself, rocking back and forth from heel to toe. “I’ve been away, just got back a few weeks ago,” he said to her as he cooed over her baby. “Went to Paris.”

“Is that right?” she asked, fondly, “Did Chiyoh go with you? I haven’t seen her back.”

“She did,” Will said, “And she left on her own adventure from there.”

“I see.” The woman looked over at Will’s mate, knowingly.

Hannibal watched Will as he selected a few items, the things for bread, enjoying the sight of his mate near the baby. He was pulled from his reverie when he was hit with a familiar scent and felt a pair of eyes on his back. The Count turned to see none other than Anthony Dimmond, an Omega who'd been annoying insistent that they begin courting. He was the only other Omega, apart from William, within a fifty mile radius.

"Well, we meet again, Count Lecter," Anthony said, softly, practically purring as big blue eyes gazed worshipfully at the Alpha underneath fluttering lashes.

"Mister Dimmond," Hannibal greeted, his tone not welcoming in the least.

"Oh please, I have told you before, it's only Anthony to you..." the awestruck Omega crooned, and then looked over at Will. Hannibal followed his line of sight, looking back at Anthony with amusement when he scented the pest's distress.

Will wandered back over, cheese in hand which he placed gingerly into the basket he had given to Hannibal. He looked at Dimmond, at least ten years older than Will, and offered his hand. “We haven’t had the pleasure. I’m Will, Hannibal’s mate and soon to be spouse.”

Anthony extended his hand and shook, sizing Hannibal's mate up and down. He gave a very fake smile to Will and let go, looking between the two. "Anthony Dimmond," he said,

smoothly, arching a brow, "and how did you manage to snare the Count? I must have written pages of verse in hopes of turning his head."

“I’ve been living in his stables for three years,” Will replied with a slightly sincere smile, letting go of Dimmond’s hand, he took Hannibal’s free one instead. “He’s finally decided I’m worth mating with, probably to get you off his back.”

Anthony looked incredulously at Will, then to Hannibal, who observed silently and brought Will's hand to his mouth to kiss. "Hannibal was the most eligible Alpha, very sought after, within five hundred miles and dare I say it, still is," he said to the, in his mind, unworthy Omega, though his eyes stayed on the Alpha's. "Surely he finds you amusing or inspiring of pity, since he chose *you* over *me* ..."

“Or he wanted a youthful Omega for bearing his pups,” Will said with a faint smirk. “You not getting much younger.” Will leaned up to kiss Hannibal’s jaw, the wind catching his hair and showing off his gnarly mating scar and a vast amount of others littering his neck and bare collarbones. The Count certainly didn’t go without.

"Of that you may be right, Will--it was Will, wasn't it? I can hardly keep track you realize. On that vein, one can only wager to guess as to how many pups he might have growing in the bellies of the willing, already," Anthony said, his hands going over his own stomach, to inspire doubt as he looked on, with a smirk. Hannibal curled his upper lip at that, the beginnings of a growling snarl at the insinuation, it was quite rude and he was growing rather bored with the older Omega, though a part of him was curious as to how Will would respond.

“Willing? Hannibal hardly likes to see other people,” Will said with a feigned smiled, a dark storm brewing behind deep blue eyes, changing to the color of the wafty tides at sea. “You’re the only other Omega here, and I can feel his resentment for you rolling off him.”

"Now, now, I did not mean to offend," Anthony lied, starting to feel the flight or fight mode near the surface of his skin. He wasn't a fighter, which was common for Omegas. Instinctively, he reached over to touch Hannibal's arm, not paying Will any mind as he wanted to try to calm the Alpha whom he so desperately craved.

Will let go of Hannibal’s hand and wound back a sucker punch, landing his knuckles against Anthony’s jaw. He seethed openly at Hannibal for even allowing the conversation to continue, but when his mate did nothing but look fascinated, Will glowered and stomped off toward the road back home.

As people looked on, Anthony stayed down, whimpering for Hannibal. The Alpha had no part it in and paid for the items, quickly catching up to Will, a few paces behind. Impressive boy, his mate, and it had only proven the sea of potential buried behind those blue eyes and soft curls. "William!" Hannibal called out, his tone authoritative as he would not be made to run in a public setting for such a reason.

Will was holding his hand with his other, trembling with his head down as he slowed, out of sight of everyone now. His scent was tinged with upset. “Did you bring me out just to prove how lucky I am to have you?” he asked, “that you could have had anyone?”

Hannibal took a few more long strides until he was at Will's side. Any anger he felt from his mate turning his back, diminished when his senses were over taken with the Omega's sour scent. "Of *course* not, do not be absurd, William," he said, and wrapped his arms around the boy, giving in to instinct, "I had no idea that he might be prancing about."

A whine escaped Will, distressed even still. “He was rude, he didn’t even abide by the rules of a bond.”

"Rude, yes, his behavior shall be *attended* to," Hannibal agreed, and emitted calming pheromones when he saw that Will was still distressed. He clamped his hand over the nape of the Omega's neck, pressing there as he tried again to soothe his mate. "He sullied our outing and I did so hope to avoid such a spectacle."

Will’s body went lax against Hannibal’s, as he gazed up at him with red rimmed, sad eyes. “I want to go home.”

"Very well, then that is where we will go," Hannibal stated, and cupped Will's face, leaning down to kiss his lips. Releasing him, he hooked his arm around his mate's waist, escorting him down the road towards their castle, the items purchased in his other hand.

Will picked up the basket as they went, quietly walking back home. Once they arrived, he set the basket in kitchen, unloaded, and then disappeared into the stables, back up to his old rafter, his old bed, and snuggled up there.

Hannibal fed and watered the dogs, letting them out to relieve themselves, giving Will some time to himself. After an hour had passed and dinner was marinating, he walked out to the stables to check on his Omega. "William, come to me, I wish to speak with you, please."

Will peeked down over the edge, and then slowly wandered down the steps. He pressed down his shirt and pants to tidy them, bits of straw in his hair. “Hannibal?”

Hannibal looked at Will, the hay in his hair, clothing a bit wrinkled and sweet yet sad tone and without a word grasped his face, kissing him hard, wrapping both arms around him to pull him close. The Omega was his, he would not allow him to hide his beauty away in the stable, those times had long since passed.

The Omega purred softly, having worried he had upset Hannibal or acted in a way that wasn’t presentable to his soon to be title. He kissed Hannibal back, arms around him tightly.

The Alpha scented Will and slid his hands down his sides, licking the taste from his lips. "William, I can not help but wonder, why did you choose to come here for your comfort, instead of to me?" he asked, removing the hay from his mate's hair.

“I thought you might be upset with me,” Will admitted, flushing through his cheeks and ears. “I… didn’t want that.”

"On the contrary, I quite enjoyed seeing you strike Anthony, it was long overdue and not something I could have done in such a setting, given *who* I am," Hannibal said, and took Will's chin between index finger and thumb. "Though next time, once you and I are wed, I

would suggest doing so in a more private setting, hm? You have great strength, especially given your sex, Will. I would enjoy seeing more of it."

“Private?” Will asked, blinking at Hannibal, not sure he was following.

"Yes, William," Hannibal started, narrowing his eyes, patience beginning to wear thin with boy. "One must never perform such acts under the scrutiny of the public eye. Likewise, you are to never turn your back on me again in such a setting."

“You didn’t defend me,” Will said, taking a step back to look Hannibal in the eye. “You let him say those things. I’m lucky not to be a laughing stock of the town now.”

Hannibal growled, puffing out his chest and walked a step towards Will, eyes dark. "So you wish to adhere to the age old traditions of our species, but only when it suits your interests or your fragile ego, is that what I am to understand?"

“You could have at least acted like you loved me,” Will snarled, eyes narrowing.

"While I wish to see your strength, Omega, I will *not* tolerate being disrespected any longer!" Hannibal snapped, and put his hand around Will's throat, not cutting off his air but applying pressure. "If the kiss I pressed upon your hand, and the growl of warning that was elicited to Anthony was not proof enough of my love, then perhaps you are not as cunning as I have previously imagined!"

“You let him disrespect *me* ,” Will gasped, frowning as he gripped Hannibal's wrists with his own, trying to pull him off. “Perhaps you're afraid to be seen as weak for sticking up for me.”

Hannibal moved his hand and drew it back, as if he were about to strike the Omega but stopped himself, retaining some semblance of control. "Afraid? You presume to think I fear those... *pigs* about town? Boy, you haven't an idea, in the slightest measure, as to with whom you're speaking. Up to now, you have only seen what I have allowed," he roared, shaking with fury, teeth gleaming in the light as he loomed over his beloved. "Furthermore, sleep out here with the horses if you wish, it is of no consequence to me!"

“I will if that’s how it is!” Will growled back and pushed Hannibal away from him with both hands, and stormed off back into the rafters.

The Alpha nearly went up into the rafters after him but instead slammed his iron like fist into the post, startling the horses and then stormed off, heading towards the castle. It was far less elegant than normal, but such was his instability.

The post shook and the rafter it was holding up fell, and Will dropped to the ground with sickening slap against the muddy dirt. He groaned, getting up to his hands and knees shaking it off slowly.

Hannibal heard the collapse and slowed, scenting the air and listening for any signs that Will might be in pain or distress, over the fall. He turned back towards the stable, and neared, making no sound.

The Omega didn’t whine, he didn’t cry, but when he did get up, finally after ten minutes, his body throbbed with pain. He stumbled to his horse’s stall and leaned against her, quietly listening to her breath to calm himself. How he came to be in love with such a monster, Will hardly knew.

Hannibal had gone back inside, when he saw that Will was okay, his own pride not letting him go to his mate as he certainly wanted. He hoped that his Omega would come to *him* . He'd sought him out in Paris after-all, and twice, the boy had turned his back from him; leaving with Chiyoh and then in town, he could only assume that his mate didn’t love him or want him.

As the brooding Count was inside preparing dinner, trying to stay calm, two Betas snuck around the stable, having caught most of the show from afar and stepped in, stealthily. "Buonasera, Omega," one of them said, tone calm yet dangerous, brandishing something in his hand. It was enough to startle the horses.

“Where did you come from?” Will asked, remembering the tire tracks from earlier, heading this way, but they had disappeared a ways down the road. Will stepped behind his horse, his ankle weak where he had fallen, catching himself on the post behind him.

"It is not important, Omega," the biggest Beta said, as the other climbed into the stall, to get around Will from behind. "You're coming with us now, that's all that is of relevance now."

“With you?” Will jabbed his elbow into the Beta behind him and tried to rush the other.

Matteo crouched, gasping for air as Carlo, his brother, pressed a taser to the Omega's side to knock him out. "Mister Verger, requests your presence," he said, smoothly, taking ahold of the boy as he went limp.

Chapter 8

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened

When Will finally came to, he was all but hog tied to a hay nestled pin, chained up and unable to move. His head only moved so far, as well, and seeing beyond the grated boards of the pin were difficult at best. He could smell others around him, other sweet scents like his own.

A pair of nice dress shoes could be seen, walking over, legs covered with brown slacks that were far too nice for such a decline in the world. It was then that Mason Verger crouched

down, gloved hands grasping around pin bars and smiled. "Will Graham, it's so good to see you, I must say, you gave Matteo quite the elbow to the gut." He looked around, sniffing, wild eyes gleaming as he licked his lips. "Are you comfortable? I apologize if you're not," he cackled, shaking his head. “What am I saying, of *course* you’re not!”

The Omega whined, distressed. “What do you want? How do you know my name?”

Mason tilted his head, feigning sympathy, "I know your name because you’re a well known Omega now, and more than that, you were supposed to be a here a long time ago...*that*, and your parents said it, when I had them killed, and they were *begging* for my men to leave you alone," the Alpha laughed, and took a deep breath, "but let's not get into unpleasantries. Parents are a touchy subject. Take my papa, for example. He taught me a lot, how to harvest and breed..."

“My parents?” Will whispered, struggling against his restraints. “Where is Hannibal?”

"Yes, your parents, they're dead, really Will, do try to keep up," Mason said, incredulously and with a cluck of his tongue. He gestured next, a hand waving haphazardly into the air, "The Count, Hannibal Lecter is back in his castle, I'd imagine... happy knowing he’s free of you, and that you’re all the way over here in the States." He clapped a hand on his own leg and neared his face to the bars. "But cheer up! We're going to have a welcome home feast for you, some good, funny times. Would you like that? I think you'll like it."

Being away from his Alpha was already getting to Will, it had to be months now, unless the well off man had his own means, which Will would not put past him. He looked down. “A feast, and then what? You start breeding me?”

"Perceptive thing," Mason chuckled, having hoped Will would have cried or something by now, another tear for his collection. "You're a well known Omega, you'll produce plenty of pups, most of which I can assume will be Omega. The others...I'll feed to my pigs. But let’s not talk about that."

“You can’t feed my pups to pigs, you pig!” Will growled, not like many Omegas, he had spirit and spunk, especially after being under Hannibal’s … care.

Mason laughed loudly, his eyes going wide. "I am enraptured and entranced by you, Omega," he said, delighting in Will's angry torment. "Cordell will come get you for dinner, Will, it'll be a good time, you'll see."

“Who is that?” Will didn’t really care, honestly, but he wanted to take in everything he could, so getting away would be much easier.

"My *very* trusted associate," Mason answered, and then pulled a chocolate from his pocket. "But chin up, have a chocolate," he chuckled and tossed it at him, knowing he couldn't actually eat it.

Will cringed and turned away, disgusted. He’d just have to wait this out, as it seemed Hannibal would not be coming for him. Will would have to save himself. Mason stared at Will another moment, with crazed hunger and smiled, heading over to turn on some unique

sounding music. He then sat in a chair, twirling his hands about in celebration, enjoying his moment as Cordell got dinner ready.

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Will was dressed in nicer clothes than he'd ever owned in his life, a fine tailored blue and grey suit, that Cordell insisted matched his eyes and made them sparkle. The point of it all was beyond Will, he didn't quite understand, and yet understood all too well at once. Easing the Omega into the new life of imprisonment and breeding with nice things and food, in hopes he'd be cooperative.

Cordell sat him at the table and fixed his long hair that had been thoroughly washed and brushed.

"Looking absolutely delicious, Will," Mason crooned, as he walked into the dining area, dressed impeccably in a vested pin-striped suit. He took a seat, and smiled over at the Omega, nostrils flaring at his scent. "I hope you've prepared yourself, psychologically I mean, for what's to become of you…" He paused then, chuckling a little and then rubbing his face with a nod, a more serious, thoughtful look washing over his features. "But it's foolish to dilute such an ecstatic time as this nor the pajama party we will be having later tonight."

"Pajama Party?" Will asked, almost afraid to hear the answer on the other side of it. He desperately missed Hannibal, but couldn't help but expect that his mate would be happier without him. Will was too open and verbal about everything, no filters involved.

"I don't want to *ruin* the surprise, Omega...you'll see soon enough," Mason answered, with a little wink as Cordell brought out the pig on a platter and sat it in the middle of the large table. "Are you a...God fearing boy, Will? I consider myself quite the devout student of the bible and well, who doesn't just *love* the *Riz*?"

"Um, I've never really taken to it," Will said, though he had read bits of the Bible before. He stared at the pig, swallowing.

"That's a shame..." Mason tutted, and thanked Cordell as he poured them each a glass of wine. "You know, a lot of people consider Omegas, a sort of abomination, but I disagree.... and don't you worry, we'll make lots of them together." The Alpha leaned forward, chin resting on the backs of his hands. "Normally I would have you inseminated, but for *you*, I'll see to is *personally*."

Will reached for the glass of wine and took a thick swallow of it at the words. "Do you always dip into your investments? Would be bad to spoil the goods."

Mason tilted his head in false contemplation, and then slammed his hand on the table, making the silverware shake as he cackled. "You, are not only grade A stock, but also quite the conversationalist..." he furrowed his brows, licking his lips next, tracing the rim of his wine glass. "I need a pup, a Verger pup, mine, of my own making, Will. You'll give it to me, one way or another..."

“You don’t have a mate?” Will asked, his own scar throbbing from being away from Hannibal for so long already.

The Alpha scrunched his nose up, scratching his head. "No, no, I'm not the...committing type, you see," he explained, watching as Cordell cut portions of the pig and served them, starting with himself.

“I see,” Will said, sadly. Well no use looking for a new mate either then, not that he especially wanted one. He stared at the food.

"Oh...you’re displeased. Hm, okay, I would, for *you*, Will," Mason lied, with a grin, gears and eyes shifting rapidly. Tapping a finger under his chin, he clapped his hands together with realization. "Of course, the Count would need to perish beforehand and you know, that *would* prove to be an excellent show. I'd even hand you the blade. What do you say? Should I send Carlo and Matteo back to the Alpha's kingdom?"

“It won’t matter,” Will sighed, and prodded at the pork with his fork. “I would hate to be tied down to another anyway.”

Mason took an eager bite of his pork and swallowed it down. "I tell my sister that, you know, not to get tied down and yet she is courting an Alpha of her own. A pity she couldn't give me an heir," he trailed off, twirling his fork in the air as if he was conducting a song. He leaned forward and whispered, a hand going to the side of his face. "She's sterile."

“She’s an Omega?” Will asked, eating slowly, his stomach gurgling for more.

"Yes, and papa would be so displeased that she turned out so poorly," Mason sighed, and took another bite, not mentioning that he'd been the one to take her lady parts from her. "Eat, Will, eat, it won't taste as delicious reheated."

Will ate, in silence, saying nothing about Mason or his sister, mostly planning his get away. Finally, he spoke up. “I’ve just had my heat not long ago, it’ll be a few months…”

"Time is something we all have a lot of now," Mason said with a nod, and then grinned, toothily, "You know, before the war, I could have given you something to make you go into heat...those times are long gone. A travesty really."

“You’ve been doing this since before the war?” Will asked, curiously.

"I think you're starting to fancy me, Will. I'm flattered," Mason flirted, deviously, at the Omega's questions. The Alpha loved to talk about himself, after-all. "Yes, I have, it's the family business, Omegas, and pigs too, to keep them fed. By them, I mean both the Omegas and the pigs, naturally. These things sort themselves out!" he chuckled.

“So they seem to,” Will said with a slight smile, forking some of the pig into his mouth and plucking the fork from his lips slowly.

"Cordell!" Mason called out, his greedy, perverse eyes fixed on Will's mouth. The big Beta came into the room and faced the Alpha, waiting. "Will, needs more wine, and I think you

can bring out the dessert."

"Yes, Sir," Cordell answered, with a bow of his head, smiling over at Will before turning. "Will that be all, Sir?"

"Get the Omega's shorties ready for the pajama party after dessert, he'll need those," Mason beamed, and then looked at Will as Cordell left. "You'll look fetching in them."

“Shorties?” Will asked, taking another sip of wine, and luckily he’d drank enough with Hannibal and Chiyoh that his tolerance was high.

"Yes, your pajamas, Will. Shorts, or if you can call them that," Mason hummed, licking his lips and took a purposeful sip of his wine. "You'll be dressed how you should have been from now on. Not hiding you, anymore."

“Far too much clothing?” Will asked, not really sure what it was an Omega like himself was supposed to wear, having been hiding it his whole life. No thanks to his parents, as their efforts landed him here anyway.

"Yes," the blond Alpha agreed, lacing his fingers together on the table. "Your skin needs to be shown off, Will, displayed. Especially once you are branded, later. I'll have Cordell cover up that awful scar on your neck too, don't worry."

“Which one?” Will asked, well aware he had a few that Hannibal had left him branded with himself.

"All of them, but I meant your primary mating mark," Mason said, his tone tinged with disgust. Suddenly he jabbed his knife into the remaining portion of his pork, angry at the thought of Hannibal, but then quickly shook his head, laughing. "We just...we just *have* to erase him from your mind, Will."

Considering Hannibal hadn’t even noticed Will was hurt, or his distress, Will knew very well it wouldn’t be hard. As hard and as sad as that was, honestly. “Shouldn’t be a problem.”

Mason sat in his chair, studying the Omega before he quirked a brow, and rubbed his chin. The Alpha pushed his plate forward to make room for the dessert Cordell was setting before each of them.

"Ooh, someone is bitter, Will. What did he do? Did he make you...cry? My offer still stands, you know."

“I may take you up on the offer later,” Will said, coyly, a smile placed across his youthful face. He tipped more wine past his lips.

Mason burst into a manic fit of laughter, slapping his leg. "Good! Very good, Will. Yes, I think we'll get along just swimmingly!" The breeder took his spoon in hand and readied it. "I hope you like gelato."

“Never had it,” Will admitted, though there was much he didn’t have.

"You poor thing," Mason cooed, and took a bite of his, humming. "What a terrible Alpha you had, so much you've been missing out on."

“We’ve only been mated a few weeks,” Will said, scooping gelato with his spoon, and popping it into his mouth, humming. He licked the spoon clean, pulling it slowly from his lips.

"But you were there for longer," Mason said, letting Will know he knew a bit about his life. The Alpha had connections, found things out, even in times like these. As the blond watched the way the Omega cleaned his spoon, his cock throbbed under the table; oh how he couldn't wait to defile the boy and he could just imagine that the screams would be symphonic. "A shame that he waited so long to finally be done with you."

“A shame,” Will agreed, though his heart throbbed, achingly, hard at the thought. “I had the chance for another Alpha, but he killed him.”

"Such a hot little commodity, aren't you? You don't seem too bothered about that, any of it," Mason mused, grinning around his spoon. "Ah, but now your home is here, with me. I should think you'd be proud. You'll be giving birth to a Verger baby, our baby, yours and mine. Mostly mine."

Will smirked as he had another bite of the ice cream, and licked it off even slower with a moan. “Is that right?”

Mason licked his lips, lewdly, in response, staring at the sinful way Will moaned like that. "Cordell, I think you can clear our plates and take leave for now," he said, his blue eyes crazed with a ravenous lust. Cordell took the plates from their pork feast and smirked to himself, wandering off. "Yes, a lot of fun times to be had, Will. I wonder if you know just *how* fun things will be?"

“I’m sure I’ll find out,” Will said, letting the man take his dishes, more than done. Though Will didn’t like Mason very much, he knew very well he had to play into this if he hoped for any sort of escape later on. He stood, approaching Mason slowly.

Mason slid his chair back from the table, the sound of it scraping along the floor echoing in the room. A growl resounded from his chest as he beamed with delight, patting his thighs. "Come here, boy, come sit in papa's lap, hm?"

Part of Will died inside at doing it, but he moved forward and sat across Mason’s lap, arm draped over his shoulders. Mason was not a terrible looking Alpha, just clearly not *Will’s* Alpha. His heart pined for him. “Yes, *papa*.”

The sadist ran his hands down Will's cheek, his hard cock poking into the soft swell of his ass. The Omega's scent wasn't as sweet as he'd like, he'd been taken before, and was mated now, but it would do. "A pity I didn't get you before the Count did, when you were fifteen, I think it was?" Mason inhaled, his eyes fluttering back into his head for a moment at the thought, before he ran his tongue over Will's lips to the tip of his nose. "I would have enjoyed you even more then."

“I stayed virgin until four months ago, you had time,” Will whispered, trying not to shiver at the lick, so he leaned into it instead. “My parents never told me it was *you* looking for me.”

Mason snaked his hand down the back of Will's pants, and gripped his cheeks, roughly, dipping his finger into the cleft there, over the hole. He then pulled it out and brought it to his nose to sniff before licking it himself and placing it into the boy's mouth next. "They can't talk to anyone now, can they? But take heart, I'll make sure you're ripe with my pups in no time! Though, I don’t need your heat to start enjoying you now..."

Will bristled inside, but smiled slyly at his captor. He licked his fingers clean and then leaned into kiss the taste between their lips. “You've proven to be a much better Alpha than Hannibal…” he lied, convincingly.

Mason grinned at that, over Will's lips as he kissed him hungrily, biting hard at his lower lip and sucking his tongue. He roved his hands all over the boy's body, cupping his groin with one, as the other went back down his pants to his ass where he kneaded.

Will's body responded accordingly, despite how repulsive he found Mason. Survival was key. He groaned, grinding his hips against Mason's hands. “Alpha,” he forced himself to say.

"Omega," Mason groaned, and stood up with Will, holding him and taking him to his room. Inside he tossed the boy onto the bed and started taking off his clothing, a predatory look in his eyes. "Take your clothing off," he gestured, "Let papa see what you've been hiding..."

Will huffed a fake sigh of pleasure, and sat on his knees, taking the fine suit off piece by piece, slowly. He removed every last piece, until he was stripped bare, and sitting on Mason's bed, heart thumping in his throat.

Mason hurried out of the rest of his clothing, letting it fall to the floor, eyes ablaze as he watched the boy with a hard leaking cock. He approached Will, a cheshire like smile on his face as shoved him back onto the bed, forcefully and climbed over him, between his thighs. "Look at *you*, Will, such a tempting thing...I bet you made all the Alphas hard, even when you were just a little pup, didn't you?" he asked and licked up the Omega's throat.

“I was hidden most of the time,” Will murmured, laying back, thighs spread wide, as he started to check out mentally, putting himself elsewhere in his mind.

"Too bad for them, but better for me, only one other has gotten to do what I'm about to," Mason growled, staring with greedy eyes at the boy. "This *will* hurt, I *won't* be gentle, but I think you'll find it to your liking anyways," he laughed, “I know I will!” No sooner than the words left his mouth and he shoved his large thick cock into Will's hole, to the hilt and began to pump, fast and hard, a hand clutching the Omega's throat.

Will let his head drop back, opening himself to Mason, despite it all, and groaned, hefty through his squeezed tight throat. “Fuck-”

"Yes, yes, Will-" Mason rambled, groaning and growling as he took the Omega savagely. He moved his hand and kissed the boy again, feeding from his mouth as his balls slapped wetly against Will's ass.

Will, at least, felt lucky enough to be in control of himself. He hated it, but he let out a mewl, bucking up against the Alpha. “Alpha-”

Mason slammed his hips into Will, over and over, and leaned down to take his rosy nipple into his mouth, biting there, hard. The Alpha all but howled from the twisted pleasure he was getting from the experience. "Omega, *my* Omega-!"

Given Will’s ability, The Omega could easily reflect back to the other what he wanted, moving and writhing with the pain, almost glad for it to not feel anything else. Will gasped, biting his own lip, panting, as he gripped down on Mason’s cock with his ass, tensing and squeezing to bring him closer to completion. “All yours.”

Mason grinned wickedly at that and bit into Will's chest, hand tugging his hair hard as he pistoned relentlessly. The vice-like grip on his cock was enough to send the Alpha over and he came hard, drenching the Omega's passage with thick waves of seed. "Yes-!"

Will didn’t worry about his own satisfaction, as he knew he’d have none with someone like Mason, who was out for just self pleasure. The Omega groaned, making it seem as though he’d come, eyes half lidded as they knotted together completely.

Chuckling; The Alpha was pleased enough, having enjoyed himself thoroughly though he'd hoped for some show of distress or pain. With his knot locked, he moved a bit, to get more come out as well as to cause a bit of pain for the Omega, hopefully. "*That* was fantastic!"

Will grimaced at that, jaw strong as he tilted his head back a little. “I’m glad you think so.”

"You moaned like a whore, squealed like a pig," Mason grinned, and laved his tongue up from the chest bite to Will's chin. "It pleased me, Omega. Just think of all the fun we'll have together...but you know, we might need to cut your hair, yes, yes, I want to be able to see your neck and face without hinderance."

Will hadn’t even had it trimmed, as Hannibal loved it long, he kept it that way. Maybe he would have to cut it, one less thing to remind him of the Alpha that didn’t want him. “How short?”

"Not too short, I like your curls, it reminds of this little boy I...*helped* at papa's camp for underprivileged Christian children," Mason trailed off, licking his lips. "Such soft curls, a tender age of only twelve. *Anyways*, I digress. I was thinking just above the neck but don't worry, I'll get the best hair stylist for you, little piggy."

Slowly, Will could feel his sense of life diminishing. *There were worse ways to be,* he thought, and nodded his eyes. “I’d like to get rid of them, I think.”

"Good!" Mason hummed, and laid his head down, to rest, no post coital love, no semblance of affection from the Alpha. If anything, he considered taking up the knife that was tucked away in the nightstand table to try to get, at least, a few screams from the Omega but later, he'd decided.

Chapter 9

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened, Identically_Different

Over the next few months leading to his heat, Will had met Mason's sister a few times, she was spiteful, and looked in on Will the way Chiyoh had. With pity, with remorse, and with no way to help, honestly. Will did learn with his brief conversations with Margot that she wanted a baby, and couldn't, and in that, Will knew if he ever had the chance, he'd give her one.

If everything went to plan, he'd be able to.

Between then and his heat, Will was fucked and tortured, branded in the middle of his back, and his mating scar was covered by Cordell, well enough that Will hardly knew it was there at all, but the ache for his Alpha never left him, leaving him desolate when alone-- depressed.

Finally, his heat came and went, and lucky for Will, he became pregnant. Of course, Mason was thrilled, though Will's worry was over the fact the pup could end up being ordinary, and then he'd never get to see it, never get to give it a life before Mason took it away. It only spurred Will on in the coming months to put up with Mason's doting, if one could call it that, and let himself be cared for.

Nine months later, Will gave birth to a beautiful little boy, the second sex still unknown, but Will hoped and prayed he was an Alpha. Mason gave him time with the pup, to bond and share moments, and then a week in, Margot was sent in to take the baby.

"I'm just going to take him for a stroll," she said with a tone in her voice that wreaked of apology, and then wrapped the boy up and carried him out.

Will, depressed from everything and the postpartum, knew exactly what was coming, and readied himself for Mason, getting up to start a fire in the fireplace and light a candle or two around the room.

Mason, as if right on schedule, peeked around the door to their room, fingers tracing the frame. "You knew I'd come for you, my piggy, didn't you?" he crooned, stepping across the threshold, cock already hard. "The doctors have advised me you aren't suitable for mating for another three to five weeks, but we know better, don't we?"

Will canted his head coyly, looking over at Mason. "We do," he said, having learned to agree and look the tiniest bit of fearful, though the Omega had only grown stronger with it.

The Alpha was pleased; the tinge of fear, the coy way the boy looked at him, so very delightful. Mason walked over to Will and snaked an arm around his waist, aggressively tugging him close. "Papa plans on ravaging you all night long," he said, half growling, half chuckling. "I sent the servants home, only my men here but we'll make sure to get a good sound out of you." With this he leaned in to kiss the Omega, biting down hard on his lower lip.

Will whimpered, a sound that dragged through his chest, distress hormones erupting from his scent gland as he bled into Mason's mouth. He didn't pull away though, he simply allowed it until he pushed Mason on to the bed. "Close your eyes, I'm going to find something better to wear for you…"

Mason looked up at Will, grinning from ear to ear. "I knew you had a feisty spirit, I love it, Will, I just love it," he said and then nodded, eyes beady and full of hunger. "I'll play along," he added and laid flat on the bed, hands clasped across his chest as he closed his eyes. "Closed, now don't make papa wait too long, I'd hate to have you whipped...actually no, that could be entertaining."

"You won't have to wait too long," Will said, taking a solid candle stick holder, he lit the candle and held onto it, and then approached Mason quietly, and whacked him across the

head with it, thoroughly knocking him out. Will dropped the candle by the bed, and then another from the light stand, setting it on fire. Quickly, he gathered himself up in clothes and ran.

He found Margot downstairs. “Just run, take Morgan and go,” he told her, and she bristled at the thought, but then smoke started from the master bedroom, and she did as told, and started to go, Will behind her. “If I don’t make it, just keep going. Don’t look back. He’s… he’s yours.”

Margot paused, brows knit together curiously, but then nodded and took off, taking up one of the cars her brother had filled at all times with gasoline, and was speeding away, and Will took off by foot, wanting to be as far from his pup as he could be, wanting Mason nowhere near Morgan.

Will made it to gates before the guards tackled him, a blow dart to the neck, and he was down.

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Will came back to consciousness to bright light over him, unable to move, and strapped down to a cold table. He turned his head but couldn’t, his head, too, was strapped down, and he started to shake, realizing he couldn’t move at all.

Next to him, on another table, was Mason, body burned, and face crispy and deformed. He had a cannula in what was left of his nose, giving oxygen by way of an old fashioned, non-electric tank and canted his head over to Will as Cordell readied the surgery. "You...were very naughty," he managed, with a cough, his words not coming out as clear due to the disfiguration. "Such a pretty face you have, Will, more suited for me though."

Will swallowed. All he could do was stare out of the corner of his eyes, aware of the IV in his hand sending him immobile with whatever was in it. He didn’t say a word, he really couldn’t. Will whined, lowly.

As Cordell came over and started the put Mason under, the Alpha grinned at the whine, savoring it on his tongue but speaking nothing further as things quickly faded to black.

"I've administered a drug to keep you temporarily paralyzed, Mister Graham, but you'll still feel everything. I'm going to remove your face, while you're totally conscious," Cordell explained, taking the scalpel in his hands and nearing the boy.

The Omega stared up at the lights over him, putting himself in another place, another time, near a stream…

Scuffling could be heard, and then a spray of blood, splattering over Will's body. "Will, I'm here," Hannibal murmured, drenched in crimson from taking out the guards. The Alpha removed his mate's IV and restraints, and hoisted him into his arms, bridal style as he carried the Omega out of the Verger Estate. As he gazed down at him, taking in his changed scent, he thought back to all he'd gone through to find him.

It had been a year of searching, scouring, until Hannibal had found out about Will's parents' murder and had promptly booked passage to the States where he'd located Muskrat farm. Their time apart had been agony and drove the Count into an even darker state of mind.

The whole thing seemed like a dream to Will as he gazed up at Hannibal as he carried him to an awaiting plane, one of Mason's gassed and ready to go. After all Mason had put Will through, he figured it was the least he deserved to take, even if Mason was dead now. He wouldn't take more from Margot.

Managing to move just a bit, Will rested his head against Hannibal's chest, only then letting out a soft sob he'd been holding back for a year.

Hannibal surveyed Will's skin, what he could see of it, and anger surged through him at what the foul Alpha, Mason, had done to his mate. Right now though, he wanted to offer his mate comfort and just held him, leaning down to brush his shorter curls from his brow and kiss him softly. "I am sorry that I did not find you sooner, William..."

Tears pricked the Omega's vibrant blue eyes, chin trembling, relief washing over him to be near his Alpha once more. Cordell could cover the scar, but never the bond. As the plane took off, Will gave no thought to who was flying, only to keeping close to Hannibal, wrapped up in him as the use of his limbs slowly came back.

Hannibal kept close to Will, holding him and lavishing affection. He didn't want to dig deeper, nor ask questions, not yet, and instead did his best to soothe his Omega, his heart relieved by the mere sight of him. "I love you, Will, I cannot be without you again," he whispered, stroking his cheek with a deep purr.

"I thought… you hated me," Will whispered, not able to get much else out, his face buried now into Hannibal's neck, scenting him, as one hand curled tightly into Hannibal's blood stained shirt.

"No, I have never hated you," Hannibal said, softly, and scented Will back, loathing only the remnants of Mason that lingered there on his skin. The Count's heart ached at the thought of the other Alpha's hands on *his* mate, so much so that he longed to kill him all over again.

With that, Will openly sobbed against Hannibal's neck, breaking down completely for the first time in front of the Count. All his controlled emotions were now a flood, broken through the gate. "Thought I'd never see you again."

"I worried the very same, but as I told you once, I would fill the graveyards with the bones of any who dare tried to keep us apart, Will," Hannibal said, holding him tightly, unwilling to let go for fear he might, somehow, slip away. As he held him, he kissed every part of skin he could reach, scent marking him in the process, reclaiming that which was rightfully his.

Will closed his eyes and took in every scent of Hannibal he could, and as his body went from paralyzed to feeling once more, everything ached all over again, like fire burning through his veins, running just under the thin layer of skin. "Is he dead?"

"Yes, he, Cordell, and all of his men are dead," Hannibal assured, looking down at Will, monitoring his condition. "I would suggest you get some rest, Mylimasis, you have suffered greatly. I will watch over you as you do, so trust that you are safe now."

Nose nuzzled into Hannibal neck, Will closed his eyes, drifting off to the scent of his mate, his body no longer tense, but relaxed, finally.

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Once the plane landed, Hannibal had a car waiting, one he'd managed to procure and keep hidden until their arrival home. The Alpha knew a horse ride would be too stressful for the Omega to endure and before too long he'd gotten Will back to the castle, and into bed for much needed rest.

"How are you feeling?" Hannibal asked, bringing Will a warm cup of tea he'd prepared for his mate. As he handed it over, his shirt changed, the Alpha flared his nostrils to breathe in Will's state, noting the hormone change fully.

Will had slept the whole way, and finally came to at the sound of Hannibal's voice. He sat up against the pillow, noting he was in their bed back at the castle. He ducked his head, aware he could no longer hide behind long strands of curls, and every inch of his expressions and color of his flush could be seen clearly. "Groggy."

He took the tea in his hands when offered, dressed in only a pair of linen pants now, his torso marked with healed over scars from knife play with Mason, among other things, and the large brand on his back. Aside from the scars, his physical appearance bore resemblance to an Omega who'd given birth quite recently, though Will was trim, his mid section, his belly flattened, he still had some skin that was tightening back up.

It was a travesty, to see such a work of art marred, and not by his own making, Hannibal mused, eyes roving over Will's changed form. He knew his Omega had recently given birth, could smell, and see it, what he didn't know was how willing had the boy been. "It will pass," he answered, his eyes narrowed minutely, his tone an eerie calm as the thoughts in his mind ran in several directions at once. "And your pup? Did Mason kill him or her?"

"I gave him to Mason's sister," Will said with a sigh, taking a sip of the tea. "She's sterile, can't have pups. It's better, she's nicer than him, deserves a family." His tone was clipped, having only ever had conversation with Mason, he had a tactic to his words.

"Fortunate for her then, at least," Hannibal said, sipping his own cup of tea, slowly, the beast rattling in its cage beneath his person suit. "You said you assumed I hated you...I can only wonder then if it was with, at least partial consent, that you came to carry Mason's heir?"

"It was have some kind of consent, or be raped," Will said with a sigh, looking down at his tea. "I know for a fact it would have been much worse if I defied him. I saw the other Omegas there. They were tied up like pigs, bred, over and over again, branded, whipped… I did what I had to do to survive. That pup deserved better, so I got him out and tried to kill Mason and I failed."

Hannibal shook, though barely noticeable, his blood beginning to boil as he took a calming breath. He hated that there was a pup in the world of Will and Mason's creation, found it infuriating that his mate had consented, even in the smallest measure and yet also felt sadness that he had to endure everything he did under the other Alpha's ministrations. It left him with a staggering sense of betrayal, and confusion, that his mate had conceived for Mason but had not for him, after all of the intimacy they had partaken of together.

"A measure of consent would indicate some enjoyment, even minutely, likewise Omega's conceive much more quickly when in a state of pleasure."

Will had some sort of retort on his tongue, but the way Hannibal said, it, the way he felt as Will took it all in, felt like he'd been back handed once again. Will set the tea cup on the nightstand, hands shaking. None of it had been pleasurable. Will brought a hand to his mouth to keep the desperate whine down, to keep his distress to himself, as he had to do in Mason's presence unless the man wanted it. Will had learned measure and control to survive, and how to react and be exactly what Mason wanted. It was his only means of survival, and his true mate was going to hate him for that very thing.

Will wanted to die in that moment, it'd be so much easier, and Hannibal better off for it.

Hannibal saw the trembling, but when Will did not deny his comment, it was a confirmation to the irrational Alpha and it left him feeling gutted, abandoned, and what was to be done about that? He could only contemplate. "I see," he said finally, gripping his teacup, "Your silence speaks volumes, Will."

The Alpha rose from where he was seated, his eyes remaining on the Omega as he smoothed down his shirt. Will had first tried to bond with Matthew, and now had, at least on some level, consented to giving another Alpha a pup, while Hannibal had been denied that very thing. Perhaps it was the boy who hated Hannibal, due to years of verbal and sometimes physical abuse. It hardly mattered now, the Count still needed an heir all his own and time could not be reversed. "I will leave you to rest. I need to run to town for a long overdue errand. Do you require anything?"

"No," Will said, aware that nothing he said to Hannibal would make a difference in what the man thought. Will was as good as dead, and he knew it.

Hannibal nodded, and sighed, before turning on his heel to take his leave. He instructed one of his servants to check in on the boy, make sure he was fed as he would not be back until dinner.

Will locked the servants out the second Hannibal was gone, and curled up in the corner of the room, safer in smaller places, knees hugged to his chest, whimpering, silently asking that Hannibal not go, while simultaneously telling himself it was better, because Hannibal hated him for surviving Mason.

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Hours later, the Alpha returned, a bit inebriated and with the scent of another Omega covering his clothing. He walked up to the bedroom, a candle lighting the way up the stairs,

sweat covering his skin in a fine sheen. When the door was found to be locked, he snarled and went to retrieve the key, opening it and walking in once he had. "You have not eaten, William," he said, voice rumbling as he sat down in the chair next to the bed.

Will was a pale sight in the corner of the room, head leaned back against the wall, sickly looking. “I’m not hungry.” He could smell some other Omega on Hannibal, and it made his stomach churn, and his blood boil. Maybe he deserved it.

"As I've eaten already, I insist you do, you need to replenish your body as giving birth recently has undoubtedly taken its toll," Hannibal explained, getting up and practically staggering over to Will, looking at his mate's condition.

“You reek,” Will said, turning his head from Hannibal, unable to stand it. His body was giving out, mentally and physically, he could feel it.

"Do I?" Hannibal asked, smugly, a bit of lipstick on the collar of his shirt, as the Omega who'd been entertaining him enjoyed indulging in such extravagant manners of dress from time to time. "Imagine how I felt when I smelled Matthew and then Mason on you. Anthony's scent is not nearly as offensive."

“You bring me home to flaunt him in my face? Why bother?” Will asked, quietly, exhausted. A slow burning hatred started to build in him for Hannibal, for everyone, and especially Anthony Dimmond. “Should have left me to die and become pig feed.”

"It had escaped my notice, initially, that you had given birth, and certainly was not known that you'd consented, in any capacity until returning here," Hannibal pointed out, his lips curling in disgust, though he ached to comfort Will. "Anthony, has long since coveted me, and up until today, I have refused his offer of courtship. I think you two may grow to respect one another. Likewise, whereas you will not grant me a pup, he is more than willing and still has a few good fertile years left in him. It does not mean that I do not love you, Alphas often take on more than one Omega."

Will’s jaw set, grinding hard on his back molars, and he pushed Hannibal away from him and stood, staggering, light headed. Even still, he made his way down the stairs, aware that the other Omega would be in the castle, somewhere, easily sniffed out. Will passed through the kitchen first, grabbing a large butcher’s knife. If Hannibal wanted happiness while his own was zapped away, then he’d take every last bit of it from him.

The Omega stalked the castle, scenting out the other until he found Anthony in the parlor with a glass of wine in hand. Will looked ragged and beaten down, ready to pass out right there, but there was murder in his eyes the second he laid them on Anthony.

“I should have killed you that day. I should have taken your heart, and eaten it,” Will murmured, barely even audible. With rage in his eyes, he flew at the other Omega, jumping on his back and sliding the knife into his heart from behind. There was no pleasure in it, just raw need to see Anthony go down in a pool of blood.

Hannibal, who had been behind Will, curious as to what he would do, stood in the doorway, watching as Anthony choked and gurgled on his own blood, collapsing onto the floor in a messy pool of crimson. He couldn't help but feel a pang of pride at his mate, he'd known all along he had a great wealth of potential and he cared nothing for the dead Omega on the floor. In fact he cared more about how he would get the blood stains out of the antique rug there.

"Perhaps it will relieve your mind to know we did not mate, Will."

Blood splattered, Will glared at Hannibal through a stray curl that had fallen into his eyes, seething. He managed to his feet, adrenaline pumping through his system that he knew wouldn't last. "I hate you," he murmured, stepping closer to Hannibal with balled up fists at his side. "You are a horrible man, a horrible mate, and I *hate* you." Will gave Hannibal a hard shove, knocking him over as he jutted out his foot to trip him backwards, and then jump down and over Hannibal keeping him there, sitting on his hips, blue eyes unfocused and yet entirely aware. He punched Hannibal again and again. "I FUCKING HATE YOU-"

Hannibal smiled, teeth exposed and bloody, his face starting to swell up in pain he didn't express. Cunning, vicious boy, his Will and if he had to die now, at his beloved's hands is how he would want it all to end. "Do not deny the monster growing inside *you*, dear boy," he managed, sniffing the blood up his nose, and wetting his lips.

Will's hands hit harder and then went around Hannibal's throat, shaking as he put every last ounce of himself into the act, his vision starting to go black around the edges, tears dripping from his eyes. Too encompassed in what he was doing, Will hardly noticed the hands that came to remove his own, slender fingers unwrapping his own from Hannibal's neck, and then pulled the boy away.

Chiyoh wrapped Will up in a blanket and cradled him right there, hushing him, giving him the exact thing he had needed since he got home, the exact thing Hannibal had refused him.

"Shh, Will, it's okay. You're safe," she whispered, stroking his shorter curls.

Chapter 10

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened, Identically_Different

"Beautiful Mine" Ch. 10 By: Tab & Steph
There is a nobility in compassion, a beauty in empathy, a grace in forgiveness
(John Connolly)

Will had lost a lot of blood when giving birth, and the doctor that had overseen it was hardly much of one at all. Chiyoh spoon fed the boy the best she could, made him stay in bed, as anyone should have done in his condition to start with. She was sad to see he was so badly abused, and that Hannibal had done too little to soothe his mate.

Coming out of his room, she shut the door to let Will rest in his old room. Hannibal stood there, and she stared him down, defiantly. “I said I would help you bring him back to have a

family, Hannibal. I was not happy with the choice that he made, but I had hoped it would help you. And now this, what games are you playing, Hannibal?”

Hannibal, who had been close out of concern for Will, put his hands in his pockets, his face still showing the ghost of his mate's deadly fury. "I did far less to Will, than many an Alpha would, given that he had gone outside the boundaries of our union to have another Alpha's pup," he pointed out, speaking calmly as he met her gaze without intimidation. "I did not actually intend to take Anthony on as a second Omega, my heart is only reserved for the boy who tried to kill me."

“Hannibal, he was taken, abused, forced to live with a man who wanted him for nothing else but an heir, to breed more pups into the world. He could be dead, but he chose to survive. You would berate him for surviving?” Chiyoh asked, arms folded over her chest. She might have served the Lecter family once, but she considered her tasks long done, and now was only there for Will’s safety and health.

"And Matthew? Was that against his own wishes as well?" Hannibal asked, his tone a bit deeper as he remembered the hurt he'd felt, not totally willing to acknowledge the part he played in everything. "Will is not as weak as you might think, he is resourceful, cunning and as you are hopefully aware, capable of great darkness. It's...beautiful. You should have let him finish his work in the parlor. He despises me and I do not think either one of us can survive separation, in any form that it might choose to come in. "

“Will wanted a life where he was wanted, you would not bond with him, so I took him to find what it was he needed. I did not think you’d be capable, Hannibal.” Chiyoh sighed, the mess was worse than she ever thought imaginable. She shook her head. “He wanted you and only you all along. He confided as much, but it seemed impossible.” She leveled Hannibal with an even gaze. “You push and you push, and you test his limits, what did you expect to come of this but hatred? He needed you in his most vulnerable moment, and you pushed him right over the edge.”

Hannibal let the information sink in, the emotions threatening to pull him into their flooding, swirling waters and drown him until he was no more. A part of him wanted to pull everyone under, with him, to end all of this madness starting with Chiyoh, however, he remained still, contemplating. "My actions, while impulsive, were fueled by irrefutable grief, love, and the notion that Will did not return my feelings, not after everything. I am not sure that there is much to be done now."

“If you are unwilling to fight for him, then I suggest you tell him as much. I will not bring more devastation to his world.” Chiyoh knew though Will said he hated Hannibal, he also loved him deeply, or the wound that had been created between them would not have hurt so badly.

"I never admitted defeat, Chiyoh," Hannibal snapped, finding the insinuation to be a great offense. He rolled his head on his shoulders, just so, and smoothed down his shirt in hopes to ground himself. "I will fight for him until my last breath, the question becomes, will he let my love go to waste, or will the teacup gather itself back up, yet again? Time, as always, will reveal its mysteries soon enough."

“How about you start with an apology,” Chiyoh offered, opening the door behind her, and stood out of the way.

The Alpha moved towards the door, placing a gentle hand on her shoulder that spoke volumes before walking inside and closing it behind him with a nod. Walking over to Will, the reality of everything crashing down as Hannibal looked at his mate. "William...may I have a word?"

The boy was curled on his side, dozing in and out, eyes fluttering open when Hannibal approached, but he didn’t react with malice or disgust, he just laid there and stared at Hannibal with half dead eyes. The guilt boiling inside of Will was almost more than he could stand, wishing he could turn back the clocks and do everything much different, that he let Mason rape him instead, and treat him horribly, worse than he had already. Will pulled his covers over his cold body tighter, ashamed of every mark on his body.

“If you must,” he whispered, finally.

Hannibal sat on the bed, his weight causing it to dip and move Will a little. "I am sorry, William, I have behaved horribly, as you said in the parlor. I do not blame you for what you did," he started, with quiet honesty, a single tear rolling down his sharp cheekbone. "I have fantasized ways in which my actions might have differed to bring about other outcomes. That said, should you choose to find me unforgivable, and decide to instead give in to hate, I only ask that you finish what you started the other night. I will not bear a life without you."

“Should I do that, I will just go with you,” Will whispered, hoarsely. “I am ashamed of what I did with Verger. I hated every moment of myself and my existence, but part of me held on to hope. Naively.”

"Does my remorse not tell you that your thoughts, those hopes, were not in vain?" Hannibal asked, his tone soft and eyes wet. "We have suffered much, you, in particular, by my hands and actions, as well as Mason's. It is nothing for you to be ashamed of. I would very much like to mend our bond, and while it may take time, that is truly all we have, is it not?"

Will’s trust in Hannibal had diminished rapidly, where he had kept coming to believe maybe it would all change, he was seeing the pattern that it would not. Still, he could not leave, he would not survive on his own and didn’t want to. He shivered and nodded his head. “If you can stand to look at me at all.”

"You are beautiful, with your foreign marks of another's making or otherwise," Hannibal murmured and stroked Will's cheek with the back of his knuckles. It still wasn't easy to know, or face, that his mate had been defiled and bred, but he knew without a doubt that he loved the young broken Omega before him. "I was truthful each and every time I professed my love for you, William."

Will just stared at Hannibal for a long, long while, nothing said, and then sighed. “I found no pleasure with Mason. He simply insisted on breeding me until it took,” Will said, brokenly, honestly.

Hannibal was far from totally stable of course, but he knew he would need to work on it, realized he had been suffering the symptoms of post traumatic stress disorder since back when Mischa had been murdered. It was also likely that Will was dealing with the same in their own identically different ways. The Alpha removed his hand, not wanting to push and sighed with a lick of his lips. "I know you didn't... grief can elicit all measures of irrational impulsivity, Will. That is why I reacted as I did, and it was to both of our detriment."

“You hate me for it,” Will whispered, curling the cover over himself a little tighter. Will, though taken care of a bit by Chiyoh, was still very much pale, more so than usual.

"I do not," Hannibal corrected, gently, and despite his mind, scooped Will up, into his arms, holding him against his chest. As he held him, waiting to see if his mate would recoil, the Count quickly scented him, both out of concern and need. He would tend to him, see him to health, no matter what the state of their relationship. "I love you, William, I would write it in my blood if only you would believe it so."

Will closed his eyes as he was scented, letting his head rest against Hannibal’s shoulder, breathing shallowly. He’d exerted every last bit of himself, and his knuckles were swollen from beating Hannibal. “Call me a fool, but… I believe you.”

Hannibal sighed, with contentment at that, and leaned down to kiss his mate's face, stroking him with reverent care with his large hand. "I would not venture to do so, but I am grateful that you do," he murmured, watching him with rapt attention. "Now please, let me feed you, tend to your wounds and give you a bath, you are in need of attention."

Blinking open big blue eyes, Will nodded his head. He hadn’t properly bathed since after the birth. “Okay.”

"Good, thank you," Hannibal whispered, eyes warm and then kissed Will's lips softly, his own still healing. "I will have Peter begin heating the water for your bath while I bring up your food. It is ready, just downstairs."

While Chiyoh had managed to get broth into Will, it wasn’t enough, so the Omega again nodded his head, lips brushing Hannibal’s like a whisper. “I’ll be here,” he joked, quietly.

Smiling, Hannibal gently laid Will back down, and tucked him under the covers, kissing his brow before righting his stance as he stood. "I won't be long," he promised and then walked out the door to find Chiyoh, inform her of what happened and get Will's dinner.

"Will and I are on the road to recovery, so to speak and I wanted to thank you, for all that you have done for him, as well as myself and our house," he told Chiyoh, once locating her downstairs. "He has agreed to eat and let me tend to him. I must ask, will you stay or what have you decided on that front?"

“Good,” Chiyoh said, nursing a brandy. “I will stay, I want to see this work for you both.”

"Excellent," Hannibal said and walked over to the food that was staying warm in the iron pot near the fireplace. He removed it carefully and went into the kitchen to portion a serving for

all three of them. "I think you being here will assist in that, and in Will's progression, he cherishes you."

“That does not bother you?” Chiyoh asked, curiously. It had once.

After everything that had happened, with Will and the other Alphas coupled with the knowledge that Chiyoh was sterile, Hannibal had decided it was more to his benefit than to his dissatisfaction for her to be in his mate’s life. He looked up from that which he was attending and shook his head, slightly. "No, and your presence here should speak to that as you would no longer be welcome here if it did."

“Good. Will is like my own pup, if I had one, I only want what is best for him,” she said with some danger in her own, a warning to Hannibal. Next time, she would let Will finish it.

Both of their statements carried silent warnings, and Hannibal was not affected by hers any more than she was his in all probability. More than that, he would let Will finish if ever the boy decided to attempt an act on the Alpha's life. Nonetheless, the Count had no plans to further cause heartbreak to his Omega, if he could help it. "We both want the same thing," he agreed, with a twitching smile of acknowledgment at the unspoken contract that was signed and sealed in his very kitchen.

"Now, if you'll excuse me, I will be dining with Will in his room, yours is just there."

“Thank you,” She said, letting Hannibal go before she went for her own food.

Hannibal went into Will's room, and sat down the serving tray on the accommodating night stand, opening the curtains to let what light was left into the room. It would also serve to boost morale, he assumed and offered a smile to his mate. "Rabbit stew," he announced, having prepared it purposefully. It had been what he was hoping to serve Mischa, all those years ago, and had perfected the recipe now.

Will sat up, looking at the stew and held out shaking hands to take the bowl. “It smells good,” he admitted, looking at Hannibal’s bruised face in a new light, and shifted his jaw, ashamed.

"Thank you, Mylimasis," Hannibal said, with a smile and sat down next to Will, taking his own into his hands, always remaining observant. "It is quite hot, yet, so please be careful, hm?"

Will nodded, and focused on the stew, blinking down at the spoon as he held the bowl with one hand and scooped some up and into his mouth carefully after blowing on it. He chewed and swallowed, eating slowly.

Hannibal, after letting his cool by way of his breath, took a bite and chewed, swallowing after. He wondered then if Will was broken beyond repair, he had no doubts he could mend himself, but he did truly worry for his mate. "I hope you find it to your satisfaction, dear boy."

With a sigh, Will leaned his head on Hannibal’s shoulder after another bite, and slowly nodded his head. He needed some time, but he was sure things could fit back together like

they had before. “It’s good, thank you, Hannibal.”

"You're welcome," Hannibal said back, kissing Will's face softly before taking another bite of his stew. He was glad his Omega was eating, and could wait for things to go back to some semblance of normality. After all, they had overcome much worse and spent years apart, this would be far more tolerable than that had been.

Will ate a few more bites, and then a few more, and after twenty minutes, he handed his bowl to Hannibal, finished, and cleaned.

Hannibal, also finished, stacked the bowls and set them on the tray, for now, to be cleaned and put away soon. "Your bath should be well ready. I would join you if you wouldn't mind?" he said, actually asking genuinely for the first time ever.

“Are you sure?” Will asked, more out of self-consciousness of his body now, though he was sure Hannibal had seen since he was new clothes than he had left the States in.

"I am, beautiful Will," Hannibal said, knowing his Omega's confidence was at an all time low. "Come, let's make haste. Do you feel up to walking or shall I carry you?"

Will scooted off the bed slowly, a little more energy than he had earlier from eating. He reached his hands for Hannibal’s, to help him. “Just help me.”

With a nod, Hannibal took his hand and hooked a strong, well-muscled arm around Will, slowly walking with him towards the door. He was glad the boy was making an effort to walk. "Always, Will."

They managed to the bathroom, and then Will undid his shirt slowly, and shrugged it off, setting it on the counter. He undid the draw strings on this linen pants, ducking his head a little as pushed them down and took those off too, one hand on the wall to hold himself up.

Hannibal kept a watchful eye on Will's footing as he undressed along with him and placed their dirty clothing into the hamper. He grasped his mate’s chin, gently, to bring his head up to meet his gaze, looking him in the eyes, thoughtfully. "As I said, you look as radiant now, as ever before," he said, honestly, knowing that even the scars did not detract from his stunning features. Letting go, he, instead, took Will's hand and guided him down into the warm soothing water, taking his place behind him. "Nice, is it not?"

Will sat back against Hannibal, his branded back up against Hannibal’s stomach. Will rested his head back against Hannibal’s shoulder, sighing, contently. “It is.” He wrapped his arms over his body, though, timid to show his sketched out body.

"Good, Will, very good," Hannibal sighed with him and leaned forward to grab the sponge, kissing his mate's shoulder as he did. "It will take time, as I mentioned, but my wish is for you to come to trust that you are nothing short of perfection in my eyes."

Will nodded slowly, swallowing hard as he closed his eyes. It was easier that way and relaxed his arms. “I’m sorry I didn’t give you a pup first,” he whispered, voice breaking over the words.

Hannibal started to bathe Will's chest, his stomach, delicately, keen eyes focused. "It was not your fault, Will. I should have never left you in the stables that day when I heard the fall, I stayed near but once I detected no serious injury, I let my pride carry me inside. It is I who should be sorry and I am," he explained, his own tone not quite as strong as normal as he tried to control his words and thoughts. "As for a pup, should you still wish for a family, later, I hope you know that it would please me to no end."

“We… we can try at my next heat,” Will said, decidedly. He wanted that more than anything, and knew part of his depression was missing the son he knew he’d never get to meet or raise, or bond with.

The Alpha smiled brightly at that and leaned around to capture Will's lips, softly. "Will, yes, that would be wonderful, as long as you're certain. I still hope for us to be wed, prior to our pup's arrival, if you would agree to it."

“You still want to marry me? A horrible, used up Omega?” Will asked, tears pricking his eyes.

"I do, very much in fact, if you still find me worthy of your hand," Hannibal answered, and then added, over his mate's lips, "and do not speak of yourself in such a way, Will, please. You are anything but that, I promise."

Will swallowed, a low whine starting in his chest, that turned into a purr as he kissed Hannibal back slowly, melting into him. “When I am better, we will get married.”

A growl resounded from Hannibal's chest in answer, as he kissed Will back slowly, reverently, enjoying the sounds and tastes that overwhelmed his senses in a decadent melody. "I will be counting the days," he whispered and licked hungrily but softly, back inside of his mate's mouth.

Their bond needed work, but Will knew that they needed this more than ever. All he ever wanted was Hannibal, even with the pain and the abuse, he still did. “I love you,” he whispered.

"I love you, Will," Hannibal murmured, holding onto his jaw, gently as he covered his mouth with soft kisses and licks. The Alpha massaged their tongues together, before carefully guiding his Omega around to face him. “I would like the opportunity to examine you thoroughly, after we are done here, clinically speaking, if you would not mind?”

Will stiffened a little, one leg on either side of Hannibal’s thighs, and nodded. “Okay…”

"It is nothing to worry over, I merely want to make sure you are healing properly from everything, Mylimasis," Hannibal explained, kindly, and leaned forward to nuzzle their noses together. He took a hold of the sponge again and resumed washing his mate, taking care to be tender.

“I worry what you might think of me after all of it,” Will whispered, almost desperately. The last thing he needed or wanted was Hannibal’s wrath.

"I am not unaware of the things that Mason enjoyed indulging in, and beyond that have seen the marks upon your flesh, Will," Hannibal said, quietly, washing his mate's back, over the brand. Obviously, the thought was cringe worthy, thinking of the breeder performing such vile acts on his boy, but he now understood that it was nothing his Omega enjoyed. "I do not think any less of you, nor will I."

Will wrapped his limbs around Hannibal as he washed over the brand and scars, swallowing hard as he tried his best to believe that Hannibal meant it. He wanted to, desperately. He would steel himself for the wrath, either way. “Okay.”

"Good. Now, just enjoy the bath and allow yourself to relax," Hannibal whispered, his words low, deep and hopefully calming. Once he'd finished with Will's body, he did his own and then moved to his mate's shorter locks.

Will stayed facing Hannibal the whole time, his head down submissively as his hair was washed, much easier now that it was short and cropped.

After rinsing Will's hair, Hannibal looked at his mate and stroked his damp cheek before he lathered up his own hair with contemplative, narrowed eyes. "Are you in much pain? Physically speaking."

“I’ve learned to ignore the pain,” Will said, quietly, reaching to stop Hannibal, and washed his hair for him, lathering his fingers in the long tresses.

Hannibal let his hands rest on Will's hips, tracing the curves there as he was tended to by his mate. It felt very comforting to have his Omega’s hands on him again, and as a result, a purr slipped from his lips, quiet and unintended. "The ability to block out physical pain can certainly have its benefits, and is something I have practiced many times myself."

“My pain was fed off,” Will whispered, very slowly opening up, as he smoothed back the soap into Hannibal’s hair. “I wouldn’t give him more than what kept me safe.”

"I have never doubted your wit," Hannibal offered, closing his eyes for a moment before opening them to look into Will's eyes. "Sadists derive pleasure from the suffering of others in one form or another, as you unfortunately experienced. I assume you gave him just enough to keep him placated. He was no better than the swine he farmed."

“Probably worse,” Will admitted, and then used a cup to rinse Hannibal’s hair thoroughly. Once done he kissed his lips softly. “I thought you hated me, but I still missed you every day.”

The Alphan Count kissed his Omega back, sucking his lower lip between his teeth with a hum. "And I was bereft without you at my side. I went back to apologize to you in the stable, to find you were gone, it was then that I scented the lingering, foul stench of the Betas who had taken you. My searching did not cease from that moment forward."

“I wish I had known,” Will whispered, resting his forehead against Hannibal’s, slowly letting his walls down with his mate.

"I admit that I too was uncertain as to your feelings for me. It is, in great part, why I reacted as I did when you were finally back," Hannibal admitted, opening up also, the veil thinning as he caressed Will's sides. "And while you were gone, you continued to exist in my memory palace. I worshiped you there, being that it was my only solace."

"We are together now," Will sighed, not wanting to back pedal, to get upset with each other once again.

Hannibal nodded, letting that go, and kissed down to his mate's scent gland, nosing where the scar used to be. The Count mused to himself then, that soon, he would rectify its absence, despite the bond still being there. "That we are, dear boy."

Will kissed Hannibal again, arms around his shoulders. "Let's never fight again."

"Likewise, I do not wish to quarrel with you ever again either, of that, you can be assured," Hannibal said, in between kisses, arms around his Omega's waist. "Shall we get out?"

Will nodded, reluctant to let go, but stood slowly, and grabbed a towel to wrap around himself, and stepped out carefully onto the rug there, waiting for Hannibal.

Hannibal didn't want to let go either, but he knew he needed to check Will's condition, in preparation for their hopefully successful conception next heat. After removing the plug to let the water drain, the Alpha stood and took a towel and wrapped it around his hips, ushering his mate into the bedroom. "If you would make yourself comfortable on the bed, Mylimasis, I will take a look. It should not be painful."

Will dried, and then laid out on the bed, dropping the towel at the end of the bed. He wasn't bleeding anymore, that stopped sooner for the males than females, luckily.

After putting on a pair of brown trousers and a cream colored linen shirt, Hannibal kissed Will's lips again in hopes of comforting him. Once he had gotten some lubricant and slicked two fingers, the would be doctor got between his mate's legs and gently pushed them back towards his chest. He could have taken him into the makeshift room where he did clinical things but knew that would likely make it more stressful. "A little pressure, Will. Let me know if you feel any discomfort, please."

Will sighed, swallowing as he was spread out, head going back against the pillow as his eyes closed. "Okay."

While the scene had the potential to be arousing, Hannibal was able to remain professional and carefully pushed two fingers inside, feeling his way around. His other hand pressed on Will's lower abdomen so that he could get a sense of any swelling, tears or other abnormalities. "You are healing well, and everything, thus far, seems to be in working order. Unfortunately, I do not have the ability to test your blood, but were there any serious problems I would know," he said, also assessing his mate by scent.

Color had returned to Will's skin since he'd eaten and bathed, no longer pasty and pale. He let out a quivering sound, sighing, and dropped his legs back to the bed. "It was a slightly troubling birth, but I heal fast."

The Alpha removed his fingers, slowly, and stood, looking at his mate. He didn't ask for details, though he was curious, to some degree. "I can see that you do, yes," he agreed and then went over to wash his hands after he'd wiped the excess lubrication from Will's entrance. "Still too early for certain activities, and postpartum can last for a few months--longer for women--but you are fine."

Will suddenly missed his pup more than ever, the instant connection he'd never get back. "We can wait, it'll be worth it."

"Precisely, yes," Hannibal agreed, canting his head sideways a tick at Will and then came back over with bandages for his knuckles. Taking his mate's hand in his own, he surveyed the damage and wet his lips before speaking, "Let me wrap this for you, and then we can relax a bit, or sleep, should you require it."

"Yes," Will said, not sure what he wanted, but sleep was far from his thoughts.

Hannibal made quick work of wrapping Will's hands and then once he'd placed the items back where they belonged, he removed his shirt, and got in bed. He ran his hand down his mate's chest and gazed at the younger man, mind running on a few different trains of thought. "Where are you now, Will?"

"Here, where else would I be?" Will asked, quietly, gazing up at his mate as he reached for him to come in closer.

The Count moved in right away, snaking his other arm under Will's neck and shoulders. "Good, Mylimasis. I inquired because I find myself unable to shut off the part of me that is always analyzing, I'm afraid," he chuckled, slightly and then leaned in to kiss his Omega's lips.

"I only want to be here," Will assured Hannibal, reaching up to grasp the back of his head, fingers threading through his hair, kissing him back softly.

Hannibal hummed his delight at that, breathing in through flared nostrils as he slid his slick muscle with Will's. He immersed himself in the warm, sweet cavern of his mate's mouth, large palm exploring the planes of the boy's body. "How I have missed moments such as these..."

The Omega groaned, having not been touched like that in over a year, nor kissed like he was loved, cherished, and wanted. Though he could not physically give Hannibal pleasure the way he wanted, Will still indulged, seeking out his tongue with his own, sucking the wet muscle into his mouth with a pleased hum.

"William..." Hannibal murmured, between kisses, leaning half over his Omega. Even though he was growing hard, he was very satisfied just with this, taking his time to taste every part of him, honor him with fingers, lips, and tongue. Worshipfully, he trailed his nails over the boy's flesh, just soothing, intimate grazes there while they fed from one another's mouths.

It felt like forever since Will had felt actual pleasure buzzing through his skin. He gripped Hannibal's hair tightly, groaning against his mate's mouth. "Hannibal…"

The Alpha nipped at Will's lips and ate his own name from them, kiss walking down to the young Omega's neck. He breathed in his mate's scent, practically tasting it as sharp teeth scraped over the boy's sensitive gland. "You are as intoxicating now, as you ever were."

Head off to the side, Will bared his neck for Hannibal, pulse thumping away, beating faster with every touch of lips to his skin. His cheeks wetted and his small cock filled graciously hard against his thigh. All it took was Hannibal’s touch, and the boy was his all over again.

Hannibal's hand roved down between Will's cheeks, gathering a bit of slick there and brought it back to the Omega's cock to begin stroking slowly. As the Alpha worked him with expert precision, he sunk his razor like teeth into his mate's flesh, marking him a new and lapping, with a low growl as the blood beaded out into his mouth. The bond had been remade, the Count was beside himself with elation.

A gasp escaped past Will's lips as he held Hannibal's head there, begging for more of the pleasurable bliss of being linked, bonded, and put back together anew. Will reached his free hand for Hannibal's large length, taking him in one palm, working him up.

Groaning and gripping Will's cock, Hannibal sealed the mark, feeling fire burn through his veins under the surface of his tawny skin. He thrust into Will's hand, breath hot as he panted into the hollow of his mate's throat with blood stained lips. "Will-"

“Please, Hannibal, let me feel you come,” Will groaned, panting, feeling his insides melt like lava, overflowing.

Hannibal moaned at that, his release pooling at the base of his spine and rushing towards his groin. He licked up to Will's lips, and plundered hungrily, bucking half a dozen more times before he finally came. Thick, hot ropes spilled over his Omega's hand, as the Alpha roared with pleasure and chanted his mate's name like a prayer. Panting raggedly, he continued working the boy's shaft, "Come for me, William..."

Will writhed and moaned, bucking up into Hannibal’s grip, the most fully alive he’d felt in a long time, as he saw stars, coming for the first time in a long, long while. “Hannibal-!”

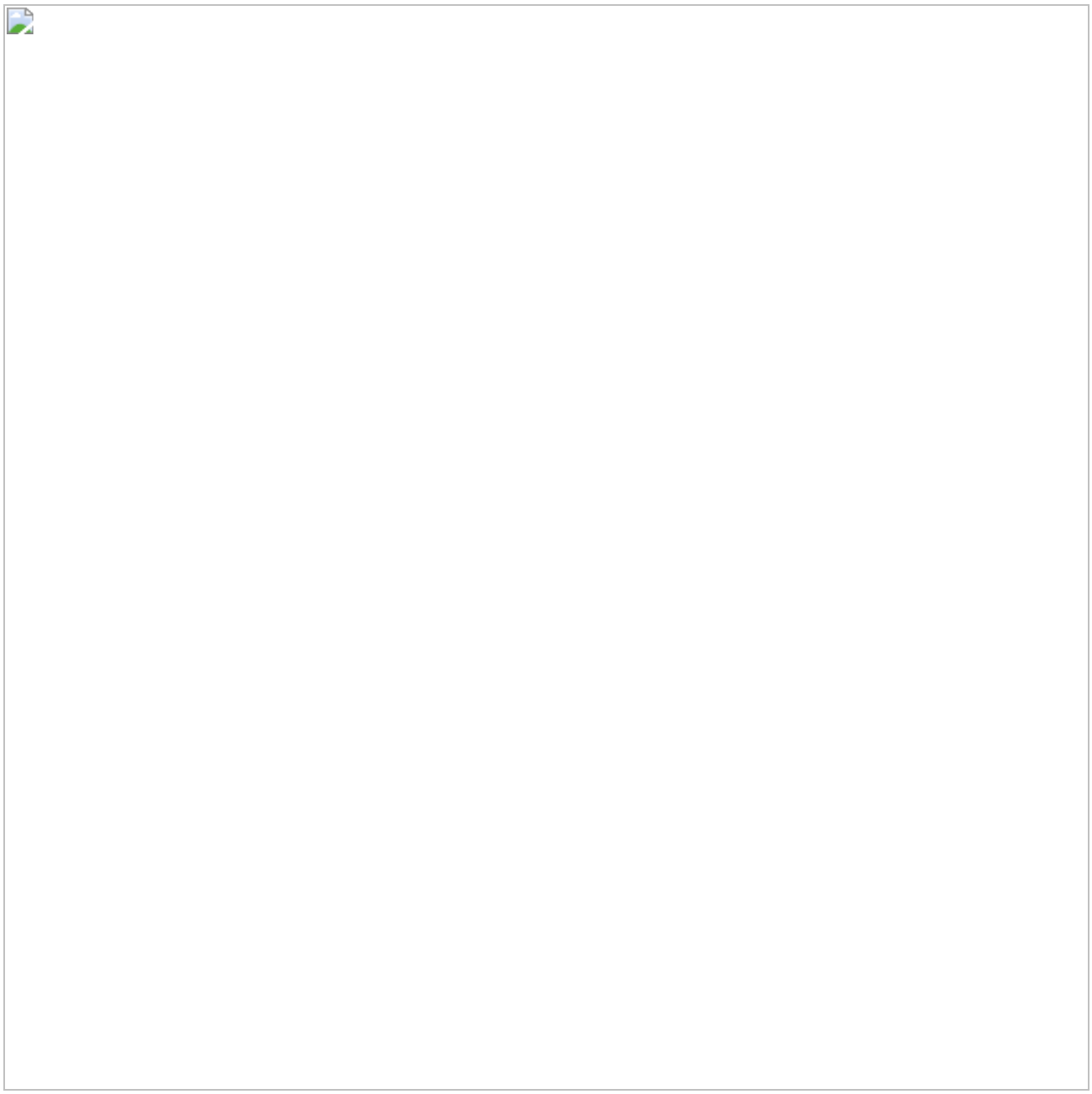
The Alpha watched the whole glorious show, taking in his beloved's release as though he were a rare piece of art and to Hannibal, Will was. "Good, dear boy, yes," he murmured, and then brought his hand to his lips to clean his mate's taste from his skin, kissing him once he had.

Will tasted himself on Hannibal’s lips and tongue, and then did the same with Hannibal’s come, until they were both clean once more. He pulled Hannibal in, wrapping everything limb around him. “I love you, Hannibal.”

"I love you, Will," Hannibal whispered, gazing down at his husband to be and brushing an errant curl from his brow. So much had come to pass, and there was still far to go, but the Count was confident that there was nothing that they could not survive, together.

Chapter 11

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened, Identically_Different



The days that came were quiet for the most part as Will familiarized himself with the castle once more and the people there, and with Hannibal and Chiyoh's help, managed to get out of the depressed slump he was in, for the most part. He'd never be the same, he knew that, but that hardly meant he would sit around and wallow in his grief over the pup he'd never know.

He spent days in the sun, lazing about, reading books, and eating apples from the tree.

As Hannibal waited patiently for Will to recover physically, and for his heat, he began making preparations for the wedding. Things were obviously different than they had been years ago, but it would be official, nonetheless and the Omega would be declared a Count of the house Lecter.

After the Alpha had cleaned up from lunch, he went outside to join his mate, and enjoy the sunshine.

"It would appear as though you are feeling better today, Will. I wonder if we might discuss the wedding?"

Will smiled up at Hannibal and rolled over to his back to gaze up at him. The boy had color in his face once more. “Yes. What of it?”

Hannibal was struck with Will's youthful beauty each and every time he saw him, the revelation never waned. Crouching, he smiled back and pulled a box from his pocket. "Before we discuss the plans, I wanted to give you this. A family heirloom, simple yet elegant, rare in such times as these. My hope is that you will enjoy wearing it once we are wed."

The Count opened the box, the sun reflecting off of the antique gold band and angled it for his Omega to see. On the inside, it had the Lecter family crest engraved there, and a bit of styling around the outside of the band. "What say you, William? Will you do me the honor?"

“Of course,” Will said, breathless at the thought that Hannibal would want him to wear, let alone have it. “It’s beautiful.”

"Good," Hannibal said and tucked the box back into his pocket until the wedding. He braced himself and leaned over to kiss Will's lips, softly. "I'm glad you think so, Mylimasis. Now, I was contemplating and since your heat should be due in a month, give or take, I would like to have the ceremony as soon as possible. Two weeks, sounds fitting, wouldn't you agree?"

“You want my heat to come for our honeymoon,” Will whispered, gazing up at Hannibal as their lips brushed. Everything had been so perfect since that day, and not once had Hannibal lashed out, nor did Will say anything snide.

"Precisely, my perceptive boy," Hannibal crooned, having relished their serenity together as of late, which was frankly long overdue. He knew life could not be in such a state at all times, especially with how the world had changed but it was nonetheless heavenly for the time being. "I feel it will be the perfect arrangement, William and I look forward to enjoying every moment of it with you, for the rest of our lives."

Will was still very quiet about everything he had gone through with Mason, keeping it pushed down and out of sight. He didn’t want to be disgusted with himself, nor Hannibal.

“So do I. Two weeks is fine.”

"So it shall be, then," Hannibal smiled, and then rose to his feet. He hadn't asked about Will's time with Mason, wasn't totally certain, at this juncture, if he could retain his veneer of calm

upon hearing it, so he didn't ask. "I have made arrangements for a tailor to come pay us a visit in the next day or two, to fit us both for our suits. It will not be as elegant a ceremony as I would like, but we do what we can, all things considered."

“It will be as elegant as we make it,” Will said, watching Hannibal with a fleeting smile that his mate was not staying longer.

"Yes, indeed, Mylimasis, and worry not, I am only going to go retrieve a blanket," Hannibal assured when he saw Will's smile beginning to fade. "I will bring out some wine and strawberries."

“Okay,” Will said, watching Hannibal go, wanting his company more and more as the days drifted on.

A few moments later, Hannibal returned with the items and sat them down to spread out the blanket. He sat down, right next to Will, as he also craved his company and handed his fiance a glass of wine once poured. "I find that the strawberries enhance the flavor of the wine, which is not true to all, but certainly with this particular vintage."

Will swirled the wine and then sniffed it once, taking a gingerly sip and then hummed. “It’s very good.”

Hannibal watched with rapt attention, his eyes drifting to Will's lips instantly with a hum. "And now for a strawberry, hm?" he rumbled, plucking one from its holding place and bringing it to the Omega's lips, face nearing.

Will opened his mouth, pink lips stained with a bit of purple colored wine, his eyes never leaving Hannibal’s as the berry was placed. He took a bit, lips sucking the succulent flesh of the berry, and licked the remains away. “Mm.”

Hannibal pulled the berry back and took a small sip of his wine, letting a bit linger in his mouth as he moved in to share it with a slow, sensuous kiss. The flavor of berry coupled with the wine mixed beautifully on the tongue, as he laved them together. With a whisper, he cupped Will's jaw, breath warm over his mouth, and eyes gleaming with love, "Do you see how good it tastes? How perfect you taste..."

Will hummed, eyes closed as he enjoyed the moment, intimate and quiet, between them. Long lashes fluttered back open as he swallowed and sighed contently. “It’s wonderful.”

The Alpha hummed, with a nod, and licked his lips. He kissed Will again and then sat back to take a bite of a strawberry for himself, following it with wine as dark eyes rested on sea-blues. It occurred to Hannibal then, that a moment such a this could have been enjoyed years ago, if only he had not been so stubborn. In the distance, he saw Chiyoh heading into the woods, undoubtedly off for a hunt or target practice.

Will smiled over at Hannibal as he sipped more wine, and watched Chiyoh go. “Will she be coming to our wedding?”

"I have extended the invitation, yes, and I presume she will accept. Furthermore, it would seem appropriate for her to give you away, so to speak, should you wish her to do so," Hannibal smiled back, taking Will's hand to pressed a wine stained kiss over his wrist.

“I would like her to since my parents are dead,” Will said with a little whisper, watching Hannibal dote on him, happy for the way things had finally come to pass.

"I am sure she will be honored, Will" Hannibal nodded, speaking with quiet reverence. Winston, who had kept Hannibal company in Will's absence, and then sat by the Omega during his recovery, trotted over and plopped down onto the grass with a huff.

Will laughed and gave his dog a pet, and then rolled to snuggle him with one arm, still holding his glass in the other. “Silly dog.”

Hannibal chuckled, watching the two as he sipped his wine and gave the dog a pat. "He, like myself, is very glad to have you home. While I am grateful that Peter took excellent care of him, he is happiest with you."

“I did miss him. The dogs there weren’t nice,” Will said, biting the inside of his cheek.

"I imagine they were not," Hannibal said, jaw clenching momentarily. "Only serving as guards and nothing more."

Will downed his wine to forget the memory and laid his head in Hannibal’s lap, arm curled around his waist. He didn’t like when he felt Hannibal’s mood shift, even if the would be doctor never said a word. “I’m sorry.”

Hannibal's carded through Will's curls, and took a drink of wine, trying to the chase the taste of bile from his palate that had risen there at the thought. He was still not stable but was working to rectify his condition. With a tone not as soft as it had been, he took a breath, "You needn't be, William, it is not your fault."

“I shouldn’t say anything,” Will whispered, biting his tongue after that, wondering if fewer words from him would be much easier on them both. Will was good at keeping it in most of the time, but sometimes he was so awash with memories that he couldn’t hold in the bursting seams. He buried his head against Hannibal’s thigh, mind abuzz with wine.

"Keeping in such painful memories will do neither of us any good, Will," Hannibal said, and drank the last of his wine. "Eventually, I feel it would be helpful for you, and perhaps myself, to discuss it, should you be willing." The Alpha gazed down at his mate, with fond adoration, despite the unsavory thoughts of what had happened to his beloved at Muskrat farm.

Wanting nothing more than to avoid outbursts and backlash, Will shook his head against Hannibal’s leg, holding tighter. It wasn’t good for either of them, not when they had seen the fierce power of Will’s force against Hannibal, and Hannibal’s on Will, physically or mentally.

"As you wish, William," Hannibal said, letting it go for the time being. He watched Winston, who ran off to chase a bird and then picked up the bottle of wine in a change of subject. The

topic of their tumultuous past certainly wasn't something he wanted to go into now, knowing it would only set them both off. "More wine?"

Another shake of his head, Will didn't say a word, afraid of the words that might come spewing out. He instead rolled to his back, gazing up at Hannibal, then past him, at the sky, the birds, the trees. Spring was in full bloom.

Hannibal refilled his own, halfway and sat the bottle down, taking a sip. He looked down at Will and resumed stroking through his soft curls. While calm, outwardly, he was on the edge, and the slightest provocation would set him off until winds of quiet fury died to nothing again. Luckily, the weather, wine, and his mate's presence were working in his favor.

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Weeks passed and Will was mostly silent, afraid of his own words. Their wedding came up and Chiyoh stood to help him into his suit, a pale cream color with a light blue tie to match his eyes.

"You are so handsome, Will," she said, dusting off the blazer, the suit procured and tailored to the young Omega, who had since lost the pup weight. "Come, Hannibal won't want to be kept waiting."

Will nodded, and let Chiyoh lead him out, and down the stairs to the foyer of the backyard, where the double doors were opened and covered in beautiful lattice, and Hannibal and the priest he procured stood.

Hannibal was dressed in a dark brown suit, complementary to Will's yet a darker, more dominant tone. He didn't think of his fiance's silence nor of their past as he waited with the priest for his mate to join him at the front. There were a few guests in attendance, higher members of society to witness the joining of the two. When the Count saw his beloved, his heart beat faster, and a smile spread across his face as violin music began to play.

Chiyoh walked Will down the stairs slowly, to the aisle and past the people he didn't know, but he kept his vibrant blues on Hannibal, ablaze with love. Chiyoh then passed Will off to Hannibal with only a gentle warning look. Will took Hannibal's hands, his heart thudding in his chest so fast, he thought it might break free of his ribs.

The Alpha gently squeezed Will's hands, lips parted in awe as the priest began to speak. This was the moment he'd longed for since the Omega had first left him with Chiyoh, and even more so once he'd been taken by Mason's men. It was beautiful, the decor, the music, but most of all, the young man before him.

As the priest spoke, Will only stared at Hannibal, waiting his turn to say his part. Finally, when asked, Will answered simply with, "I do." Will slid Hannibal's ring on his finger, a lovely gold band with etched antlers in it.

The Priest turned to Hannibal to ask the same.

With a wealth of love in his glossy amber eyes, Hannibal gazed at Will and licked his lips before speaking. "William, I know that things have not always been as they are now, but I promise to love, honor and cherish you, to treat you with the utmost respect, now until my last breath," he said, and then when prompted slid the ring on the Omega's finger.

Will beamed, and wove their fingers together with both hands. The priest gestured. “You may now kiss your groom.”

Hannibal leaned in, ring glimmering and pressed a soft, loving kiss upon Will's lips, deepening it as the few people present stood and applauded. "I love you," he whispered, as he pulled back and the violin's music increased in a joyous tempo.

Will snuck another kiss, relishing the moment gently. “I love you, too.”

Beaming and hand in hand, Hannibal lead his husband down the aisle and over to the wedding feast he'd assisted in arranging. He had particular needs for the food served. As they walked, he winked, fondly at his dear friend and helper, Chiyoh. "I do believe a dance is in order," he said to Will, smiling.

Nodding, Will kept hold of Hannibal’s hand, letting him lead in any direction. As he was taken to the small dance floor off the dining room, he wrapped his other arm around Hannibal’s shoulders, resting his head there.

As the violinist began to play, in the new location, Hannibal wrapped an arm around Will's waist and began to twirl them elegantly around the dance floor. It was something that he had not partaken of in many a year. "You look breathtaking, William."

Having never danced, Will let Hannibal lead and push and pull as needed until he caught on to the fluid movements. “Thank you,” he replied, quietly. “As do you.”

Hannibal canted his head with a charming grin at the compliment, to show his appreciation and then spun Will out and back in, the guests in awe of the besotted couple as they moved about. The Alpha's temper was not totally known and on the dance floor he shined like a diamond, they both did. "How does it feel to be a Count, Mister Lecter?" he asked, increasing the pace when the music lead him to.

Will laughed and smiled brightly, keeping his answers between them with soft words, and a low tone. “So far, not too bad.”

"Good," Hannibal chuckled and then pulled Will closer, stealing a kiss as lead them effortlessly. He was in an excellent mood, the wedding, music, and exhibitionism aiding in that regard. "You are a fast learner, Will and should dance more often."

Smiling brighter at the compliment, Will’s skin glowed with a bright flush, the delight of it all bringing on a sudden bout of heat through his core. He pressed close to Hannibal, biting his own bottom lip.

Hannibal's eyes dilated, as he licked his lips, body heating up in response to Will's. Luckily, the music reached its crescendo and the Alpha dipped the Omega in a magnificent display,

pressing a hot, steamy kiss to the boy's mouth. "William..."

Both arms wrapped around Hannibal’s shoulders, pulling him in for a long, heady kiss, one leg curling around Hannibal’s hip. “Do we have to sit through dinner?”

"No, they are here more for their own benefit than our own," Hannibal murmured, righting their stance as he held his husband close. "Let them entertain themselves while we see to each other, hm?"

“Would hate to be rude,” Will said, but he was starting to sweat under his collar, his heat coming in full force skin pink and glistening.

"It is likely that they are scenting us both, even now, and will understand," Hannibal said, quietly, feeling eyes on them. He took hold of Will's hand and lead them towards the exit with a gracious bow to the guests, whispering to Chiyoh so that she could make their excuses. Once he'd done so, and they were out of sight, he picked his mate up into his arms and carried him up the stairs and into their room, setting Will down once across the threshold.

Will laughed, slipping his shoes off one his feet touched the floor once more. He was quick to make haste with removing his suit jacket and tie, tossing them onto a chair, laughing with glee. They’d sustained from actual sex, giving Will the time to heal properly.

Hannibal made quick work of his own clothing, laying each piece over the chair to put away properly later. He kept his eyes on Will the entire time, his cock throbbing and leaking at the tip. He was ready to ravage his husband, consummate their union officially. Once they were both undressed, he walked the younger man back to the bed, hands roving all over his body as he breathed in the Omega’s sweet heat stricken scent. "I have wanted to take you again for far too long..."

“Take me,” Will said quietly, leaning back against the bed, spreading himself, gazing up at Hannibal, tugging him down into a hot, hot kiss. “Please, Hannibal.”

"Always a pleasure," Hannibal rumbled, through desperate kisses. He positioned his bulbous head at Will's ready hole and plunged inside, grunting at the hot, wet squeeze. He started to move right away but worked to build his pace, not wanting to come too quickly, no, he would savor this.

The Omega head lolled back, exposing the white column of his neck, mating scar healed anew. He'd not had someone inside of him since Mason, and had not thought he ever would again. His body gripped his mate's cock solidly, holding and squeezing.

Were Will not in heat, Hannibal would have worked him open but knew that now, they simply needed each other without delay. He licked up the Omega’s neck with a possessive growl, ass flexing as he wrapped arms under his husband and fucked him harder. “Mm, William-”

“Hannibal-” the Omega groaned, swallowing thickly as a gasp escaped his mouth, making him fall apart faster. “Oh, please.”

Hannibal swiveled his hips, panting into Will's neck as he thrust and bucked like a wild beast. The Alpha kept their bodies close as sweat began to cover his skin. "Do you like it when I fuck you hard, Will? I am going to see you full of my pups," he rasped, his words punctuated with groans and grunts.

“Yes,” Will groaned, writhing and falling apart below his mate. “Fill me with your seed.

"How beautiful you will look, with your belly swollen and round," Hannibal roared, his mind more primal in his rut induced state. As his orgasm neared, the Count increased his pace, balls slapping and tongue spearing into his husband's mouth anew.

With that, Will came apart at the seams, and spilled around Hannibal’s cock, against his own stomach, grasping hard to the bed spread, fingers white as he tried to desperately to find some leverage. “Yes, fuck… Hannibal!”

The Alpha's muscles rippled as he drove into Will, relentlessly, dark strands of his hair falling into lust blown eyes. His knot began to throb, and he pumped two, three, four more times before drenching the Omega's walls, bodies locking together. Hannibal saw stars and sunk his teeth into the boy's neck with an inhuman sound as the waves of pleasure consumed him. "Will-!"

Will wrapped arms and legs around Hannibal, holding him there, shaking with primal lust as they started to come down slowly. He panted softly against Hannibal’s hair, eyes closed. It was so, so much better with the man he loved.

After sealing the bite with his tongue, Hannibal came again, pouring fertile seed into his husband in hopes of conception. He panted, catching his breath and brushed a curly tendril from Will's sweaty brow. There was nothing that was better than this feeling, their conjoining was heavenly, god-like. "The world has righted itself again, turned on its axis and breathed new life anew into my very soul, Mylimasis."

“I’m glad,” Will whispered, his words soft and chosen carefully. He opened his eyes after a moment, gazing up at Hannibal, still wrapped around him.

Hannibal peppered kiss on Will's face, gentler now that he was calming down from their fervent love making. He looked down into his Omega's eyes, and fortunately, did not think back to Mason, far too swept up in their union, maritally and primally speaking. "A day to remember..."

“A memory worth deleting a few for,” Will agreed, letting Hannibal’s scent wash over him, gloriously, and used it to wipe away a few memories.

"Yes, indeed it is," Hannibal said, likewise taking in Will's piquant aroma, noting how their scents mingled into an exquisite and pleasing bouquet. “Today marks the beginning of a new journey, Will, we will create the coordinates and go where we please.”

“Where do you want to go? To be?” Will asked, quietly, the most he’d spoken in weeks.

"I would love to show you Florence. Italy is not what it once was, but there is still much to do and see there," Hannibal suggested, his eyes taking on a new shine at the mere mention.

“And leave the castle?” Will asked, his body aching as the knot never ceased, even when he relaxed.

"Yes. We would keep the castle, obviously, and could return occasionally, possibly," Hannibal offered, watching Will's responses. "Bring the Winston, the horses, and Chiyoh, should she wish to accompany us."

“She might wish to stay here and watch over everything,” Will whispered, knowing Chiyoh well enough, and now that Will and Hannibal were mated and married, there was little for her to protect.

"I suspect you're right, how would that make you feel?" Hannibal asked, after leaning in to kiss Will's lips softly, stroking his cheek. While he cared for Chiyoh, in his own way, would prefer it be just he and Will, conquering the world alone. Of course, he also wished for a pup, but he was certain that would come soon.

“Please don’t psychoanalyze me right now,” Will whispered, against Hannibal’s lips, gently, nipping at them lightly. Chiyoh wanted her own life, Will wanted her to have it, too.

The would be doctor chuckled at that, over Will's lips, and then nipped back in understanding. "So you agree then? We will relocate to Florence once heat has passed?"

“Yes,” Will agreed, gazing lovingly up at Hannibal, everything else in the world seemed nonexistent.

"Good," Hannibal murmured, taking in the flecks of color in Will's eyes, that hint of gold around the pupil, stunning. "I do hope our pup has your eyes, Will."

“Me too,” Will whispered, kissing Hannibal again, softly.

The Alpha pressed down into Will's body, drawing him up close once more as he kissed back, languid and deep. "William..."

Will groaned at how deep and hard Hannibal was inside of him even still. “I love you.”

"I love you too," Hannibal rumbled, still caught in the pleasurable clutch of Will's body, relishing it.

“Do you think it will stick the first time?” Will asked, desperate to get a pup that was Hannibal’s inside of him, to wash away anything of Mason left over.

"I believe it will, yes, your body has conditioned itself for such," Hannibal explained, referring to Will's first pregnancy without directly stating as much. "Nonetheless, I will mate you thoroughly and in a variety of positions to ensure that you will be ripe with a pup or two, dear boy."

“Two?” Will asked, brow raised up at Hannibal with a smile.

"I will not be greedy, be it one or two," Hannibal smiled back, finding his husband's expression all too intoxicating as his knot started to slowly go down.

“What would I do with two pups?” Will laughed, just imagining the tiresome way they would run him ragged.

"Well the responsibility would not be yours alone," Hannibal reminded with a chuckle, not particularly minding one way or another. Most Alphas wanted two or more, but Hannibal would be more than happy with at least one. "But I do agree that two would require much vigilance on both our parts, Mylimasis."

Will wanted at least one, happy, healthy pup he got to keep and hold. His body ached for the one he gave away every day, even if he never said a word to Hannibal about it. “Whatever we end up with, we’ll love them.”

"We will," Hannibal agreed, and kissed Will again, thinking of all the ways in which he wanted to spoil their pup. He'd senses melancholy in his mate, and knew it was likely due to the loss of his first pup but did not push, as he normally might have otherwise. "He or she shall want for nothing and neither shall you."

The world was dangerous, as Will knew, and he only hoped they could protect whatever their pup ended up being. “Okay…” He held the kiss, hands on Hannibal’s smooth face.

Hannibal hummed and gazed at Will, carding through his curls, reverently. "Do you wish for a girl or a boy, Will?" he asked, smiling at his husband. "I would be glad with either, so long as they are healthy.”

“Either,” Will said, quietly, not going to mention the gender of his first pup.

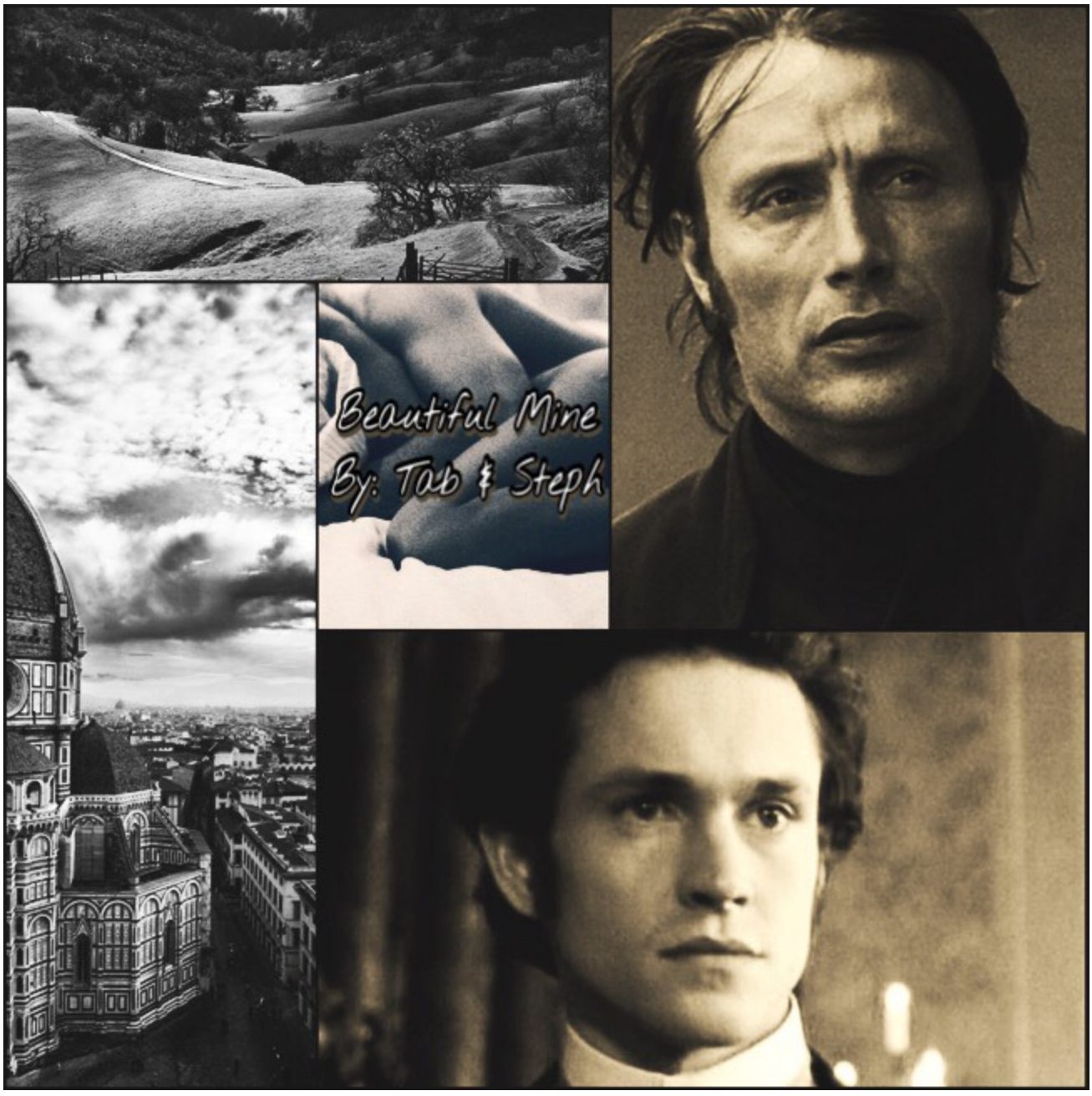
Hannibal didn't ask, though he did wonder; his curiosity over Will’s first just brimming beneath the surface. He let a soothing purr resound from his chest and kissed his husband’s jaw in hopes of offering reassurance, comfort. "We will just see what fate and circumstances bring us, hm?"

“So long as our pup breathes, I won’t care what it is,” Will sighed, contently, never in all his life did he think he’d be here, married, and talking about pups.

It wasn't something Hannibal thought of much either, he did know, eventually, he would need to have an heir but certainly did not think it would be with someone he loved. Now that he found himself here, he couldn't be happier. "Agreed, Will, certainly."

Chapter 12

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened, Identically_Different



Will's heat and their honeymoon was spent in the Lecter Master Suite, and once it was over, they packed their bags and the dog, leaving Chiyoh to look over the horses and the Estate for now. They used the car Hannibal had found and stolen gasoline from Mason to get them there.

The drive to Florence had taken a day roughly, due to stops for Winston, but at last they arrived, and Hannibal spent the next few days, with Will's help getting the villa he'd procured long ago, setup and perfected. Fortunately no looters had bothered it, though it was in a fairly desolate location near the water, and had been locked down tightly.

"I do hope you find our new home to be to your liking, Will," Hannibal said, arching a barely there brow as he took a seat in the living room once he'd started a fire.

“It’s nice,” Will said, having put all their things away, and then stripped down to linens pants only, and curled up with Hannibal, to his side.

"It is, yes," the Count agreed, watching Winston circle the carpet, sniffing until he found a proper place to lie down. The Alpha, also shirtless, wrapped his arm around Will, a glass of port in his left hand as the golden glow from the fire illuminated his otherwise dark eyes. "You'll also be happy to note that this region is known for successful fishing endeavors."

“I saw the beachfront out there,” Will said, snuggling into Hannibal. “I’ll do what I can before I get pregnant.”

"Which you may already be," Hannibal pointed out, knowing it was too soon to tell yet, but he was hopeful. Leaning over into his husband, the Alpha nosed into Will’s hair, sighing contentedly. "But even then, fishing should prove to be no hardship, at least not at much."

“Are you suggesting I need to stay active and in shape, and not lazy and plump sitting around on the sofa all day?” Will asked, a twinkling look in his eyes, playful.

"Exercise would prove beneficial for the health of our pup, as well as your own," Hannibal chuckled, with a wink and then nipped at his mate's jaw. He loved Will's humor, it ensured his own remained positive in nature. "Should you become plump, I will cherish every delicate curve of your body, dear boy."

“I…” Will started to say, that he didn’t before but instead he took Hannibal’s glass from him and set it aside, and crawled into his lap. “I won’t.”

Hannibal ticked his head to the side, just a fraction with slightly narrowed eyes that quickly brightened as Will climbed on his lap. He observed his clever boy, trying to divert his attentions from the obvious almost slip up, but said nothing as large hands slid down his Omega's sides. "I suppose we shall see with time, won't we, Mylimasis, hm?"

“You’ll feed me lots of pasta, and I won’t be able to help but be fat with your pup,” Will whispered slyly, kissing Hannibal slowly.

"Lots of protein, as well, as it is important to see to it that you are properly fed," Hannibal murmured, kissing Will back, sharp teeth scraping over his lower lip. "An Alpha *always* provides..."

Will groaned, laving his tongue over Hannibal’s teeth. “You’ve been good to me lately, I know you’ll provide.”

"I shall, and then some," Hannibal promised, pressing his hips up into the soft swell of his husband's ass, flicking his tongue out to meet Will's. "There is nothing I would not do for you, and our pup to be."

“I love you,” Will said, happy with how good Hannibal had been, how they were working out perfectly. Will kept his comments to himself, and everything was as it should be.

"I love you, Will," Hannibal said back, and leaned forward to kiss his husband's lips. He'd made great strides in controlling his temper and while he wasn't out of the clear totally, he was confident he would be soon enough.

Will ground his barely clad hips down on Hannibal’s, biting at his lips. “Good. You better.” he teased.

"I would not wish to let you down," Hannibal grinned, slipping his hands inside Will's pants, gripping his hips. "But trust that I do love you, more than words in any language can hope to express."

“Where shall we christen our new home first?” Will asked with a smirk, loving every inch of Hannibal’s hot hands on him.

"Mm, eventually everywhere," Hannibal crooned, licking his shapely lips, and trailing his fingers to knead Will's ass. "But I quite like this setting, that and I do not wish to let you go, or part from your flesh for even a moment."

“Here then,” Will groaned, slipping up to his knees to let his pants fall around his slim thighs.

Hannibal assisted in removing Will's pants completely, freeing his own cock from the confines of his trousers next. "Yes...here is perfect," he growled, and guided Will to sit atop his very hard cock. "Ah, William..."

Will slid down, and sheathed his husband’s cock with his undeniable warmth,shivering with anticipation, fingers gripped into his bare shoulders. “Hannibal…” he breathed out through pink lips.

Cupping Will's plush cheeks with his broad palms, Hannibal spread them open even more and angled his hips up to seat himself deeper. He captured the Omega's lips as he groaned deeply. "Take what you seek, Mylimasis..."

Will sat back to take Hannibal as deep as he could, and then started to ride him, panting as his lithe form bobbed and bucked, sweat collecting on his shoulders. Nothing was as good as Hannibal, and nothing ever would be.

Hannibal kept his eyes on Will's as he was ridden, watching his curls bounce and taking in every beautiful expression on his husband's face. The Omega was more beautifully sculpted than the David, he mused, as he leaned forward to take a pert nipple between his lips.

Will held the back of Hannibal’s head, keeping in there as he gasped and groaned, riding and undulating. “Hannibal…”

"William..." Hannibal growled, around the boy's nipple, worrying it with sharp teeth and flicks of smooth muscle. He gripped Will's hips, hard, and started fucking up into the hot clutch of the Omega's body with powerful, wild abandon.

Writhing hard, Will started to come, floods of warmth down Hannibal's cock, and spraying against his husband's stomach. "Mm…" he managed, still riding out the waves, trying to milk the same from Hannibal.

"Perfect," Hannibal groaned, grunting at the squeeze around his thick shaft. Milk him, Will did, and with a few more thrusts, he was coming too, knot locking them together as hot fluid exploded from his cock like a geyser. As his body took him through his release, he covered the Omega's mouth and licked inside, insistently, chest heaving.

Will stilled in Hannibal's lap, panting hot breaths against his mouth, the thick musk of their fucking hung thick in the room around them. "I love you."

"And I you, William, profoundly," Hannibal murmured, fingers skating up and down his mate's spine, counting the vertebrae there. He could never tire of this, nor of him.

Locked together, Will wrapped his arms around Hannibal's shoulders, sighing contentedly. "What are we having for dinner?" He was famished.

"Stuffed chicken marsala with angel hair pasta," Hannibal said, remembering how Will had mentioned the pasta he'd feed him. He thought the irony to be quite amusing. The Alpha leaned in and inhaled Will's neck, assessing him by scent and then kissed there.

"Do I smell different yet?" Will asked, softly, remembering that Mason had scented him a week or so after conceiving and was able to tell.

"Yes," Hannibal smiled, looking into Will's eyes as he leaned back and tilted his head. He could only assume that it had elicited a memory of the vile Mason Verger, but he didn't let it show that he'd noticed. "Sweeter, a bit like mandarin and lavender."

Will smiled down at Hannibal, kissing his lips softly. "I'll bet there is at least one pup then…"

The Alphan Count kissed Will back, suckling his lips, gently, with a pleased hum. "I would wager that there is, yes. A test would confirm as much if I can procure one on our next outing, hm?"

"How would you do that?" Will asked, willing to wait and be surprised, but he knew that with his scent changing it was very likely the beginning.

"Occasionally they are sold at the markets, remnants and reminders of a life nearly forgotten," Hannibal explained, tucking a tendril behind Will's elf-like ears. "However, it is certainly not required, as I said, your scent is delightfully changed, poignant."

"Then let's just be surprised," Will offered, smiling against Hannibal's lips, happier than he'd ever been, though that wasn't saying much considering the life he'd had until now.

"Agreed," Hannibal smiled back, and nosed against Will's jaw, arms around his waist. He felt his body responding to the younger man's hormone shift, a fierce protectiveness swelling in his breast. "I will start supper as soon as I am able and we've cleaned ourselves up."

“Sounds wonderful,” Will sighed, and by the time Hannibal’s knot went down, he was languid in the would be doctor’s arms.

Hannibal kissed Will's lips, idly stroking his back, just enjoying the sweet intimacy. "I believe we are able to move once again. Shall I prepare you a bath first?"

“I can do it, the water will take time to heat anyway,” Will murmured, sweetly, and kissed Hannibal’s neck. He slipped off his lap, coyly looking over his shoulder at him as he picked up his clothes.

Narrowing his eyes with playful seduction, Hannibal watched Will as he gathered his clothes. He stood next, and did up his pants, redressing. "I'll start cooking then, before you tempt me once more with your alluring siren call."

“Are you angry with my mating call to you?” Will asked, remembering a time when Hannibal would have backhanded him for doing just that, and for the words that slipped past his lips just then.

Hannibal had forgotten having said those words, his rage then and remorse for his actions blocking them out. He walked over to Will and hooked his arms around his shoulders, and looked deeply into his eyes. "No, dear boy, I am not. In truth, I was not angry with you back then...I was with myself, with how things had come to pass. It is of no excuse but alas, I thought it best to make it clear now."

“How long have you loved me then?” Will asked, whispering the words, needing to hear them, even if the thought of being without Hannibal’s love all those years was treacherous.

"While I never believed in such things as love at first glance, once I met you, it became all too apparent to me that it was precisely what had occurred," Hannibal confessed, holding Will close, not willing to let go. "I have loved you since then and will continue to do so, all my life, Will."

Will tucked his nose in against Hannibal’s neck, scenting him with a low purr that rumbled through him. He idly wondered what might have been if Mischa lived. “And I you.”

Hannibal responded with a deep Alpha purr of his own, scenting Will back with fond appreciation. He too had pondered over what might have been, had Mischa never passed, but didn't make mention of it. "I am relieved to hear it, William, and only wish I would have awoken to the truth of such long before now."

“We’re here now,” Will whispered and kissed Hannibal sweetly before prying himself away. “You’ll never lose me again.”

"Indeed we are, and likewise, I will never let you go," Hannibal whispered back, placing his hands into his trouser pockets. "You are mine, now and always, just as I am yours."

Will grinned at that, pecking Hannibal’s high cheekbone, and then scurried off upstairs to warm his water for a bath.

Hannibal watched him go, a smile playing over his features and then went into the kitchen to begin gathering the ingredients. Once he had everything ready, he went to the wood burning stove and started to cook. The smells were heavenly and hung thickly in the air, tantalizing the Alpha's senses and making his belly rumble with hunger.

***

After a long bath, Will came down for dinner, freshly cleaned, and Winston trailing behind him. He wore a silk robe that Chiyoh had gotten for him from her travels. He flounced into the kitchen with a smile and wet curls.

“It smells amazing.”

Hannibal turned and smiled at Will, drinking him in from head to toe. His mate looked positively radiant, and the Alpha couldn't resist sneaking a quick kiss in between his task of cooking.

"Thank you, Mylimasis, and your timing is impeccable as it just finishing now."

“I am starved,” Will whispered, leaning into Hannibal’s side for just a moment, and then went to gather two plates for them both.

“I am quite famished myself,” Hannibal smiled and went to portion out the food onto the plates Will had gathered. “No wine tonight, hm? Just to be cautious.”

“I won’t drink, if you want to,” Will offered, getting two mugs for water instead.

"It would be unfair of me to partake when you cannot," Hannibal agreed, and took their plates to the table, which he'd lit with two long candlesticks. Once he'd sat them down, he centered the floral arrangement he'd hand picked and pulled the chair out for his husband.

Will sat the waters down and then took a seat. “That’s kind of you.”

After pushing in Will's chair, Hannibal took a seat, placing the cloth napkin in his lap. He felt a need to protect and treat his husband with extra care, being almost positive he was with pup. "Certainly, Will."

Will took a bite first and then hummed. He knew Hannibal waited to see if he liked it first. “It’s really good,” the boy said, ravenous, and started to eat with some haste, like he could not get enough.

Pleased, Hannibal nodded his thanks and hummed. "Good. I find the mushrooms add an especially nice touch, paired with the sauce," he said and then cut into his, pulling the fork slowly from his lips once he'd taken a bite. He closed his eyes and let it roll around his tongue before he chewed and swallowed. It would pair nicely with wine but alas.

Will really wouldn’t mind, he didn’t really enjoy wine that much anyway, but did so because he knew Hannibal did, and had been taught to like it when he was with Mason. Not having it was fine. “You really can have wine if you’d like…” Will said with raised brows as he ate. “I don’t mind.”

"If you're positive, then yes, I will have a glass," Hannibal decided, able to tell that Will was sincere. He rose from the table after excusing himself and went to get a bottle that he knew would go well with the meal. Once he returned, he poured himself a glass, and swirled it in the crystal before sniffing and taking a sip. "Ah, much better."

“See?” Will smiled and went back to eating his meal, hungrily. “Good?”

"It is, yes," Hannibal nodded with a smile and took another bite of his meal. Winston padded over and put his face on Will's thigh, hoping to get some chicken as big eyes watched each bite. Hannibal raised a brow at that, but decided to let his husband handle things.

Will pushed Winston away with his leg. “No begging,” he said, finishing his own food. “You get fed later.”

Satisfied, Hannibal took a sip of his wine, and ate another bite as Winston went to lay down. "The robe suits you well, William."

Will grinned, crossing his legs so his leg jutted out toward Hannibal, completely bare. “You think so?”

"I do, without question," Hannibal winked, and ran his hand over Will's leg, just briefly before returning it to lift his wine once more. "The color brings out your eyes. Had I not just taken you, I would be tempted to do so again."

“Nothing is stopping you,” Will said, rising to take their plates to the kitchen to clean them.

Hannibal rose from his chair, once he'd finished the rest of the wine in his glass and rolled up his sleeves. "I do love your appetite, William," he smirked, flirtatiously as he started drying each plate and putting them away. "Trust that I *will* take you up on your very generous offer."

“You are always *up*,” Will grinned over at Hannibal as he washed and his husband dried.

Hannibal chuckled, in a way he never did with anyone but Will and side eyed him playfully as he took the next plate. "You inspire me to be nothing less than that, dear boy."

Will grinned over at Hannibal cheekily, glad to be able to be himself around his mate and husband, that he’d never be reprimanded for it again. “I should hope not.”

The Alpha had made great progress, but only time would tell if anything would seep through the cracks. Nonetheless, he was happy to see Will opening up and being himself. "You have nothing to worry about in that regard, as I’m sure you will always motivate me."

Will finished and then hopped up on the counter and robe going up his lean thighs. “Good to know.”

Hannibal licked his lips, dark eyes cast up to meet sea-blues, and moved to stand in between Will's legs. Without a word, he untied the robe, and opened it. Slowly, he trailed his hand down the Omega's abdomen before leaning down to take his cock in his mouth, all the way to the hilt.

“Dessert?” Will whispered, hands carded through Hannibal’s hair as he leaned back, watching him devour his cock whole.

Humming his answer, Hannibal grinned around Will's cock and looked up at him with fierce maroon eyes. He bobbed his head up and down along the shaft, laving his tongue as he went, wanting to bring his young mate as much pleasure as he could stand, leave him spent and sated.

Will fell back on one elbow and tugged hard with his other hand on Hannibal’s hair, grounding. “That’s nice,” he whispered, biting his own bottom lip.

Hannibal groaned, slipping both hands under Will's cheeks and effortlessly, lifted his hips as he swallowed him down again and again. He loved the sounds and words that came from his husband as he feasted on his smaller cock, his own hard anew and leaking.

Head lolled back on his neck, Will panted out Hannibal’s name, tugging on his hair gently. “Going to suck me dry or fuck me?”

"Such profanity," Hannibal said, with a cluck of his tongue after he popped off and put Will back down onto the counter. He made quick work of pulling out his cock and thrusted into Will, gripping his thighs as he started to move. "I assume..this answers..your question. Ah, William-"

“Yes-” the boy said, flushed all over, head back, and legs curled up to the counter for leverage. “Harder, Hannibal.”

"Greedy boy," Hannibal growled, seductively, and started driving into Will with ferocious abandon. He kept his eyes trained on his mate's, balls slapping and knees slightly bent to get a good angle.

Will pushed his ass off the counter and angled down against Hannibal's cock. Will's jaw dropped, utterly entranced by his husband's ability to make him come every single time.

Hannibal all but howled, his own release nearing and threatening to spill as he worked up to an even harder, faster pace. There was nothing better than being inside his boy, having his love and feeling their bodies as they melded together as one. "Oh, Will, yes-"

Falling apart, Will came for a second time that day, gasping, panting and covering himself I come as he dripped down Hannibal's cock. “Hanni-”

The Count came next, shooting what seemed like an endless stream of hot nectar into his husband, as his knot locked and sealed them together. Hannibal kissed Will, breath ragged, “I love you-”

Will collapsed against the counter,heaving breaths. “I love you.”

Hannibal leaned forward, his face resting against Will’s chest, panting rapidly there. “Every time with you feels as wondrous as the first…”

Will held Hannibal there, sighing softly, fingers brushing through his sweaty hair. “I adore you, husband…”

Heart racing, Hannibal kissed Will languidly for that, fingers curling into impossibly soft curls. “And I, you, my William.”

***

Later in the evening after another bath, Will took Winston out for a run by the beach, no one in sight, save for one man out walking his dog as well. Will scented the man out, a Beta, and not exactly hostile but not really friendly either. Will and Winston ran by with a nod, and the man gazed after them. On the way back, the man was gone.

Will walked back into the villa, feet sandy. “Do we have neighbors?”

Hannibal looked up from his sketching, eyeing the sand being tracked in but more concerned with Will's line of questioning. "Not that I am aware, not for some miles, why do you ask?" the Alpha inquired, putting his pencil down momentarily.

“There was another man on the beach with his dog,” Will stated. “A Beta.”

"I do not want you going out for runs alone again, Will," Hannibal said, standing from his seated position, to go retrieve a broom. "Not until I have had time to look into the matter. It may be harmless but I suspect it is not, especially in times such as these."

“He was slightly older than you. Darker skin.” Will took the broom from Hannibal to clean off his feet with and then sweep it up.

"Did he try to speak to you, or behave in any sort of peculiar way?" Hannibal asked, wanting to get a good visual of this Beta, it wasn't setting right with him. "And build wise?"

“Stocky? He didn’t say anything. Looked at me funny but when I came back around he was gone,” Will shrugged, and swept up the sand and threw it out. He wasn’t overly worried.

"I see, well nonetheless, I would prefer to accompany you, when next you decide to venture out," Hannibal offered, though it wasn't really an option, he felt especially protective of his husband given his changed scent. That and he would not lose Will to the foul hands of a Beta, as he'd lost Mischa. The Alpha looked at his Omega, and the cleaned floor and smiled, gesturing. "Thank you."

Will smiled and set the broom back and padded over with bare feet to kiss Hannibal’s cheek. “I will ask you next time to come with me.”

"Good, it is all for the best," Hannibal nodded, and smiled at the kiss, loving the affection from his husband. He realized then, just how much Will had changed him, how they'd

changed each other.

Wrapping his arms around Hannibal’s shoulders, Will sighed contently. “I know. No mistakes this time.”

Humming, the Alpha leaned forward to nuzzle his mate, scent marking him thoroughly. So much so that he began to purr, deeply, something he didn't allow himself to always partake of but biology was hard to control.

Will hugged Hannibal tighter, kissing his face over and over again. “I love you. I do not want to leave your side by my own will or someone else’s ever again.

"I will do everything in my power to see that we never part," Hannibal agreed, kissing him back almost desperately at the thought of losing him. "My love for you is more vast than all of the oceans, Will, I do hope you know that to be true."

“I do now,” Will whispered, sweetly, smiling against Hannibal’s lips. Nothing could part them.

Hannibal grinned, over Will's lips and brushed them together, tasting one between his own. He had meant every word he'd said back in Lithuania, as to the fate that would befall any who tried to come between them. "Would you like some tea before we settle in for slumber?"

“If you’ve made some, I will take some,” Will whispered, sighing contently as his slender shoulders rose and fell softly.

"I have," Hannibal whispered back, and kissed down Will's jaw, to his shoulders before stepping back to bring the tea. "Would you like a lemon cake to accompany your beverage, Mylimasis?"

“You made cake, too?” Will asked, following Hannibal like a little pup.

"I did, I thought you might like something sweet," Hannibal answered, looking over his shoulder at his husband, smiling fondly. He set about pouring two cups of tea, and then put out two pieces of the soft cake onto saucers, with a fork on the side. "There is nothing wrong with the occasional indulgence."

“You’re spoiling me,” Will sighed, and took his tea and cake into his hands.

"Should I not spoil my husband and our pup to be?" Hannibal asked, with a peaked barely there brow and placed his hand gently over Will's belly.

“You may,” Will said and went to sit at the table with his drink and treat.

Hannibal nodded and walked over to sit down, bringing the milk and honey with him. After arranging everything out onto the table he looked at Will, studying him with keen eyes. Silently, he sipped his tea, once he'd added a bit of milk.

Will took his plain, but ate the cake with gusto, licking the fork clean, and then sipped the tea. “Why are you staring at me?”

The Alpha chuckled at that, quietly, and took another slow sip of his tea, gather cake on his fork. "Does it bother you that I wish to admire my mate? That I enjoy taking in beauty?"

“No. I just… wanted to be sure I wasn’t doing anything wrong, or that you disliked,” Will said, sipping his tea more slowly. “You used to hound on me a lot for eating wrong.”

"I remember, all too well," Hannibal said, quietly, and took a bite of his cake, wiping his mouth afterwards. He struggled then, not liking that his former treatment was being brought to light once again, but also he truly felt remorse for how he'd been. Choosing a happy medium, he looked into his husband's eyes, speaking to his hope that it would laid to rest, along with an apology, "I can only hope that someday you forgive me, Will."

“I do,” Will said, reaching over to take Hannibal’s free hand. “I just want to be sure I don’t do anything to upset our happiness.”

"I would never hurt you again, William, or wish to see our happiness destroyed, of that you can be certain," Hannibal said, holding Will's hand, stroking there. "I want you to be who you feel you are, and know that I love every last part of what you might become."

“As long as my sandy feet aren’t coming with me?” Will asked, coyly.

Hannibal grinned and took another sip of tea. "Sandy feet merely need to be swept off, which I intend to always do," he replied smoothly, enjoying his little pun.

Will curled his toes under the table against Hannibal’s leg. “I’m glad you’re not mad about that.”

"It was resolved easy enough," Hannibal smiled, a twinkle in his eye as Will rubbed his leg. "But if you do it again, I may have to eat those toes."

“You wouldn’t!” Will said, snatching his fee back, tucking them under his bottom in the chair.

"Oh but I might, in some places the eating of the feet is considered to be a delicacy," Hannibal winked, and then finished his cake. "But worry not, I could not eat yours, they are so lovely."

Will narrowed his eyes slightly. “Not mine?”

"Naturally I am referring the feet of swine, Will," Hannibal explained, and kissed his husband's hand. "There are many ways to consume pork. Surely you've heard before now."

Will’s stomach coiled and he had to take a deep breath as he nodded. “Mhm,” he managed, and then stood, taking his dishes to the kitchen.

Hannibal tilted his head and then rose, following him into the kitchen. "You are quite the paradox, William. You speak of our happiness and now you seem anything but, I did not realize my sense of humor was that appalling."

“I had my share of pork,” Will said, washing off his plate and then his tea cup and saucer. Bile bubbled in his throat, making him want to bend over into the sink and hurl right there. “Sorry…”

"So you have," Hannibal said, his tone a bit flat as the memory of Mason Verger burned inside his mind. The beast was rattling in its cage yet again, threatening to bear its teeth and howl. "It was not my intention to provoke such horrific memories."

Will felt his stomach churn, and he held his belly with one arm, turning to Hannibal to press his nose into his scent gland to calm him, instead of running. “I’m trying not to let it flood me and bog me down. I’m sorry. I’m so sorry…”

Hannibal swallowed down bile of his own, and with it, venomous words that he might have otherwise said and then regretted. With a calming breath and inhalation of Will's scent, he wrapped his arms around his husband. "No, William, shh, it is alright. I promised you I would not let anything come between us and our happiness, that also extends to myself," he promised, and nuzzled the Omega back. "I do think we should speak of this, as if we do not, it will always resurface in one form or another. Come...let us retire for the night."

Will nodded, staying in Hannibal’s arms. “I’ll… talk about it if you want.” He was reluctant, of course, but if Hannibal wanted to hear, he would tell him the gorey, awful details.

Hannibal always wanted to know more, was always seeking knowledge and insight into the mind and heart of his husband. "Whenever you feel comfortable doing so, Will. I would not wish to cause you upset, especially if you are with pup."

“And I would not wish to cause you upset with what happened,” Will sighed, mostly he just wanted to talk about the pup he gave away, and the loss he felt.

"While it may not be pleasant, sometimes relieving yourself of pent up burdens, can prove to be therapeutic," Hannibal offered, and leaned down to kiss his mate's brow. "I want you to feel as though you can speak to me about anything."

Will took Hannibal’s hands and lead them up the stairs. “I miss my pup. I can’t help it, but I know he’s in better care with Margot.”

"I do not fault you for that, Will, but I must ask, why do you think he's in better care with Margot?" Hannibal asked, only now learning that it had been a boy. He wondered then, if it would be an Alpha, Omega or a Beta. It was certainly not easy to hear, but he followed him to their room all the same, listening.

“It being a Verger, and Margot being unable to conceive, it was right to hand the pup to her to raise. I… thought I’d get out and back to you, and you wouldn’t want him around, it’d be hard, and strange,” Will stammered, explaining, tears brimming in his eyes.

"What you did speaks to your heart, you should not feel shame," Hannibal said and guided Will to the bed, holding him close to offer his soothing scent. "It would have difficult at first perhaps, yes, but you did as you thought best."

Will sat, pulling Hannibal over him in bed, scenting him. “Yeah. I did. He’ll live well.”

Hannibal brushed Will's hair from his face, and gazed down at him. "He will and do not forget about the one likely growing inside you now."

“How could I forget *our* pup?” Will asked, feeling slightly dismissed on his loss, but let it go. He’d told Hannibal, and that was that. He curled into the bed and tugged Hannibal around him.

It wasn't Hannibal's intention to dismiss Will's loss, he was merely giving him the chance to speak freely. "I simply meant you have another opportunity for happiness, William. However, it is not impossible to reclaim your first. I could help you, if you ask me to," he offered, and held his husband.

“It’s fine. I want to focus on our pup,” Will said, curling himself around Hannibal.

"As you wish," Hannibal nodded but said nothing more, and stared up at the ceiling, the moonlight illuminating the room as he stroked Will's skin. Winston came and curled up on the floor on the Omega's side, preparing for sleep.

“I love you,” Will reassured, curling his fingers into Hannibal’s chest hair, content at his side.

"I love you too," Hannibal said back, his defenses weakening at that. Only Will could affect him in such a way. He cast a glance over at the Omega, and leaned in to kiss his lips, twice. "And I always will."

Chapter 13

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened, Identically_Different

Months passed and Will started to show, his belly growing round and firm. His walks and fishing trips were accompanied by Hannibal as they got to know each other. Will didn't see the man again in that time, until one evening Winston ran off, and Will after him the best he could. The dog stopped at the sight of another dog, at the man's feet.

“Winston! Come on, boy, we gotta head back,” Will said and went to grab around the collar. “Sorry about that.” he started to tug Winston back.

“You're an Omega,” the man stated, staring at Will and his pregnant form.

Will bristled, and nodded. “Yeah, I am. I gotta get back.”

“I don't want to hurt you,” the man replied calmly, taking a step closer when Will stepped back. “I want to help you.”

“Help me?”

“You're being held by that Alpha? Count Lecter? I can help you escape him. We will find you space to live, you can raise your pup free.”

Will swallowed hard, sinking back into captive memories with Mason. “That's my husband, not my jailer.”

“The marks on you suggested otherwise.” Jack gestured to a few scars on Will's arm from Mason.

“That wasn't from him. I'm fine. Please go and mind your own business. He doesn't like intruders.” Will tutted Winston along as they jogged back to the house.

Hannibal was standing outside, tending to the flowers as Will jogged back. He took off his gloves and stood, scenting the air. "William, are you alright?" he asked, walking closer, each step providing more evidence to the contrary.

“Winston ran off, had to go after him,” Will sighed, frowning as he approached Hannibal. “I saw that man again.”

The Alpha's eyes narrowed at that, his nostrils flaring as he placed both hands on Will's shoulders, protectively. "What did he say?"

“He asked if I was being held captive by you, and that he wanted to help me,” Will explained, looking up at Hannibal.

"A Beta vigilante," Hannibal mused, aloud, looking over every bit of skin. The Count lead his husband inside, and locked the door. "Rare in our new world, as most seek to destroy Omegas. What did you tell him, Will?"

“I told him we were married and not a captive,” Will said, hand in Hannibal’s. “He didn’t like Alphas.”

"Was he from here or American, perhaps?" Hannibal asked, gathering information to add along with the Beta's scent and the description Will had given him when he'd first encountered the man. "We will keep an eye out for him. All too often what vigilante's think is justice is anything but."

“American, I think,” Will sighed, wrapping arms around Hannibal.

"Hm, I see. Thank you, Will," Hannibal said, resting his chin into his husband's curls, as he held him, his eyes flashing dark at the thought of this Beta who was trying to come between

them. "The matter will be handled, hm? Do you trust me on that?"

“Yes,” Will said, hardly worried, but he didn’t want to be taken from Hannibal again. He wouldn’t survive.

"Good," Hannibal said back, and leaned down to kiss his husband softly. He would not survive without his mate either, nor would anyone who tried to separate them. "I will let no one take you from me, dear boy."

“I know,” Will said, well able to take care of himself, having nearly gotten away from Mason, but with his condition now, belly protruding out over his pants, he had to be careful.

Hannibal trailed his hand down, over Will's belly, and sighed. "I love you both, infinitely, Will." He took another moment to scent his husband, and pursed his lips. "How are you feeling? Do you require anything? You need only tell me and I will do my best to make it so."

Will shook his head, loving the feel of Hannibal’s hands on his belly, loving and gentle in ways he never knew he needed it before. “No. Happy to just be here with you.”

"As am I," Hannibal said, far more loving and gentle than he'd ever been. He guided them to the chaise lounge, near the fire, and pulled his husband onto his lap. "Tomorrow might be a good day for another outing, I would like to seek out this Beta, since he is set on seeking you."

“What if he tries something?” Will asked, laying down with Hannibal, curled up and putting his husband’s hand over his belly.

Hannibal rubbed Will's bump, soothingly, and watched his mate intently. "Then it will be to his detriment, you and our pup, however, will remain unharmed."

Will hummed at that, and gazed up at Hannibal. “What do you suppose our pup is?”

"Given the placement of your bump, and what the old midwives of yesterday would have said, I'd have to guess a little girl, though I would be happy with either sex," Hannibal answered, nuzzling into Will, breathing him in. "Do you have any premonitions as to what our pup might be? Or a preference?"

“Girl,” Will said with a smile, “I keep having vivid dreams of a little girl, seeing signs of her everywhere.”

A little girl, one who Hannibal would spoil and never fail her as he had done with his beloved sister. Smiling back, the Count's eyes sparkled, the fire assisting in their illumination and stroked Will's cheek. "And have you considered a name, should your dreams turn into reality?"

“Abigail,” Will whispered, rubbing his palm over the bottom of his belly.

"Yes, perfect, Mylimasis" Hannibal hummed, still caressing his husband, lovingly. "The name means a father's joy, and Abigail, in the old testament, was described as good in discretion,

intelligent, and beautiful in form...I could not think of a more appropriate name than that for our little Countess."

Will pulled Hannibal down to him for a kiss, sweetly. “She will be a lovely Countess.”

"That she will be, with eyes more blue than the most beautiful of oceans and curls softer than silk," Hannibal murmured, kissing Will back with soft, sweet pecks.

“I hope she has blue eyes so you aren’t disappointed,” Will whispered with a grin against Hannibal’s lips, softly and content.

"I will love her no matter what color her eyes are made known to be," Hannibal whispered back, smiling, and ran the tip of his tongue over Will's lower lip. "I will teach her to play an instrument, and be the finest rider in all of Italy; she will want for nothing, even in times such as these."

Will knew nothing of life before the wars, but he trusted Hannibal with everything he said. He nudged up toward his husband’s and sucked his tongue into his mouth, kissing him deeper for his kind and loving learned nature.

Experience, loss and grief had both driven Hannibal mad and taught him, simultaneously. Fortunately for them both, the latter was more true now, than the former. He cupped the back of Will's growing curls and held his head close, kissing him deep and true, groaning with pleasure at the sheer power of it all.

Will hummed against Hannibal’s mouth as they kissed, tugging the would be doctor over him, covering him with his mate’s warm body. “Take me here?”

"Once again you've read my mind," Hannibal crooned, his tone gravely and dripping with need for his husband. He burned for him, and would gladly be consumed whole by the passionate flames of their coupling. The Alpha freed his cock from his trousers and set to work removing Will's, only letting their hot mouths part when necessary.

Will could feel every inch of Hannibal, inside and out, which he had yet to tell his husband he could do. He groaned, lifting his hips and letting his pants go, showing off his rounding out belly. “I love when you take me.”

The Alpha ran his hands over Will's belly, to his hips and back up. He made sure not to put all of his weight on the Omega and entered him slowly with throaty groan. "And there is nothing more wondrous than being inside of you..."

Will hitched his hips higher, taking Hannibal in, legs spread as he held them out to the side, away from his belly, though not too large yet, he didn’t want to hurt their pup. “You’re made for me.”

"We are made for each other," Hannibal murmured, starting to build up a moderate pace, sitting back on his knees to help hold up Will's spread legs. It never took long for the promise of his release to coil in his belly, but he wanted to take his time, make love to his husband and bring him to boundless pleasure.

Will groaned, and writhed, loving the hard and fast, but with pup in his belly, they had been going slower, taking their time to cherish each other. Will arched, pleased. “Right there-”

"Here?" Hannibal grunted, but not actually in question as he held the angle and pressed in deeper, massaging the Omega's prostate with his thick, ribbed cock. The Count swiveled his hips, breath ragged. "Mm, William-"

“Yes…” Will moaned, core building hard with heat, unable to stop it once it started, no matter how slow they went.

Hannibal picked up a little, but it wasn't the brutal pounding he'd normally give, how he knew they both tended to like it often enough. Holding Will's legs with one arm, he used the other to stroke his mate's cock, balls slapping against his ass as he ground in. "Succulent, and rich..."

Will’s head fell back and as he squirmed a little, and then tensed, everything hot and pulsing at once as he gripped Hannibal’s cock with his ass, coming in droves around him and all over his own stomach.

The clutch around his cock and the sight of Will's orgasm, was enough to pull out his own. Hannibal pumped a few more times, both with his hand and his hips until he spilled, coating the Omega's walls. As he came, the Alpha's knot flared and hooked them together, deep growling moans resounding from his chest. "William-"

“Hannibal…” he whispered, admiring his flushed, shaking, and lustful mate. Will grasped fingers through Hannibal’s hair, adoringly.

Hannibal angled them so that they lay on their sides, hooking Will's leg over his hip to take away his weight from the young Omega's belly. He closed his eyes at the touch, savoring it as he always did and then opened them again. "Aš tave myliu, Mylimasis..."

“I love you, too, Hannibal,” Will sighed, running fingers up Hannibal’s arm.

Hannibal looked at Will's ring, as it shimmered on his finger and sighed as well, his mind running through everything they'd come through together, a winding road that lead them here. "That is all I could ever hope for, dear boy."

“Me too,” Will said, smiling up at Hannibal, glowing.

The Alpha hummed, and smiled at his beloved, and leaned in to kiss him sweetly, closing his eyes.

"We will start preparing a nursery tomorrow after our outing, hm?"

“We’ll need to get furniture,” Will replied, quietly, happiest in their soft moments like this.

"Our little darling will have all that she requires, worry not," Hannibal promised, willing to move mountains for his family. The Alphan Count was vicious, dangerous and powerful but Will alone could soften him.

“I could make some of the furniture,” Will suggested, he knew a bit about woodworking, after all.

"That is an excellent idea," Hannibal agreed, thinking how it would add an intimate touch to their pups nursery. "If you speak to what you would need, I will acquire it."

“Wood, nails, some tools,” Will said, off the top of his head. It was going to take him some time, but out here all he had was time.

"I think Mahogany would be best, yes? Something to stain it with, if I am able to find such," Hannibal mused, painting the image of it all in his mind. "The rest should be easy enough to obtain, Mylimasis."

“Sturdy too,” Will whispered with a smile. “I’ll try to draw something up to put it together.”

"A sound plan, yes," Hannibal smiled back and kissed Will's lips lovingly. "I'll help with the construction, move the lumber."

“That would be helpful,” Will laughed. “Where will get everything?”

Chuckling back, Hannibal tucked a curl behind Will's ear. "Some items can be bartered for at the market, others will have to be scavenged or repurposed. It will not be an issue. Only the best for Abigail."

“You really like that name?” Will asked, happy to talk about their pup, hooked together.

"Certainly, I do," Hannibal answered, also quite elated to be discussing their pup together. Testing out a middle name, he arched a quizzical brow at his husband. "Abigail Rose Lecter?"

“I like that,” Will said, suddenly realizing with a bashful blush he was a Lecter as well, now, had been for months.

"Good," the Count smiled, admiring the young Omega’s flush as his knot started to deflate. Moments like these were etched in stone in his mind, in his palace, where he would revisit them often.

***

The next day they went out for a stroll, onto the beach where Will had gone before, Winston on a leash this time. Will walked his feet in the sand, barefoot to enjoy the warm breezy day, hand in and hand with Hannibal.

Hannibal kept keen eyes vigilant as they walked, alert, but also appreciative of the beauty at his side. "I do believe you belong here, near the water," he began, rubbing his thumb over the skin of Will's hand, "Although, those who might come to bask at the glory of the sea will suddenly find it lacking when they encounter you."

Will flushed at that, and squeezed Hannibal’s hand. “Perhaps,” Will said, scenting the sea salt stricken air, all but tasting the difference, the smell of the Beta from earlier, but saw him no

where.

Smiling and leaning over to kiss Will's lips, Hannibal too continued to scent the air, waiting for any change that might indicate they were being watched. He wasn't sure how ignorant the Beta was nor did he know if he was foolish enough to confront Will with an Alpha the likes of Hannibal present. "Being near the ocean makes me recall our swim in the buff, back in Lithuania, one day we should venture to do so again, don't you think?"

"Naked in the ocean?" Will laughed, arm around his belly. "Maybe after the pup is born…"

"Of course, certainly not now," Hannibal grinned, and looked down at Will's beautiful belly. He let go of his husband's hand to wrap it around his shoulder as they walked, watching as the waves crashed against the shore. "Would you like to rest a moment?"

"Are you hoping to draw him out?" Will asked, brow raised, their voice low against the waning tides rolling against the sandy shore.

"Cunning and beautiful," Hannibal murmured, with a slight nod as he gestured to two lounge chairs that were on the beach for visitors. It was surprising they hadn't been taken but then again they were fairly secluded.

Will wandered to the chair and let Hannibal help him sit down in it. He wasn't too big yet, but it was getting more and more difficult. "Hopefully he will see us together and know you aren't here to hurt me."

Hannibal got behind Will, a leg on either side of his husband, and guided him to lean against his chest, wrapping his arms around him. He felt even more protective of his pregnant Omega in a public setting, and with knowing they might be being watched. "I would hope so, but if he does not, I will make sure that he is made to understand."

"He'd be stupid to approach us now," Will whispered, but hoped their outing at least proved to the Beta there was nothing amiss here.

"He is a *Beta*, it would not entirely surprise me if he did," Hannibal grumbled, though still quiet. He had a seething disdain for their boring existence, found them to be entirely lacking in substance though they could be dangerous when in groups, as they'd proven by way of Mischa.

"We had hired hands at the castle who were Betas," Will reminded Hannibal, but he knew that was slightly different.

"Yes, and they were in their proper place, *beneath* us, living only to serve their betters, instead of agitating and provoking," Hannibal explained, a tinge of bitterness in his tone, though not aimed at Will, not any longer.

"Aren't we all people?" Will asked, gazing out at the ocean, sighing, leaned back against Hannibal's chest, wrapped up in his arms.

To Hannibal they were less valuable than livestock, having seen how they'd behaved all those years ago. "Perhaps," he answered, but let it go, and kissed Will's shoulder instead, nosing into his scent gland as they waited for a man who might not surface. "All that matters now is you, Abigail, and myself."

“Good,” Will said quietly, well aware they must be wasting their time, but he didn’t say it, he just enjoyed their coupled time together, watching Winston run through the water over and over again.

"I should have brought a basket of food," Hannibal mused, into Will's neck. He thought the setting would be a perfect place for a little picnic, seeing as this Beta was smarter than he'd thought possible. "Next time, if you would find the idea agreeable?"

“So long as sand does not get into the sandwiches,” Will teased, grinning back at Hannibal as he turned his head to catch a kiss from his lips.

Hannibal bit Will's lips, playfully for that, huffing through his nose in mock irritation as he recalled the boy's sandy feet before. "We would certainly not want *that*, would we, Will?"

“No,” Will laughed, touching Hannibal’s neck to keep their lips together. “We wouldn’t.”

Hannibal rubbed Will's chest, thumb skating over his clothed nipple as he grinned and kissed him again, treasuring their time on the beach together. “We’ll have to exercise caution then, hm?” he chuckled, in a love induced daze, swept up yet still ready at any moment should danger present itself.

Will smiled into Hannibal’s mouth, touching the back of his head softly. “Yes, we will.”

"It appears as though the elusive Beta is not going appear, at least not now," Hannibal smiled back, and then kissed Will again as Winston hopped up on the other lounger and laid down. "Shall we stay longer and continue to feast on each other, or return home?"

“Home,” Will said, tired now and knew it would take a little time to get back to the house. “Then we can draw up plans for the nursery.”

"I think that would be best," Hannibal agreed and then got out from behind Will, and offered his hand to help him up. It was more an act of chivalry than pity.

Will let Hannibal pull him to his feet with a laugh, and then whistled for Winston, taking up his leash once more. “Sounds good.”

Wrapping an arm around Will's waist, they headed towards home. The sun was starting to set and Hannibal was ready to relax with his husband by the fire so they could talk plans. "I think poor Winston is quite exhausted."

“He is. Means we have the evening to ourselves,” Will said with a sly smirk, though he knew they had things to get done.

"Always a treat, Mylimasis," Hannibal winked, and rubbed his hand down the Omega's back, giving his behind a gentle squeeze. Nothing wrong with a little flirting, he thought to himself,

as sand kicked up beneath their feet. "Are you growing hungry?"

“I’m always hungry,” Will laughed, rubbing his round portly belly.

Hannibal laughed with his husband, and reached his hand over to rub Will's belly as well. "What are you craving for supper tonight, then?"

“What do we have?” Will asked, not at all one to be picky. He honestly loved anything Hannibal made.

The Alpha didn't offer pork, though he did have some, and instead rubbed Will's back once more, canting his head in the young Omega’s direction. "Lamb, venison, or beef. Pick the meat and I'll prepare something delicious."

“Lamb,” Will said, decidedly. They reached their home and Will opened the door and let Winston off the leash. They all wiped their feet before entering. Hannibal went to wash his hands in the kitchen and then tied on his apron, pulling out the meat, and spices to marinate it, starting to chop the vegetables next.

"Would you mind setting the table, please, William?" Hannibal asked, so very different from back when he'd first met the boy in Lithuania.

Will hummed and lazily got the dishes down and set the table with a little yawn. He put out a wine glass for Hannibal and a water glass for himself. He fed Winston while he was at it.

Hannibal prepared everything and then got it to the wood burning stove, washing his hands again and then went to pour himself a glass of wine as they waited for it to be finished cooking. "You mentioned discussing plans," he began, leaning against the counter and sipping his wine.

“Yes. Things we need made and where we will put them,” Will said, smiling over at Hannibal, and rubbing his tummy as it growled.

"It should be ready soon," Hannibal said, gesturing at the stove and then looking at Will's belly, placing his free hand over it. "But yes, I think that is an excellent idea, only the best for our Abigail."

“I drew up some designs for the crib, so I just need you to get the things to make it,” Will said, bashfully, not sure if it would work out, but he wanted to try.

"Certainly, Mylimasis," Hannibal hummed and leaned in to kiss his husband. Never in his life had he thought himself one for domesticity but with Will, he adored it and was happier than he had ever been. "After we eat I will have a look. I am positive they will be perfect."

“Thank you,” Will said, curling up against Hannibal, still sure he was living some sort of dream.

Still by the counter and holding Will, Hannibal nodded, keeping an eye on the food as they conversed. "You're welcome, there is much to be done but we have ample time to prepare."

“Yes, I know. I’m… just excited I guess.” This time around Will would get to do the things he had wanted with the first, and was not allowed to do.

"As am I, very much so," Hannibal agreed, with a charming grin. He could not wait to have their pup, and raise her up to be a proper lady. He let Will go when the he scented the food was ready. "I'll bring our supper, and we can continue to discuss, hm?"

Will nodded and padded off to the table, filling Hannibal’s glass with wine and his own with water. He took a seat, exhausted now from their long trip.

A moment later and Hannibal brought over their lamb and vegetables, setting it before Will first and them himself and sat down. He took his glass and sipped his wine, placing the napkin in his lap. "Have you thought of a birth plan, William? We could take you to the clinic that has been established, or I could deliver our pup, right here, in the bath."

“I want less traumatic,” Will said, decidedly. “So long as everything goes well.”

"Bath birthings are less traumatic for the pup, and for the parent," Hannibal said with a nod, taking up his fork in preparation for a bite. "There should not be any issues, and the comfort of home would prove to be soothing for you both."

“We can do that,” Will said, cutting into his lamb. “Will we make a birthing tub?”

"Yes, that is a good idea, though the one we have might do just fine," Hannibal answered, and cut into his lamb, loading his fork.

“I’ve read books where they make these big round tubs that are better for it than the rectangular ones,” Will said, watching Hannibal as they ate, trying not to eat too fast himself.

"Yes, a wise observation, Mylimasis, I will begin looking into the matter tomorrow. I want the best for you and our pup," Hannibal said, and sipped his wine, taking another few bites, although slowly.

Will was starved and finished his meal, leaving his plate cleaned. “Do you think we’ll be able to scavenge for any children’s books?”

"I have a few already on hand, that I've kept in trunk, they were...Misha's," Hannibal said quietly, taking his last bite. "But I do not foresee obtaining more to be a problem, Mylimasis."

“I’d like to read to her every night,” Will said sitting back and rubbing his belly with one hand. He couldn’t wait to be completely fat with Hannibal’s pup.

The sight was beautiful, and it elicited a very paternal, protective emotion in the Alpha. "I know she will love the time spent. You could read to her even now, it is remarkable what pups can perceive, even in the womb."

“You could, too. She will know us both then.” Will stood and cleared their plates, ever ingrained in him.

"I would like that very much, tonight then, before bed? I will rub your belly and read to our little Countess," Hannibal beamed, his eyes crinkling at the corners, signs of his aging and the years of grief.

“Yes,” Will said, walking the plates to the kitchen. “That sounds like the perfect way to end the day.”

"Indeed it does, dear boy." Hannibal followed, bringing the wine and the glasses. "Thank you for your assistance, however, you do not always have to be the one to do so..." he placed his hand on the small of his husband's back once they were in the kitchen, wanting him to know he no longer viewed him as a servant.

“You cooked, it’s only fair,” Will tried to argue, calmly, but flushed when he realized he had been doing just that, as if he were a servant even still.

"I suppose so, yes, but just know it is not required," Hannibal reassured and leaned in to kiss his mate's brow. "We are of equal standing, William, I treasure you."

Will set the dishes in the sink and hugged Hannibal as tightly as he could, head to his chest. It’s all he’d ever wanted to hear, to be reassured of. “I love you.”

"I love you, my William," Hannibal said, against a nest of beautiful curls as he wrapped his arms around the young Omega, "infinitely and fiercely."

Will nuzzled Hannibal and sighed. “Let’s clean up and then snuggle in bed and read. I’m exhausted.”

"An excellent idea," Hannibal said and then paused, touching Will's arm. "Actually, I insist you go ahead and get in bed, I will tend to the kitchen, hm? Select a book you'd like and I shall join you shortly."

“Okay,” Will said with kiss to Hannibal’s jaw, and toddled up the stairs to their library first, picked out an easy read, Tom Sawyer, and went to curl up into bed, under the covers.

A handful of minutes later and Hannibal went upstairs, undoing his shirt button by button. By time he entered the room it was open completely. He smiled at his mate and removed it and his pants, placing them in the hamper before crawling into bed. The Count wrapped his arms around the boy, back against the headboard and spoke against his ear. "Ah, a good choice, William, shall I begin reading or you?"

Will nodded, curled up into Hannibal, his belly facing him, head on his head. “Please.” He was already so tired, and knew his eyes would droop closed sooner rather than later.

Hannibal hummed, and rubbed Will's belly, keeping his hand there as the other flipped open the book. The Alpha put on his reading glasses, and cleared his throat, beginning to read to them in soft yet deep, soothing tone.

Chapter 14

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened

Once Will was asleep, Hannibal covered him up and sat his book down, snapping his fingers near his husband's ear to double check he was out. When the Omega didn't respond, the Alphan Count got up and went to change and head out, quietly. Once Hannibal left, he got into the car and headed off into the night. As he drove he spotted a man seeking help on the side of the dark and deserted road. Pulling over, he was not totally sure if he was going to assist or crush the man in need, but as he exited and neared, it became clear-- the man was Beta. Knocking the man unconscious had been easy enough; a powerful blow to the back of his head once the Alpha dropped his keys and the middle aged man stooped to retrieve them; snapping his neck and getting him into the trunk wasn't too difficult either. Hannibal drove and parked at nearby secluded beach, far enough away from their home to avoid suspicion and crowds. When he reached the perfect spot on the sandy, he set about removing the man's tongue with the knife he'd brought. It was only fitting to keep the tongue , so he did, inserting it into a bag and tucking it in his clear suit pocket. The cannibal then used rigor mortis to his benefit and positioned the Beta Indian style, one hand covering his ear. The last thing to do then, was to remove his eyes and place them in the upturned palm of the other hand. It was beautiful and artistic, a token of love and show of protection for his mate.

It was also a message for the Beta stalking Will, advice that he needed to neither hear, see or speak any evil and leave them be. The clothing had been stripped and burned of course, all traces that he'd been there removed. Hannibal made it home soon enough and once he preserved the tongue discreetly, he changed his clothing, showered and got back into bed to sleep for a few hours, curling around his husband.

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Hours later Will woke, curling around Hannibal, nuzzling against his furry chest with a yawn. Hannibal was still asleep, which was odd for him, as he was usually up first to make breakfast. So, Will slipped out of bed and went down stairs and out to the small roost in the back with their chicken to gather some eggs. Then he took everything inside and started to make breakfast.

It was the smell of the eggs and the absence of Will's sweet scent that woke the Alpha, stretching like a big cat as he yawned. Hannibal got out of bed, and slipped on his robe, tying it after he'd relieved himself. He walked downstairs in the kitchen and wrapped corded arms around his husband's waist, kissing the back of his neck.

"Good morning, William, it smells delicious. I trust you slept well?"

“Mornin’,” Will said with a smile, not nauseated this morning, thankfully. He pushed eggs around the pan as they cooked. “I did, yes. You?”

"I did, yes, and apparently needed more rest from our walk on the sandy shores than I had anticipated," Hannibal smiled, against the nape of Will's neck. He released him and went to

stand at his side, watching him cook their breakfast. "I'm afraid were it not for this heavenly aroma, I might have slept all day."

“You were tired,” Will said with a smile over at his mate. “That’s okay, I can make you breakfast for once.” Will plated the eggs with the potatoes he had hashed up just a bit earlier.

"Indeed I was, and what a wonderful way to be awoken," Hannibal hummed with a nod, a sparkle in his eyes as he went to squeeze them each a glass of fresh orange juice, starting the coffee for himself as well. "I am also quite famished."

Will set the plates on the table with forks. “Good. I made a lot.”

Hannibal poured himself some coffee, and took that and the orange juice to the table. "Be careful, you might spoil me," he winked, and then sat down at the table once he'd pulled out Will's chair. "How are you feeling today?"

“Good. I slept really well,” Will said, stuffing eggs into his mouth, famished.

"I'm pleased to hear it, and you seem to have more color this morning than some of the days past, no nausea," Hannibal noted, looking at his husband with a clinical eye briefly before taking a bite of the eggs, with a bit of potato. "It is as delicious as it smells wonderful, Will, thank you."

Will smiled over at Hannibal and at the praise he beamed, a pleasant flush to his cheeks. “Thank you. Yes, I feel much better today, maybe I’m finally past it.”

"Could be, but we will keep a watchful eye in any case," Hannibal offered, smiling and reaching over to lay his hand atop his mate's as they enjoyed their breakfast together.

Will just laughed and drank his fresh orange juice with a happy hum. He’d gotten enough rest, he felt really good about today. “Yes, we will.”

Hannibal canted his head a tick and nodded once, laughing quietly as he sipped his own and took another elegant bite. "I was thinking that later, I would see about acquiring some of the materials we need for Abigail's room."

“I would like that, too,” Will said, full of energy this morning, as though the book read to him and the unborn pup last night was just what he needed.

It elated the Count to see his boy in such a state, with such a jubilant way about him. He couldn't help but smile again, into his coffee mug before setting it back down onto the table. "Good, I was hoping you would want to join me, Mylimasis."

“Sure. The outing would be nice,” Will said, finishing his meal and then his orange juice.

"Very well, then it's settled," Hannibal said, clearing his throat quietly as he took the last bite of his eggs and chased it with his coffee.

Will grinned and cleared their plates, whisking them off to the kitchen to clean them. He finished and then darted upstairs to dress for their outing.

Hannibal was right behind Will, shedding his robe to bare flesh as he looked for a suitable outfit to wear. He longed for the days when such things were easily obtainable. "With each day you radiate more beauty than the one before, William, do you know that?"

“Because I’m carrying your pup?” Will asked, knowingly, donning linen pants and a cotton shirt, and his boots. Things were getting tighter to wear, but unlike Verger’s place, they had very little options here.

"I would say that while you've always been radiant, with Abigail, you are even more so," Hannibal answered, dressing in a pair of black wool pants and a grey cotton shirt, the neck low enough to show off his thick patch of slowly greying chest hair. He slipped on his shoes next, and stood, brushing his hair into place before walking over to hook his arms around his husband's expanding waist. "Stunning perfection..."

“Not as stunning as you,” Will said, leaning to peck a kiss against Hannibal’s jaw, softly.

"You flatter me, William," Hannibal crooned, and turned his face to capture the Omega's lips. "Come, let us make haste and go for our outing before I am unable to resist the temptation of showing you just what your beauty elicits within me..."

Will took Hannibal’s hand and descended the steps, and then out the door. “Are we taking the car? Is there enough gas left?”

"Yes, there should be ample," Hannibal answered, walking Will to the car, keeping a keen eye on their surroundings. He unlocked the door and opened it for his mate and then got in, checking the gas. Half a tank from three quarters before.

Will didn't ask how much or why, he didn't know own how much Hannibal had taken from Verger but it had been a lot, he gathered. He got in and buckled up, despite the lack of other people ever on the road.

“How far into town are we going?”

"To the outer edge on the north side," Hannibal answered, buckling up his own seat-belt and starting the engine before pulling out. "Much too far to walk given our seclusion from town, and more than that, the markets there are not as frequented, it may have more materials there, Mylimasis."

“Good thought,” Will said with a hum, watching the scenery. “You know if we can find solar panels, I might be able to rig something up for the house.”

"Very good thinking yourself, Will, I must admit the thought had not crossed my mind," Hannibal admitted, placing his hand on his mate's leg to rub gently. "I imagine they are scarce, very sought after but we will look into it as it would be optimal."

“We can look, if not we can figure out how to make our own,” Will said, sure there had to be a book about it somewhere.

"A lot of things to make on the agenda," Hannibal smiled, with a nod, driving along the worn road, deserted broken down cars to their left and right, apparitions of a different world. "All very much worth it for our pup, and for you."

“It will be. We need to be safe and have the things that might make it easier on us,” Will commented, looking at the roads, people walking by them as they drove, utterly at a loss for words to see a *car*.

"I will always insure the Abigail's safety, as well as yours," Hannibal promised, squeezing Will's thigh reassuringly as he stole a quick glance to admire him before looking back at the road. "Perhaps we will find some more books while we are out."

“That’d be nice,” Will said, hand resting over Hannibal’s. A year ago he might not have believed Hannibal, but all they had been through now, he had no choice but to.

"Mhm, yes," Hannibal agreed, nearing the area he'd been the night before, a small crowd gathered there. He said nothing about it, but slowed his speed a bit to watch from his periphery as it looked like the body was being hauled off the beach.

“What’s going on?” Will asked, trying to see out the car window, curious. “Something’s happened…”

"From the looks of it, it appears as though something very unfortunate has occurred there," Hannibal answered, looking with surprise curiosity towards the scene. "And whoever it is, likely did not survive...."

“Not from the looks of it,” Will sighed, craning his neck to see more, curious.

"One can only wonder what has transpired to draw such a crowd," Hannibal said, loving that Will was taking an interest in his work, even if he had no idea it was his husband's and they couldn't see much from the car. "People die all the time, in this world of ours, so I can assume this, whatever it is, had to be something truly horrific."

“Yeah, but no one makes a scene about dying anymore, not like this,” Will said, looking over at Hannibal. “Can we go see?”

"Precisely," Hannibal agreed, and turned his wrist that was under Will's hand to capture it and bring it to his mouth to kiss. He let go and then pulled over onto the shoulder of the road, and put the car in park. "Indeed we may, but please, stay close to me, we can not be certain that it is safe."

Will smiled, and piled out, carefully, waiting for Hannibal with an our stretched out, to do as told. He was a curious and cunning boy, only wanting to see what everyone was starting at.

After getting out and locking the door, the Alpha wrapped his arm around Will, keeping him at his side, protectively. Cautiously, he walked them towards the scene, with his other hand in his pocket, thumbing over his knife, always ready.

Most of the people standing around were Betas, and the man leading the take down of the murder art was the Beta Will had come across twice now. He was shouting orders at people to take it down and cover it up, no one needed to see that. A few Omegas were helping, unbound ones, who seemed to follow the Beta.

Will scowled, hand at Hannibal's back clutching his shirt there.

Hannibal looked over at Will, seeing the scowl and quickly knowing exactly what it meant. He narrowed his eyes at the Beta, and walked right over to him, with his husband at his side. "Excuse us for the the trespass, but as I fear for the safety of my husband and our pup to be, I would very much like to know if we should be on the lookout for any one sinister. May I ask what has come to pass here?" he asked, the clearly most dominant Beta, "Forgive me, I am Count Hannibal Lecter and this is my mate also a Count, William Lecter."

The Beta glared at Lecter and sympathetic look at Will, hands on his hips. "Someone brutally murdered a man and made a show of his body. Took his tongue, too. I'd say you have a hell of a lot to worry about, Count Lecter."

"It would seem as though we all do, in that case," Hannibal said with a quiet calm that made no indication of the burning volcano inside that was threatening to erupt. He clutched Will closer, as he tilted his head towards the scene and then back at the Beta. "I have also been made aware of your stalking, and as such, it would only be courteous that you tell me who you are, perhaps then, the next time you slither and sneak about my husband, I can call you over by name."

"No speaking or slithered, Count Lecter. Just checking in on your… husband." The man extended his hand. "Jack Crawford."

"Yes, husband," Hannibal said, and then shook Jack's hand, firmly. "I can assure you he is well taken care of, but I must insist that from here on out, you leave his well being to me, and me alone, Mister Crawford."

"I was merely checking in on rumors that the boy was mistreated. I guess I was wrong," Jack said, though he gave Will another once over, concerned.

"Indeed you were. I do not suppose you would tell me who has been spreading such filth, so that I may speak with them?" Hannibal asked, rubbing Will's back. He was enraged and wanting to destroy whomever was saying such things.

"I'm not at liberty to say. They've been gone a while, not sure what happened to them," Jack said, shrugging.

"I see, very well," Hannibal nodded, his tone not friendly but not rude. "You said the killer took his tongue, one can only wonder why anyone would do such a thing. I will certainly be putting extra security on our doors and windows. Is there anything I can do to assist?"

"We'll let you know, Count Lecter," Jack said and nodded at Will. "Do let me know. We're putting together a police task force, keep everyone safe. No more discriminating. We're all equal here."

Hannibal stifled a laugh at that, not showing it at all. To him, they were *not* equals, but he would play along. He leaned over and kissed Will's temple, eyes staying on Jack's in a show of dominance over his mate. "Of course, yes. I would like to be kept informed of such things, and will help in any way I can."

Jack narrowed his eyes and Will moved away from Hannibal, feeling everything going on, he didn't like it. He excused himself to the car, strapping himself in. Jack smiled at Hannibal.

"You might want to take care of that."

"Will is not a 'that', we are all equals, as you said yourself," Hannibal said, smugly, and then turned to walk back to the car. Once inside he looked over at his husband, not happy at all that he'd made him look bad in front of someone who he was trying to protect him from--especially a Beta.

"Do you have anything to say for yourself, William?"

"I merely removed myself from the situation. Being you are my Alpha I didn't feel it right to be there," Will said, overwhelmed by everything he was feeling coming from the two men. He was almost panicked with it. "It's… too much. The feedback." Will was well aware he'd never let on to his mate about his ability to feel the emotions of others.

"I had beseeched you to stay by my side for a reason, Will, for your safety," Hannibal began, his tone calm and then he canted his head curiously, starting the car. "Feedback? Our emotions, I presume?"

"I can't turn it off, Hannibal. I can't-" The boy felt like he was going to burst with the anger from each man out there, and Will had to get away before he lashed out. "I'm sorry…"

"Perhaps if I had been made aware of this...empathy you've been hiding," Hannibal said, angry now, but for a different reason, still keeping his voice level. "I would never have taken you into such a situation, but you *hid* it from me, your Alpha, and husband. Are there any other secrets you've been keeping?"

"I didn't hide it! I just didn't tell you. I have never told anyone," Will whispered his head bowed. "For this reason. I don't want to be coddled. I can handle myself, I just need to know when to back off. I wanted to know what happened to that person."

"Sins of omission are often just as repugnant as outright lies, William. It is clear you do not trust me," Hannibal said, holding back a growl. "And as for the Beta swine on the beach, he is dead, it is of no importance nor is it your concern as you evidently cannot handle such things."

Will said nothing. He wrapped an arm around himself, over his belly, holding back the tears the dared to stain his cheeks. Hannibal was angry with him, but what was new there? He'd never told a soul about his empathy, afraid of what people might do, but it had saved his life more often than not. Any apology his made would only be put on deaf ears, as he knew Hannibal would never listen to him now, never trust him again. The boy wondered why he even bothered.

Hannibal looked over at Will, part of him wanting to soothe and comfort, the other still angry, and hurt. He had been much better with his temper, hadn't gotten mad at his mate in a long while but this secret almost felt like a betrayal, it was rude and mostly, it meant his very own spouse did not trust him enough to be himself. He pulled out onto the road, but did a u-turn, heading back towards the house.

The ride back was silent, and all Will could feel was the steam rolling off his husband. He got out slowly and made his way to the door, waiting for Hannibal to unlock the house once more. He felt betrayed in his own right, and had already apologized. Now, all Will wanted to do was curl up in bed for a while.

Hannibal got out, and locked up the car, next walking over to unlocked the front door. He opened it and let his husband go in first, closing and locking it behind them as Winston padded over to greet them both-- mostly Will. "You realize that your action also pleased the Beta greatly, William, he looks upon me as nothing more than a fool..."

“It’s horrible when you look a fool isn’t it? In front of someone you need not to see you as one?” Will spat out, harshly, vividly remembering how he had been made a fool of in front of Anthony Dimmond and Hannibal hardly did a thing to stand up for him. “Only I had not done it on purpose!” He glowered at his mate and then made his way up the stairs, the stress made his belly feel tight, and he needed to lie down for a bit.

The Alpha shook with fury as he watched Winston follow Will upstairs, the dog no doubt feeling the emotions as well and wanting to comfort the Omega. Hannibal debated going up there after his mate, or leaving for town to get some air, but instead went into the kitchen to pour himself a snifter of bourbon. He walked out onto the back deck to take in some air, sighing with frustration at the events of the day.

Decidedly, Will stayed in their room, all but locked in for the remainder of the day. He slept off and on, and draw plans for the crib he never even knew he’d get to make now. He did know that he would never tell Hannibal another thing, having grown to trust him, and even speak to him again at all, Will should have known better. It’d be easier if he were just silent.

Hannibal had ended up leaving, after he found he was still too angry to confront his mate, and procured a few books, the materials Will needed for their daughter's crib and a gift for his husband.

That night, once the items had been properly put in their place and dinner was made, he went upstairs to their room, and opened the door. He had a serving tray with silkie chicken soup, warm and soothing, and a single red rose adorning it along with non caffeinated tea and water. "William...you must eat," he said, his tone soft. He sat it next to the bed, and extended the rose. "I apologize for my behavior..."

Knowing he was left behind once again, only made the Omega flounder into worse depression. He was laying on his side, doodling on some paper they’d managed to procure a while back with a pencil he only ever used for such things. Glancing up at Hannibal, he wondered how much was it was meant, and how much of it was because Hannibal desperately wanted the pup growing inside of him.

Hannibal loved Will, and truly felt remorse for his actions concerning him, it wasn't something he felt often but in this case, he knew he'd behaved less than optimally. When his Omega did not speak, or accept the rose, he frowned, slightly, and put it back into the vase, sitting down on the bed. "I was able to acquire the items needed for the crib, the books, and one more thing for you, downstairs," he said, with a sigh. "I should not have scolded you so, but I placed my own pride above your feelings due to my anger at Mister Crawford. I only hope that you can find it within yourself to forgive me. I certainly forgive you for your lack of disclosure."

Will sat up and nodded his head. He forgave, but knew that things had to change if they were going to get through this pregnancy in one piece together. He reached for the rose and smelled, taking the peace offering.

"I would like it if you would eat, Will, and then after I can give you your gift," Hannibal offered, and placed his hand on Will's shoulder gently. "It does not excuse what happened but it is my hope it will serve as a symbol of my love for you."

Setting the rose down, Will reached for the soup, taking it up in one hand and using the spoon to eat a few bites, too hungry to protest about not eating, since he hadn’t since they ate breakfast this morning.

Hannibal watched Will, noticing how he had still not uttered a single word but wouldn't push that for the time being, he just needed him to eat. "I hope you find it comforting," he said, looking on with concern. He knew he'd made a big mistake earlier, so much progress only for a setback. "I can leave you to eat in peace if you'd prefer?"

Knowing Hannibal was concerned was a relief, so he reached out and touched his wrist to stay, if he wanted to of course, meeting Hannibal’s eyes. Will felt it best, for now, not to fuel the fires of his husband with words that wouldn’t make a difference.

Glad that Will wanted him to stay, Hannibal smiled and nodded, rubbing his husband's leg affectionately. He was calm now, only wanting to repair the state of their marriage; Jack...could be dealt with in time. “Soup has a way of offering such comfort,” he continued, picking up on the earlier topic. “It warms us and takes us back to times of our youth…”

Soup never tasted quite like this when Will was younger, still quite young even still. He continued to eat, blinking at Hannibal as quietly drank broth from the bowl.

Hannibal was mostly trying to make friendly conversation, though small talk was never something he was overly fond of but he was more gauging Will, seeing what he would respond to and what might get him to open up. He stopped talking however, seeing as it was proving to be futile and smoothed out his pants.

Finishing, Will set the bowl on the tray and took up the tea instead, moving to the side of the bed to sit next to Hannibal, resting his head against his shoulder.

The Count wrapped his arm around Will's waist, and let his other hand rest on his mate's stomach. "You needn't be afraid to speak to me, Will, I am no longer angry, and will not lash out, if that is the reason for your silence. I love you..."

Hannibal had said such things before, and Will knew better this time. He sipped the tea and set it down, wrapping his arms around Hannibal, nuzzling his nose against his scent gland with a sigh, squeezing his arms around Hannibal three times.

The Alpha knew it meant Will loved him too and was grateful for it, though he still wanted him to speak. It was becoming more concerning. Still, he tried to not let that concern turn to frustration and instead sought out his Omega's scent, taking it in and nuzzling him back. "I still need to give you what is waiting downstairs, once you are ready."

Placing a kiss on Hannibal's neck, Will pulled back and nodded. He wasn't sure what Hannibal had up his sleeve, but it might be worth getting out of the way.

Hannibal stood, taking the tray, and then with a small smile, walked out the door to the room. He sat the tray into the kitchen on the way and took Will's hand to lead him into the sitting room. "I thought Winston needed company, and perhaps the dog will offer more of the same to you," he said, leading his mate to the jack russell terrier puppy that had been sleeping. It woke up and started wagging it's tail, whining to be picked up.

Will stared at the dog with surprise, swallowing a little as he kneeled carefully to pick up the dog and hold him. He'd have ever to think of name for him too. Winston wagged, panting up at the new dog.

Hands in his pockets, Hannibal observed, watching as the puppy began to lick Will's nose, and his cheeks, wriggling excitedly in his arms. "You do like him, I hope?"

The puppy licked Will's face and the boy laughed. "Mhm," he hummed, getting down on the floor with both the dogs, and let them sniff him all over, especially his belly, which Winston had grown protective of.

It was progress at least, and hearing Will laugh was thanks enough. Hannibal walked over to sit down on in the chair next to his husband, rolling up his shirt sleeves to his elbows. "I'm glad, William, very much so."

Will grinned up at Hannibal, much happier looking now than he had been all day. Winston laid next to him and the puppy laid over his chest, head on his belly, brows raised up at Hannibal. "Thank you," Will said, finally.

"You are welcome," Hannibal smiled, looking into Will's eyes and then at the dogs. While he wasn't overjoyed at the additional animal, he knew it would make his boy happy, and the puppy seemed calm enough. "They are protective of you, Winston in particular, which adds to my comfort."

Will bit the response he wanted to give back, and clamped his mouth shut with a nod. No point making thing worse. "Sunny," he said, finally, petting the puppy.

"Perfect," Hannibal nodded, looking at the dogs again and then back to his mate. "Sunny and Winston...our family is growing."

Will’s grown out hair fell into his eyes as he sat up to snuggle the pup against him, getting licked all over the face once more. “Soon, Abigail.”

Hannibal's leaned forward to brush Will's hair from his eyes, his own sparkling with love as he took in the full beauty of his husband and pondered on their daughter's impending arrival. "William...I cannot cease thinking of how terribly I behaved earlier. What can I do to make amends? You have forgiven me and I am thankful but I wish to do something more."

Will shrugged his slim shoulders, holding the puppy to him as it squirmed, eyes lighting up with mirth. “It’s okay.”

"It's not, but it will be," Hannibal promised, and got onto the floor next to Will, Winston eyeing him. "How are you feeling? Stress can often cause unpleasant symptoms when pregnant."

“It… hurt earlier. It’s fine now,” Will whispered, petting Winston with one hand.

Hannibal felt like a cad of the worst kind for upsetting and making his husband hurt both emotionally and physically. He sighed, and rubbed Will's arm gently, down to his free hand to hold it. "If you have any more pain at all, or pressure, please let me know, so I can have a look."

“I was stressed,” Will answered, honestly, hard to keep himself from talking to Hannibal, it was what made their relationship so deep and rich. “It’s fine now, honest.”

"Good," the Alpha smiled, and leaning with his back against the chair, bringing Will's hand to his plump lips for a kiss. "Would you like something to drink? Hot chocolate perhaps or more tea?"

Will was being showered now with anything he wanted, as it always happened to be with Hannibal, at least these days. He was just thankful for the past no longer being reoccurring. “Hot chocolate might be nice, with cinnamon on it?”

"Of course, Mylimasis," Hannibal nodded, and then rose elegantly from the floor, he wanted nothing more than make it up to his mate, show him that he would try to never let it happen again. "Will you be staying here, on the floor, or shall I help you up?"

Will let the puppy down who ran after Winston, around and around the wooden floors of the house and into the marbled hallway, skittering across slippery floors and into walls. Will laughed and reached a hand up to Hannibal for help to his feet. “Please?”

Hannibal shook his head with a laugh at the dogs, in such a good mood from Will's laughter that he wasn't going to worry over the hair that was undoubtedly getting everywhere. He took both of Will's hands and hoisted him up and then wrapped his arms around his waist to kiss him. "Dear boy, have you any idea of the profound love I carry for you in the swell of my breast?"

Sea blue eyes gazed up at Hannibal, chin to his chest as he batted long, dark lashes at the Alpha. Will knew very well, and had known since the day Hannibal first pressed him against

the wall in anger. Will had known even then that maybe someday they'd make it here, even if his faith in that wavered once and in a while. And now, here they were. He shook his head, smile gracing his youthful features. "Tell me."

Hannibal kept one arm around Will and clasped his beautiful face with the other, awestruck all over again. "There are few words that can aptly describe how much I love you, Will, no proper phrases that can encapsulate how you've given my life cause for celebration, but I will state that with merely a glance into your eyes, I am flung into the heavens. It is a place and a feeling that I never dreamed I would venture and one from which I hope never to return."

Will leaned up and into Hannibal, kissing the words from his mouth like they were nourishment he needed to live, to eat and thrive. The boy clasped his hands around Hannibal's back, hugging him there, his little baby belly sitting up against Hannibal's hip.

Kissing him back, Hannibal carded through the boy's long silky curls, and made sure not to press to tightly into his belly. He had meant every word he'd spoken, the Count had truly never felt such emotions until William, and though he'd been harsh earlier, he would never lay a hand on his Omega or treat him as he had in the past, again. "Come, let's see about the hot chocolate, hm?"

Nodding, Will agreed, trusting Hannibal was the hardest thing he could ever do, and knew it was worth it in the end. For all of this. "Let's."

Hannibal released Will, but kept their fingers laced and walked with his beloved into the kitchen where he smiled over at his mate and began to pull down the ingredients to make the hot cocoa. "I would like to perform an exam on you, once I acquire the solar panels, to see how far along you are, and how our little girl is coming along, if you would be agreeable to such."

"Exam?" Will asked, unsure what solar panels had to do with that, but he trusted Hannibal, despite the outlashing, and making him feel terrible. Will knew it wasn't right how Hannibal yelled sometimes, but he loved him just the same.

"Yes, exam, dear boy. There is an abandoned clinic not far from here, if I can get the solar panels, I will bring the ultrasound machine back here, and providing it still works after all this time, we will be able to see our little girl," Hannibal explained, heating up the chocolate and mixing it with the milk. He could be hot headed, but was far better than he'd ever been from their days at the castle.

"Oh." Will had only ever heard of such a machine, never what it could do for them. He hopped up on the counter next to Hannibal, grabbing down mugs. "Will we be able to find panels, you think?"

"Yes, I believe so," the older man smiled, leaning in for another peck before stirring and adjusting the temperature. "It may prove to be a challenge, but I am always up for such things and will make it happen."

"Gotta be a house that had them around here somewhere," Will mused, hands in his lap after setting the mugs down. "I'm sorry for walking away earlier."

"Yes, I imagine so," Hannibal nodded, narrowing his eyes in thought for a moment and then took Will's hands to kiss both of them. "It is alright, do not worry yourself, if I had known the reason I would not have reacted as I did. It was thoughtless on my part."

Will touched Hannibal's face, openly watching him, taking in his very feeling, willingly. "And I'm sorry I didn't tell you. I didn't want to be treated differently for my… problem."

"It is not a problem, William, but a gift," Hannibal offered, kindly, and leaned into his touch, scenting the pulse on his wrist. "I will not treat you differently because of it, and all is forgiven."

For all the problems it caused, it was a curse, not a gift. Will nodded, understanding, either way, not letting his mind linger on it anymore. Hannibal was being honest and sincere after all. "Okay. Thank you."

"Of course," Hannibal said, and stroked Will's cheek before letting go to pour the hot cocoa into the mugs. Once he had, the Alpha added cinnamon to both and set them down, helping his husband off the counter. "Where would you like to drink them, Mylimasis?"

"Library?" Will asked, taking the mug once his feet were both flat to the ground.

"Perfect, and then you can look over the books I purchased today, should you wish," Hannibal offered, with a smile, his own mug in his hand as he walked towards the library.

Will followed, quietly. "What did you find?" he asked, giddy to see now what things Hannibal had procured without him.

"Little Red Riding Hood, Grimm's' Fairy Tales, Cinderella, and a few others from Lithuania, which was unexpected," Hannibal answered, chuckling a bit as they entered the large library. "We could always go and seek out more, together, next time."

"Yeah," Will said as they entered the library, and he went to the pile of books, dirty and dusty, but still good. He fingered through a few of them, cup left on table.

"I would like our daughter to learn Italian, as well as Lithuanian, she will be very cultured and properly educated," Hannibal mused, as he took a sip of his hot chocolate and stood next to Will.

"I don't even know those," Will said with a little chuckle, hair in his eyes as he leaned over the books, touching the pages of the leather bound books softly. "These are so nice."

"That is something we shall have to remedy then, isn't it? I'll teach you both, if you'd like," Hannibal offered, with a charming smile, running his free hand along Will's spine gently. "And they are in good condition, all things considered, yes."

Will arched into Hannibal's touch, ever in need of praise and knowing his mate loved him and wanted to be near. Turning his face up toward Hannibal, a smile spread across of cherry red lips. "You would?"

"I would," Hannibal murmured and pulled Will to his body, minding his belly, and kissed him deeply, jaw shifting. He walked his husband back against the bookshelf and braced a hand on either side of the shelf, bracketing him there as he licked down to his spouse's scent gland, growling. "I love you, I want you, William."

Panting, Will pressed his hands tight into Hannibal's chest, and then gripped, pulling him closer. "I love you," he replied, neck presented to Hannibal as his body worked up hot, almost sweating just from being close to his mate like this.

Hannibal rolled his hips, letting Will feel the beastly erection he had contained in his trousers, and pressed his nose deeper into the Omega's neck with a throaty groan. One of his hands let go of the shelf in order to slide down his husband's waist, to his hips as sharp teeth scraped over the pulsing carotid. "I desire to seek comfort in your warmth, to plunge my love deep inside until you can no longer speak...."

Will tugged Hannibal closer, a low whine emitting from his throat as he held him there, feeling every bit of his erection. "Take me."

The Count responded with a deep Alphan growl, stepping back only long enough to remove his pants and then Will's, deftly undoing buttons and zippers. He didn't bother with their shirts, his own just barely caressing midway over his tawny cheeks as licked into his husband's mouth and lifted him up and onto his cock, back against the books. "Ah, Will-"

The boy hung onto the Alpha with legs and arms alike, rocking down over Hannibal's large cock as he arched back against the bookshelves, mewling with need. "Show me," he managed to gasp out, wanting to feel and see all this love Hannibal spoke of.

An arm stayed under Will's ass, as the other clutched to his back, the Alpha starting to fuck up into his Omega with slightly bent knees. He build a rapid pace, ashy strands cascading into his dark eyes as he grunted against his husband's neck. "Is this proof," he asked, panting hot breath onto creamy skin, "Or perhaps I should *fuck* you with more intensity..."

Will groaned, spine scraping along the ridges of the shelves, but he didn't even mind, nor care. He squeezed himself tight around Hannibal, head lolled back. "Harder. Please, Hannibal-"

Hannibal howled and increased his pace, snapping his hips so hard into his boy that books were starting to fall from the shelving. His hand dug into Will's cheeks, wetness dripping down his balls as they slapped with approval against the cleft. "Will, yes, you feel undeniably heavenly-"

Biting into his own lip, Will taste droplets of crimson copper in his mouth as he tried to stave off the looming tension in his core, threatening to have it over with too soon. His toes curled, and his back shone with sweat. "Yes, Hannibal-"

Strong fingers slid up Will's back and wove themselves through sweat damp curls as Hannibal chased the beads of dark red nectar, taking them for his own with his tongue. "Will, oh, Will," the Count growled, loudly, pumping like machine into his mate, ass muscles

flexing and biceps bulging under his shirt. He was close himself, his cock throbbing inside the clutch of the younger man's body. "Give me your release, give it all to me-"

Will cried out then, every part of him on fire as he came, panting against Hannibal’s mouth openly as he spilled down his cock and over his belly. Will shook as his release quaked through him, tense and grabbing on to his husband as though he might fall.

Hannibal held fast, kissing Will through his breaking point, and suckled his tongue. "Beautiful," he whispered, panting as he ground up into him to find his own undoing. He bit over to the Omega's scent gland, thrusting three more forceful times and sunk his sharp teeth into his husband's scarred mating mark with an inhuman sound as he came hard inside, knot sealing them together. "*Mine*, William..."

If Will weren’t already pregnant, he knew this would be one of the times he would be. He held tight to Hannibal, stuck together and perfectly fine with that. He nuzzled the side of his head against Hannibal’s face as the scar was reopened and bleeding anew. Will realized Hannibal did that to keep him forever his, over and over again. “Yours,” the boy whispered, holding to his mate fast.

Lapping at the wound, his knot tight and unyielding, Hannibal hummed, throatily and raised his head to look at Will. The Alpha looked positively feral, blood coating his fangs as he ran his tongue over the tips of them, maroon eyes gazing with dark seductive awe at his mate. "Have I convinced you sufficiently, Mylimasis?" he purred in question, a faint grin twitching on his shapely lips as he walked them over to the lounger and sat down with the Omega atop him. "Or shall I give you further proof in another hour? I can show you all night, should you wish..."

Of course, Will knew his mate was not altogether stable, and that was fine, of course, he’d take care of Hannibal the best he could, so long as Hannibal left him. “You have sufficiently ravaged me, but I’ll let you know…”

Hannibal would never leave him and likewise would not ever let his husband go. He loved him to a measure that was undefinable and it was unbreakable. "Please do," he grinned, and pulled Will to meet his lips. The movement caused his cock to spurt out a little more seed and he groaned into the kiss, body covered in sweat. "It would seem as though we got better acquainted with the books than I originally intended."

“It’s quite a mess in here now,” Will sighed, but never bothered by it, he would clean it up later. He rested his hands on Hannibal’s shoulders, and the undid his shirt to take it off his sweating form.

"It is, and I'll be the one to tend to it, Mylimasis," Hannibal said, kissing Will's jaw after he'd assisted in getting his shirt off. "I can do that while you tend to the dogs, if you'd like?"

Will nodded. “If that’s what you’d like.”

"I want to show you that our home's cleanliness is not solely your responsibility, and that I take no issue in assisting," Hannibal said, kindly, stroking Will's curls as he looked into multifaceted iris'.

Will had been coddled at Mason’s, to a point, of course his ‘chores’ were unworldly horrible there and had nothing to do with cleaning. Will preferred the cleaning. “Okay. We’ll share the load.”

"Fair enough," Hannibal smiled, taking Will's hand to kiss his wedding ring. He was feeling totally calm, at ease and sated. "I hope I did not hurt you, with our fervent love making?"

Will shook his head of chocolate curls. “No. I'm okay.”

"Good," Hannibal said, and then looked over at their hot chocolate. "I will heat up our beverages, they have surely grown cold now."

Will laughed and nodded. “Good idea. Once we’re detached.”

Chapter 15

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened

Another day, another corpse; Hannibal had slipped out once again as Will slept. The Beta victim he'd chosen looked very much like a young Jack Crawford, and that had been all the Alpha needed to inflict his wrath. The chatty boy who couldn't have been older than twenty had also made the grave mistake of shoving past him once before --which made his kill justified, in his eyes-- when the would be doctor had procured the materials for the crib. The rude lamb had been marked ever since, especially given his likeness to who the Alpha considered his rival. The Count split him at the corners of his mouth, making a glasgow smile, or a big smirk just as Jack had done the last he'd seen him. The display was placed near the city hall, where others would surely see him. He'd be the talk of the town, Hannibal had thought as he'd removed his kidney to take with him.

Back and making breakfast, Hannibal tossed the egg into the air and let it fall upon his blade, breaking it in half in that way, quite pleased with himself as Will slept.

Just as Will was waking, there was a knock at their door, and the dogs barked. Will wrapped a robe around himself, padding down the steps from their room to the front door, pushing the dogs away with his foot. He opened it half way to see Crawford standing there. Will quickly shut the door again and locked.

“Will?” The man called through the door. “I just want to talk. There’s been another killing and I’d like a word with the Count.”

“Please go away. We don’t want trouble, just to be left alone,” Will said through the door and walked away.

Hannibal, having heard the knock, sat the egg mixture aside and walked over to Will, wrapping his arm around his waist, guard up. "Who is it, William?" he asked, though he knew.

“Who do you think?” Will sighed, leaning into Hannibal. “They are set on believing you are a monster.”

"They needed someone to target and who better than a Count, makes for better storytelling," Hannibal said, neither confirming or denying. "Let me see to this," he added and kissed Will's brow, moving towards the door.

"May I help you?" Hannibal asked, keeping an arm propped up between the Beta and the inside of their home.

Jack, though, was walking away, seeing as Will refused to talk. In hearing Hannibal’s voice, he turned around, head canted. “Just wanted a word with you, Count Lecter.”

"Very well," Hannibal said, and walked out of the house, nodding to Will he would be just a moment, since last time, it had overwhelmed him. He closed the door, and then walked over to the Beta, hands in his pockets. "What can I do for you, Mister Crawford?"

“You might be a well enough mate to that Omega, but you're up to dastardly things, and I'm going to prove it,” Jack said, in a low tone. “Too long have Alphas gotten away with murder.”

"I have no idea as to what you are referring," Hannibal said, nonchalantly, meeting the Beta's gaze. "I have been home, with my husband, preparing for the birth of our first born. So do what you feel necessary, in the end it is not I who will be looked upon as a buffon."

“Is that right?” Jack asked, nodding his head. “I see, I see.” He narrowed his eyes. “I’m sorry to have bothered you.”

"I told you could come to me for assistance," Hannibal said, looking at Jack and waving a hand idly. "And as such I do not mind the questions, I am certain you are simply doing what you think is your job but you are sniffing in the wrong direction Mister Crawford."

“I have a witness, Count, You’ll see me again,” Crawford stuffed his hands into his dingy coat pocket and walked the other direction, away from the villa.

"As you wish," Hannibal said, uncertain if Jack heard him or not, eyes narrowed on the back of his head as he turned to walk back inside.

"Now that he is gone, shall we have breakfast?" the Alpha asked Will, with a carefree smile.

Will nodded his head, having set out the plates for the breakfast Hannibal had been making, but didn’t touch the work of art in the pan. “Yes. Did he leave?”

"He did, yes, but I am certain he will be back," Hannibal sighed, and then went back to finishing breakfast utilizing the meat he'd harvested the night prior. "It is no cause for concern."

“He thinks there is,” Will said quietly, sighing as he watched Hannibal, curiously.

"He does, yes," Hannibal said, honestly, plating the food after turning off the stove. "And do you think there is cause for concern, Will?"

“Why was he here?” Will asked, having not gotten all the information before he made Jack leave. Now, the boy was curiouser.

"To accuse me of being the man who murdered another Beta, in the recent string of killings," Hannibal answered, without missing a beat. He walked over to set the plates onto the table. "I informed him I was home with you."

“We were sleeping both times,” Will added, and went to sit down, to have a nice breakfast, or so he hoped, with his husband.

"Precisely," Hannibal said, and sat down at the head of the table, taking his fork into his hand and pausing. "It is not as if he has any actual power. I can only surmise he harbors resentment

being a Beta in a world made for Alpha and Omega."

“The Betas out number us as it is after the wars,” Will added. “What resentment is there? He holds higher standing being we are the minorities now, despite being higher ranked in gender.”

"Yes, they have the numbers, unfortunately," the Count agreed and took a bite of his meat, savoring it as they spoke of Betas. "However, they are nothing remarkable. Their only power is their strength in number. Alone? They are nothing more than cattle and he knows that, hence his attempts."

“That why he’s just going after Alphas?” Will asked, merely trying to understand the man’s stance.

"I can only fathom that it is his reasoning," Hannibal mused, with a nod, wiping his mouth. "That or he doesn't think even his own gender capable of such feats."

Will took a bite of the meal, chewing it with an odd look on his face, it was different. “I think he’s just pushing for more equality, but going after Alphas doesn’t fix that.”

"Nor did the assumption that simply because you're Omegan, you needed saving," Hannibal pointed out, taking a drink of coffee. "I will not allow anyone to come between us, Will. I promise that, just as I have before. You recall what I said I would do to any who tried such a thing, correct?"

Nodding, Will swallowed the strange bite. “Yes. I do.”

"It still stands the same," Hannibal said, and took another appreciative bite of his meat, with a bit of egg. With an arched brow, he canted his head towards his husband after swallowing. "I hope you find breakfast enjoyable?"

“The sausage tastes different today,” Will mentioned, but he ate it anyway.

"It's a wonder how certain spices can change the flavor of meat," Hannibal said, again not lying nor giving anything away. "Do you dislike it?"

“It’s a weird texture in my mouth, I was expecting something else, is all,” Will said, not one to complain when food could sparse.

"Ah, I see," Hannibal said, and then took the last bite of his, following it with eggs. He would simply prepare the meat a different way next time, he thought to himself. "My apologies then, Will."

“No, it’s fine. I just didn’t know,” Will said, feeling as though he’d disappointed Hannibal by not liking the dish initially. He recovered by eating more of it, hiding it in bites of egg until it was gone.

Hannibal wasn't angry, but he had hoped Will would enjoy the meat he'd harvest in his honor. "It is my hope to procure the solar panels today," he said, changing the subject to avoid

making his husband feel uncomfortable. "Then give you an examination. I'm quite eager to see little Abigail."

“Me too.” Will drank down his juice, rubbing his belly. “Am I far enough along for that? I mean will we be able to tell if she’s female?”

"It will depend on how far along you are, but usually the primary sex can be determined between sixteen and twenty weeks," Hannibal explained, with a smile. "But we will likewise find that out, if nothing else-- you're exact date of conception."

“That’ll be fun,” Will admitted. “Did you need me to go with you to help, or would you prefer I stay at home this time?”

"If you feel up to joining me, I would appreciate the company," Hannibal smiled, and leaned over to rub Will's belly, trailing up to brush an errant curl from his eyes.

Will was showing much sooner this time around, but as long as Hannibal didn't mind, then he surely didn't either. Smiling, he flushed a bit at his doting mate. “I’d like to.”

Humming, Hannibal grinned and winked at his husband. The Alpha could hardly resist that beautiful face, and the rosy flush, they would be his undoing and he gladly surrendered. "Good, then we'll go once I've tidied up from breakfast, Mylimasis."

“Need help?” Will asked, stretching as he got up from the table. “Are we bringing the dogs?”

"If you'd like, thank you," Hannibal nodded, looking up at Will as he collected their plates and then headed towards the kitchen. "Perhaps they should stay home, just today, the ultrasound machine and solar panels will require space."

“Oh, that’s true,” Will said, helping with the dishes and then started water pump for putting the water in the sink.

Hannibal rolled up his sleeves and smiled again at his husband, starting to wash the dishes. "Yes, and is there anything else you might require while we are out today, William?"

Shaking his head, Will got a towel to dry the dishes as they were washed and handed to him. “I can’t think of anything.”

"Should something spring to mind, do let me know, hm?" Hannibal offered and started washing the next plate, scenting Will as they stood close.

“I will be sure to tell you,” Will whispered with a little grin up at Hannibal as he took the next plate.

"Please do," Hannibal murmured, and licked his lips as he stole a glance and then started on the glasses, pans would be next.

Will hummed a little ditty to himself as they cleaned, and once finished, he excused himself to use the bathroom and then put on going out clothes, something comfortable now that most of his clothes didn’t fit well.

Hannibal changed his clothing as well and walked into the room where Will was, watching him from the doorway. "Have you any idea how exquisite you look, William?" he asked, smiling. "You never fail to take my breath away. "

“Hm?” Will said, coyly, looking over at Hannibal. He sauntered up to Hannibal and kissed his lips.

Kissing him back, Hannibal brushed his thumb over Will's cheek. "Beautiful, Mylimasis," he murmured and gazed at his husband. "Are you ready then? We should depart with haste, hm?"

“Yes, let’s,” Will sighed, and slipped into his flat shoes that worked well for his starting to swell feet.

Hannibal took Will’s hand with a smile and lead him out the door to the car. He opened the door for his husband and then got in himself. “More books first or right to business?”

“If we find more that’s fine, but they aren’t a need yet,” Will said, buckling in, hoping today’s outing was better.

"Of course, yes," Hannibal agreed and started the car. He backed out and headed down the road, taking Will's hand to kiss. "I am pleased you agreed to accompany me. The trip is made more pleasurable by your presence. It shouldn't take long to get to the edge of town."

“Good. Hope I don’t need to pee again before then,” Will said with a shy smile.

"Should you need to, let me know," Hannibal chuckled and moved his hand to stroke the curls at the back of Will's neck, sighing contentedly. "A perfect day for an outing."

Will sighed. That’s what was said yesterday, but he hoped for better.

Hannibal knew, he could sense that Will wasn't totally certain of that but he would do everything in his power to give his mate a good day. He didn't say anything and instead just lovingly rubbed the Omega's neck as he drove past the trees.

Everything was silent and then finally Will looked over at Hannibal, curious about something that had been on his mind for a while. Chiyoh had only told him so much. “When Mischa died, did you kill the Betas that killed her?”

The question was unexpected, at least in this moment but Hannibal had expected it to be asked eventually. None of this showed on his serene features as he glanced briefly at Will and nodded, knowing there was a reason for the question. "Yes. Every last one."

“Is that why you hate Betas?” Will asked, gazing out the window at the trees, some people standing on the side of the road, marveling at the car.

"The main reason, yes," Hannibal answered, turning down another road to avoid the center of town. "They violated, beat and murdered her, without a thought."

“Not all Betas are like that,” Will said, since they did know a few who were loyal to them, who would never harm a fly.

"They can prove to be useful at times," Hannibal said, his tone not unkind but certainly not approving of Will's thoughts on Betas. He thought for a moment and then glanced at his husband. "You have a kind heart, but I have seen your capacity for violence when it is called for. I acted no different in regard to my sister's murderers."

Will blinked, trying hard not to think of the damage he had done to Mason, or anyone else there as he had tried to free himself. “I didn’t… kill anyone…”

"No? And what of Anthony?" Hannibal asked, arching a brow at Will, a dark pleased glint in his eyes as he neared the abandoned home that he suspected had the panels. "You impressed me then, and I was thankful you removed him from our lives, he was quite the pest. Though you might have succeeded in killing me, if Chiyoh had not intervened. So beautiful, William, seeing you covered in blood, even mine."

Will frowned deeply. That wasn’t even too long ago, and he’d blocked it out, forgotten for intents and purposes of just that: forgetting. “I wouldn’t have lived with myself if I had.”

"When I die, Will, I could only hope it would be at your hands or in your arms," Hannibal admitted, and reached took his husband's hand to kiss. "Worry not, you showed great strength, and power. You're quite the remarkable boy."

Will remembered the echoes of what it felt like to have Anthony’s scent all over his inebriated mate. It made him seethe with anger just to think about. He glanced at Hannibal. “Are we there?”

"Yes," Hannibal said, pulling into the nearly overgrown driveway and parking. He turned to Will and grasped his face, looking him in the eyes after he’d scented the hormone change in his mate. "That anger you feel? It can be a tool, Will. Unleash it and allow that rage to fuel your radiance."

“Now?” Will asked, shaking a little.

"Whenever you feel it needs to be done," Hannibal answered, simply, head canted curiously.

Will narrowed his eyes and then slipped out of Hannibal’s grip. “I won’t do anything to harm the pup.”

"I wasn't suggesting you should," Hannibal said and moved back, opening the car door. He paused and looked back over at Will. "I did not realize that needed to be made clear on my part, so my apologies there. I merely meant you are free to do as you like."

Will wasn’t sure what it was Hannibal was suggesting exactly, but it flared a nasty demon inside of him. The boy got out, shutting the door behind him as he walked up to the house, surprised it had any panels left at all.

The location was remote enough, hardly worth the trouble for people to walk to, and given the panel's weight, it would be taxing to carry them without the aid of a car. Hannibal walked close to Will, looking at the panels that were mounted on the roof and tried the door. It was unlocked, blessedly, and he opened it, going inside first to make sure it was safe. He knew his spouse was angry yet, so he gave him some space, though not too much.

Will wasn't angry at Hannibal, more just confused and angry at himself for a lot of things he'd done. He walked around the house, and found a basket by the door, and picked it up to fish through cabinets to see if they had left over foods.

Hannibal checked all the rooms, save for the upstairs and then touched Will's back. "I will be upstairs, I found some tools for unmounting the panels," he said and then locked the front door. "I won't be long."

"Do you need help?" Will asked, watching after his husband.

"It would be nice to have you with me, you could hand me the tools," Hannibal offered, not wanting his pregnant husband out on the roof but also not liking the notion of leaving him alone downstairs.

Will nodded, and set the basket down, taking Hannibal's hand to stay close. Now that he didn't need to hide his empathy, he openly looked at Hannibal with it, taking in his need to protect, and allowing it. "I can do that."

"Thank you," Hannibal said, with a little nod and lead Will upstairs into the bedroom, where he's sat the tools he'd found on the dusty nightstand next to the open window. The Alpha stepped outside the window, half way and looked back at Will, first tool in hand, "If I should fall and perish, William, do not linger, return home where it is safe, and stay there."

"Hannibal…" Will said quietly, quiet fear lacing his tone as he watched his husband work. Will could take care of himself, but with the pup growing inside of him it would harder than ever to do just that.

Hannibal looked up from his place on the rooftop, sweat beginning to cover his body as hair hung into his eyes. He took off his shirt, and slung it over his shoulder, wiping his brow with the back of his hand. "William...do not dismay," he said and then held out his hand towards the open window, "Pass me the next tool on the bed, please?"

Will reached for the next tool and handed it to Hannibal through the open window, fretting even if he was told not, it was harder than it looked. "Sorry…"

"Thank you and no, Mylimasis, there is nothing to be sorry for," Hannibal said, his voice hoarse from exertion. The panels were on tight, due to rust from rain and a lack of maintenance. He put his back into the motion, using the wrench to work diligently at the bolt there, back muscles and biceps flexing.

Will watched, mixed feeling with horror of losing Hannibal should something happen, and lustfulness of his husband doing hands on work. He licked his bottom lip, sitting between the roof and the window.

Finally, Hannibal loosened the bolt, and then started on the other which was thankfully not as rusted into place. He got that one free and then handed Will the wrench. Next, he disconnected the cables, and when he was standing to pick up the panel, his foot slipped out from under him due to a loose roof tile, causing him to nearly fall backwards but he was able to catch himself by angling his body to the side. Righting his stance, he looked over at his husband, "I am alright, William."

Out the window and on the roof, Will carefully went over to Hannibal to help him, despite what Hannibal said not to do. “Please be more careful.”

"I will, thank you, William," Hannibal said and kept his eyes on Will, not liking that he was out on the roof. The Alpha bent over, being careful, and started lifting the panel to bring inside, with his husband's help. "Let's get this inside, I do not want you out here for very long."

Nodding, Will ducked inside first, and then carefully helped to bring the first panel inside with Hannibal and laid it down on the ground, and then reached for the second. “I’m fine. I won’t be fine if you’re dead.”

Hannibal nodded, offering Will a smile and then helped move the second panel inside. He grabbed his shirt which had dropped off his shoulders when he'd nearly fallen and climbed back inside the window. "There, safe and sound," he sighed, and hooked a finger under Will's jaw before leaning in to kiss him, twice. "I would be lost without you as well, I do hope you know that."

Will pressed his hands into Hannibal’s bare chest and curled his fingers into the hair there, leaning up for another kiss, not letting him get away. The near fall startled him, and the rest had aroused him. “Good.”

Placing his arm around Will's waist, Hannibal held his Omega close, and kissed down into his mouth slowly. The other hand slid from the boy's chin to his jaw, where he cupped reverently. "I love you, William."

“I love you, Hannibal,” Will whispered back, softly, kissing Hannibal slowly.

The Alphan Count smiled at that, never tiring of hearing his husband confess his affections and brushed his hair from his eyes. "Let's finish up here, see if there is any other supplies we can gather and go to the clinic to see about the ultrasound machine, Mylimasis."

Will calmed in Hannibal’s arms, and nodded his head. “Yes, okay.”

Hannibal leaned in to scent Will, and kissed his pulse point before letting go. He wanted to keep holding him, but knew the longer they stayed the more chance there was of running into problems, should someone happen by. Taking both panels in his arms, much easier on a flat surface, he started out of the room and downstairs where he sat them down so they could look around.

Will followed quietly, picking up the basket once more. Canned goods, as he was told, weren’t really good anymore after all the years they’d been left, but now and then his parents

would find some that were still pretty okay.

As Will tended to that, Hannibal gathered some cutlery, and a picture of *Leda and the Swan* from the wall, which he found to be beautiful. It wasn't needed, but he took it all the same. He next collected some towels, and soaps that were surprisingly still in good condition in the downstairs bathroom. "I saw an office, next to the bathroom, there may be a few books in there, should you care to look."

Will nodded, and went to look around, but mostly there was just law books, which Will left, not sure how well they'd need those these days. He picked out a few encyclopedias insteads. "Not much here."

"Then we can start carrying our findings out," Hannibal stated, and went to unlock and open the front door, wanting to make sure no one was outside. When he saw there wasn't, he walked to the car to open the trunk and the back seat doors, heading back in to grab the panels. "Shall we?"

Will nodded, setting the books and canned goods into the car and then buckled in, humming as his mood leveled out just being in the sunshine. "Yeah. I'm excited to see the pup."

Hannibal, only slightly out of breath from getting the panels and other items into the car, looked over at his mate as he buckled up. He cranked the engine, and nodded, backing up and pulling out onto the road towards the clinic. "As am I, dear boy, very much so."

Will reached for Hannibal's hand, holding it in his own, quietly apologizing for his odd mood swings. "Closest thing to a picture we'll get."

"Yes, it is," Hannibal agreed, gently squeezing Will's hand. He knew of course the mood swings were due, in large part to the pregnancy. "Though I could sketch what we see on the monitor, to have something tangible, if you would like?"

"Really?" Will smiled at that, his own artistic skills weren't the best, and he loved everything Hannibal had drawn thus far.

"Certainly," Hannibal smiled back, passing by old buildings that seemed to lead the way to the clinic. He didn't draw as much as he once did, but it was still something he enjoyed partaking in.

Will squeezed Hannibal's hand at that, watching the run down buildings as they drove by them. "Perhaps you can do one of her too, when she's born?"

"I would very much like that, yes, and one of you holding her, perhaps breastfeeding--tastefully done of course," Hannibal mused. He brought Will's hand to kiss, scenting his wrist and humming.

"I'd like that," Will whispered, biting his bottom lip. He'd never gotten to do that with his first pup, it seemed almost foreign to him.

"How beautiful you will look feeding our pup," Hannibal said, his voice laced with awe. He turned off onto the road the clinic was on and rolled down the window to let in some more air to enjoy the day.

Will blushed deeply, and smiled, rolling his window down as well, letting it whip around his chestnut locks, curls in his face. “It’s beautiful out.”

"It is," Hannibal answered, tone smooth like honey as he looked over at Will, taking in his beauty more so than the day itself. He only looked briefly, keeping his eyes on the road to insure their safety but still, it was enough of a glance to send his heart racing. "The clinic is just there, at the end of the road."

Will looked, and smiled, excited now. “Do we have room for the machine? Is it large?”

"They come in various sizes, we can only hope one of the ones we find today will be on the smaller end of the spectrum," Hannibal smiled back, rubbing his husband's belly as he turned onto the cracked parking lot pavement. He undid his belt, and killed the engine, stepping out of the car and waiting for Will.

Will scrambled out and quickly took up Hannibal’s hand once more, staying close though no one was around. Abandoned clinics and hospitals were always a little scary, a little creepy. “Do you think we’ll ever get back to how society was before the wars?”

"I think it is very likely," Hannibal answered, head canted over at his mate. He opened the door, the windows surrounding the clinic providing light. "We have much to rebuild, and it will take time, but there has been progress. Less looting, which indicates stability as a whole."

“Can we grow if we can’t come together?” Will asked, simply, curious to see how Hannibal saw the world coming back from this, after it had lost most of the Alphas and the Omegas.

"Long before the wars, and the fall of our world as we once knew it to be, there was segregation," Hannibal explained, leading them down the hall to one of the exam rooms, making sure they were safe. "I think a general consensus would be helpful, yes, but I do not anticipate world peace or harmony. It will come back together, but very much in pieces."

Will sighed at that, holding Hannibal’s hand, grasping his arm as he hand closer. “I just want harmony.”

"I can not amend the world as a whole for you, dear boy," Hannibal said, and stopped to grasp his jaw gently, looking into his eyes. "But I can promise I will keep you and Abigail safe, and give our family the harmony you seek."

Nodding slowly, Will gazed up at Hannibal. He’d never known the world as peaceful, never as anything but it was now. “If the world were the same, would you be a real doctor?”

"Yes, I would," Hannibal said, and leaned in to kiss Will's brow. He released him and snaked his arm around his husband's waist, walking them over to the machine. It was small enough

to go in the backseat but they wouldn't know if it worked until back home. "Or perhaps a psychiatrist."

“You’d be good at either one,” Will said, though not sure how Hannibal would be at the latter given all he’d been through. “Is that it?”

It often took a mind that had been through much to understand others who were broken and in order to help repair the cracks "Thank you, and yes, that is it," Hannibal smiled and wound the cords up, looking over the machine. "There may be some other supplies we can take. Lubricant, bandages, syringes and the like."

“I’ll look if you want to take that out?” Will said, letting go of Hannibal’s hand, looking around, he went through the cabinets first.

"An excellent idea," Hannibal agreed, and then lifted the machine, walking past Will and down the hall to the car. He loaded it up and locked the doors, turning on his heel to walk back inside.

Will had found bottles of stuff that he put on the counter, and sanitizer if the bottle was labeled right. He looked over at Hannibal. “Lots of stuff…”

"It would seem there is," Hannibal hummed, and looked at the items. He took a quick survey of the room and then rubbed Will's back. "These will prove to be most helpful, yes."

Will gathered some of the bottles into his arms. “Good.” He smiled and started to carry them out.

Hannibal grabbed the rest, and walked out with Will, to the car, where he put them into the trunk and helped his husband with his. "Very well, off we go," he smiled, and then opened the door for the Omega. "Is there anywhere else you'd like to go to before we return home, Mylimasis?"

Will laughed, mirth in his eyes, the outing having done him well. “I think I’m okay.” Excited to get home, Will buckled in, settling in eagerly.

Smiling warmly, Hannibal leaned in to kiss his mate and then shut the door, walking around the car to get in himself. Once inside, he buckled up and started the engine, backing out. The would be doctor once again pulled out, and headed home. "Shall I make us some tea when we return home, Will?"

“Tea sounds great,” Will said, spreading his palms over his thighs, antsy now to get back.

Hannibal nodded, and continued back towards home. The rest of the drive was peaceful and finally after about ten minutes he parked the car, and unloaded the items inside, planning to set it up after tea. "I'll get started on our tea, Mylimasis," he said, kindly, and then kissed his cheek before going into the kitchen. "Would you like honey and milk?"

“Honey is fine,” Will said, putting away the pantry items, they could check them for expiration later.

The Alpha watched Will just for a moment, looking at his belly, his stunning profile, he knew he was fortunate, and he thought if only he'd seen it before things could have been different. Nonetheless, he was happy they were doing well now so he started the tea and then put his hands in his pockets, leaning against the counter. "After our tea, I would like to go ahead with the examination, if you do not mind, Will."

“I don’t mind,” Will said, quietly, smiling over his shoulder at Hannibal. It was sad they had not settled differences sooner, but Will was happy to be where they were now. He wouldn’t trade it for anything.

"Thank you," Hannibal smiled back, and walked over to wrap his arms around Will from behind, pressing his nose into the nape of his husband's neck. He purred, without meaning to, chest vibrating against the Omega's back.

Will leaned into Hannibal, reaching behind him to touch his thigh, rubbing it up to his hip. “I can indulge you sometimes.”

"Is that right?" Hannibal murmured his breath hot on Will's neck as he stayed close. "And how, pray tell would you do that, Mylimasis?"

“Letting you do the exam, of course,” Will said, coyly, though they both knew that Will was more than accommodating to his Alpha.

"I will have to behave myself then, won't I?" Hannibal crooned, his hands roving over Will's chest as the water for the tea heated. "And remain professional at all times..."

“You *are* a doctor,” Will said with a teasing tone, remembering how Hannibal looked on the roof of the house, sweating with muscles bulging. He hummed, pleased at the memory.

"Indeed I am, and these hands that seek your flesh now, are more than capable of seeing to your every need," Hannibal rumbled and nipped at Will's neck with his sharp teeth.

“Would you like to take me beforehand so that we aren’t tempted during our exam?” Will asked, pressing back into Hannibal’s hips with his ass.

"That is a question you never need ask," Hannibal murmured, and leaned over to turn off the fire on the stove, setting the kettle off the burner. He slid Will's pants down, his hands hugging his curves as he did. "So succulent, William..."

Will let out a hefty sigh, hands against the counter, swallowing as his need for his mate seemed to spike instantaneously. “Please-”

Hannibal's nostrils flared as he scented the slick between Will's cheeks and he quickly removed his hard cock from his pants and pressed into his mate. "Oh Will, I could never refuse you, dear boy..."

“Never do,” Will gasped, spreading his thighs wide for his mate. Too many times had they denied each other this very thing since they met, he’d hate to be denied it now.

"Never," Hannibal promised, and slid his hands down Will's sides, to his hips where he gripped and started to move in and out of his husband in slow circular thrusts. "Ah, Will, perfect-"

“Yes-” Will groaned, head down between his shoulders as he pushed back into every whipping thrust of Hannibal’s perfectly timed swivels.

Hannibal increased his rhythm, leaning forward to kiss and lick on the Omega's back, fingers holding him there as he pistoned again and again. Being inside of his husband was a religious experience, as close to god as the Alpha would ever come.

“Hannibal…” Will moaned, leaning in on just one hand, he used the other to stroke his cock, working himself up toward a pleasurable ending, the fire starting in his belly.

"Allow me..." Hannibal murmured and reached around, under Will's belly to take his cock, starting to glide his hand up and down as he fucked into his mate harder, growling at the unbridled pleasure.

Will held himself up with both hands as Hannibal started to please the Omega thoroughly. His head dropped, small, pleasurable gasp escaping his past his lips. “Yes-”

Hannibal scraped his fangs on the nape of Will's neck as he bent his knees, sweat covering his skin from the intensity of his relentless jack-hammering into his beloved. Heat swirled in his belly,threatening to spill but he held back, wrist flicking and hand gripping deftly around his boy's cock as he continued to drive inward. "My William-"

“Hannibal-” Will manage to bite out as he started to unravel, like Hannibal was pulling the string tied straight to his core.

"Good, Mylimasis," the Alpha breathed, his cock tapping precisely against his young spouse's prostate with each expert pass. His knot began to throb and body tense, and yet, he still held fast, licking along Will's shoulder to his scent gland.

Shuddering, Will came, his whole body quaking at the sheer force of it all, grasping at his mate’s cock with every throb that rippled through his lithe body. “Fu-” he tried to gasp out, but it was all too much.

The Count panted raggedly against Will's shoulder, eyes closing and jaw shifting as he followed behind his husband, coating his insides like a painting with hot Alpha seed. As his knot expanded and tied them together, he bit down and broke skin with a muffled howl.

“Hannibal…” Will managed, looking behind him at this husband in disheveled symmetry.

Hannibal cut his dark lust filled eyes up at Will, and raised his head, his teeth covered with crimson as he moved forward to capture his Omega's mouth. "Will...."

Will rolled back into Hannibal, standing with his ass to his hips, Hannibal buried deep inside of him, and kissed him slowly. “We’re never going to get to the exam at this rate.”

Chuckling softly, Hannibal kissed Will back lovingly and ran his hands along his mate's chest and over his belly. "Once my knot releases us and you clean up, I will perform the examination, dear boy, I assure you."

“I was teasin’,” Will laughed, body shaking as he did, and reached back and behind him to pet down Hannibal’s hair.

Hannibal laughed with him, and then nipped at Will's lips, playfully. He loved how his husband was able to make him smile, pull him from his serious train of thought and into one of whimsy. "You delight me, Mylimasis."

“As is my job now,” Will said with a serious smile, never letting his gaze linger for a moment as they stayed knotted together for the moment.

"Your job is it? Not a pleasure then?" Hannibal teased, eyes narrowed thoughtfully. He kissed his mate's shoulder, and then laved over the new mark he'd made.

“Can I not take pleasure in my job?” Will closed his eyes, content to be stay like this for the remainder of time until Hannibal’s knot deflated.

"Of course," Hannibal murmured, and watched his young mate, taking in the curves of his profile, to the way the boy's long lashes kissed the tops of his flushed cheeks. A work of art, and all his.

After a while Hannibal’s knot finally went down and Will excused himself to clean up, saying he’d meet Hannibal in their bedroom in a bit, so the would be doctor had time to set up everything.

Hannibal had cleaned up, himself, and got the solar panels set up, along with the machine, and fortunately it worked perfectly. With the lubricant and items he needed laid out, he awaited his husband's return, hands sterilized up to his elbows.

Will yawned as he came in and sat down, or only in a towel, having bathed, which took some time to heat the water by fire. “Ready?”

"Yes," Hannibal smiled, looking up at Will. He walked over to his mate, and brushed his knuckles over the back of his mate's cheek. "Please remove the towel and lie back, legs spread and bent at the knees."

Doing as told, the Omega laid back on the bed, far more relaxed than he once was with Hannibal after being captive at Mason’s. “Does that go inside me?”

“No, however, I’m going to examine your cervix after we get a good image of our pup ," Hannibal said, tweaking the settings and then lubricating Will’s belly once he’d warmed it. He smiled at his husband and started gently pressing the instrument over his mate’s bump, watching the screen. “There, do you see the flutter on the monitor? That is Abigail’s heart beating,” he smiled, proudly.

Will smiled at the screen, biting his lower lip with a sigh. “Can we tell for sure if she’s a she?”

"Yes," Hannibal answered, and then pointed to an area on the screen, emotion swelling in his breast. He would leave the image up for sketching. "She is most assuredly, female and quite active from the looks of it. A strong heartbeat also."

“Good. I knew it,” Will said, wiping a few stray tears from his eyes. He never got this with the first pup.

"You did, Mylimasis, and it appears she will have your legs," Hannibal pointed out, looking at the length of her bone structure. He leaned over to kiss Will’s tear stained cheeks and then righted his stance anew. "I would say you are around twenty weeks along and progressing nicely."

Will wiped the tears from his cheeks, and swallowed hard, still staring at the monitor. “She’s going to be beautiful.”

"She will, especially if she has even a fraction of the beauty you possess," Hannibal offered, looking between Will and the monitor. He was filled with Alpha pride and love, his eyes all but sparkling. "Whenever you have had a moment, I will complete the examination and begin the portrait of our little Abigail, hm?"

Will nodded, still splayed out and ready to be checked over whenever Hannibal was ready. “Whenever.”

"Thank you," The Alpha said and then got into position, once he'd lubricated his gloved fingers. "Just a bit of pressure, and...I will be professional as promised," he grinned, and then slowly inserted one finger in a clinical manner, feeling for any abnormalities. "So let me know if anything hurts."

There was a difference between Doctor Lecter and Hannibal his mate, so Will treated him as the former, and nodded his head. “Of course, Doctor.”

Hannibal gently pressed to the cervix, and nodded. "The plug is sound, and everything feels as it should," he said and then removed his finger, taking the glove off and throwing it in the trash receptacle he'd fashioned. He offered his husband his hands to help him sit. "You may get dressed, now, William. You and our pup are quite healthy."

Will smiled and wrapped the towel around himself once more. “How do you know it feels as it should?”

"The plug I mentioned forms during pregnancy, and protects your uterus from unwanted bacteria and pathogens," Hannibal explained, with a smile and began tidying the area, the screen still displaying the image of their little girl. "If there were an issue or it was coming loose, I would have felt such things, likewise I was checking to make sure there were no growths that should not otherwise be present. All of this information can be found in several books I have in the study, Mylimasis."

“Just curious,” Will said, shifting through the closet for clothes, realizing nothing was going to fit for long. “Next run we need to find me something else to wear…”

"Yes, agreed," Hannibal said, walking over gather his sketching supplies, setting them on the desk. "I can also alter some of your clothing, or you can borrow something of mine in the meantime."

“I will just need something soon,” Will said as he pulled on a shirt that barely covered his belly.

"Consider it done, Will, tomorrow," Hannibal offered, looking over at his mate as he took a seat at the desk and began to draw the outline. "I can go finish your tea if you'd like, so you can relax while I attend to this?"

“I can make it, it’s no problem,” Will said, leaning over to kiss Hannibal’s cheek softly. “Did you want a cup still?”

"Please, with milk and a bit of honey, Will, thank you," Hannibal smiled and took Will's hand to kiss in return before he let go to resume his sketching.

Will left, and twenty minutes later he brought up tea and set Hannibal’s down on his desk next to him, and then crawled into bed with his own, sipping on it. “Mm.”

Hannibal sipped the tea and looked up at Will, a warm expression flitting over his features. "Very good, Will, thank you again," he said, and sat it down, putting a few finishing touches on the drawing. "I'm nearly finished."

“So soon?” Will asked, yawning a little, exhausted from their outing.

"Yes, mostly a lot of shading, not very much detailing required," Hannibal explained, brushing some stray particles off with his pinky. "The portrait of you and her together will take far longer. Sleep if you need rest, I will join you shortly."

Will set his tea down on the side table, and rested against the pillow, watching Hannibal, but his eyes were drowsy, slowly closing. “Just for a second.”

The Count looked over at his Omega and watched as he fell into slumber, finishing the drawing. Once he was done, he turned off the machine, and stowed it and the tools away. Finally, he framed and hung the drawing, for Will to see once he woke, and climbed into bed, wrapping a strong arm around his waist to get a bit of rest himself.

Chapter 16

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened, Identically_Different

Months passed, and as they did, Will got larger and larger, as did the kills around Italy, which Will was now convinced were from his Alpha, who was slowly weeding out the Betas. Will wasn't stupid, but in his condition, upset wasn't something he could afford, so he kept his mouth shut. Nearing thirty-five weeks in, Will was waddling mostly now, and had to have Hannibal help him up the stairs at home, and down them as well.

"How shall we spend the remainder of the day today, Will?" Hannibal asked, stoking the fire in the fireplace and then sitting next to his husband on the couch.

“Have you grown bored of lazing around with me?” Will chuckled, hand over his large belly where he sat, gazing at the fire, a book in hand.

"Nonsense," Hannibal assured, looking over at his husband. He leaned over to kiss Will’s cheek, and then crossed a leg over the other. "We could sit in silence and I would be just as content as moments where we are on an outing, Mylimasis."

“I should be up and moving more, I’m going to be so fat,” Will replied, mirth in his eyes as he rubbed his bump, feeling the Abigail kick fiercely against his palm.

"I will help you lose the weight, if you wish, or rather, she will," Hannibal grinned, nodding towards Will's belly and then rubbed over it to feel her move there. "You will be just as beautiful as you have always been."

“You keep me so well fed,” Will laughed, not at all minding the bit of weight gain, happy to just have a healthy pup ready to burst out at any moment. “I imagine she will have a head of thick, dark hair.”

"Of course, I want you and our little girl to be well taken care of," Hannibal smiled, not minding the weight at all either. "I hope she has your exquisite curls and eyes."

Abigail kicked again and Will reached for Hannibal’s hand, placing it over his belly, where he foot stuck out. “She’s strong.”

"She is," Hannibal said, proudly, wondering if she might end up an Alpha. Either way he would be happy. He leaned over to kiss Will's belly. "Strong like you, dear boy."

“She’s a Lecter, of course she’s strong,” Will whispered, hand carded through Hannibal’s hair, fondly.

The Count stayed put, enjoying the affection as well as the closeness to their pup. "Yes, just as you are also Lecter by bond, Mylimasis."

“Then she will be strong and perfect,” Will whispered, stroking Hannibal’s hair, down his neck, soothing. They had only grown closer, no other issues since months ago.

Hannibal found himself purring, a deep Alphan sound, under his Omega's ministrations. "Yes, she will," he said, looking up at his mate. "I love you, William, you and Abigail, with all of my being."

Will's maternal side had take over once more, and soothing the father of their pup was something felt the urge to do. He laid back, watching the sight of his Alpha listening to his belly, and feeling her kick. “She knows the sound of your voice.”

"Indeed and I have enjoyed every moment spent speaking with and reading to her," Hannibal smiled, nuzzling Will's belly, paternal instincts, likewise, taking over. He felt a vicious need

to protect them both, but in this moment, love was radiating off of him in soothing waves. "We are truly fortunate, Mylimasis."

“We are,” Will said, fondly, caressing his fingers through Hannibal’s hair, content to stay like this the rest of the day, listening to Hannibal read to them.

It was as if Hannibal read Will's mind, their connection ever present, as he reached for the book his beloved had been reading.

"Allow me?" the Alpha offered, his voice smooth like velvet, textured yet soft.

Will nodded his head with a smile, handing the book over to his husband. “If you wouldn’t mind.”

"Not at all," Hannibal smiled with his eyes, and opened the book to where Will had left off, rolling onto his back again near his mate's tummy. He began to read, in a very melodic tone, his chest rising and falling at a relaxed rate, fire crackling near them.

With a hum, Will fell asleep after an hour or so, hand rested on Hannibal’s shoulder.

Hannibal angled his head to kiss Will's hand and then quietly got up, setting the book down. He covered his husband up and then went outside to tend to the garden he had growing in the backyard.

A knock at the door woke Will from his nap, and he pushed himself to his feet on the second sound of a heavy hand. Hannibal hadn't heard it. He waddled to the door and opened it a pinch to see out. Crawford. Will sighed.

“Hi, Will. How are you feeling?” the man asked, quietly. “We need to talk.” He pushed the door in a bit, Will with it and a handful of Betas stormed in in past him.

“Hannibal!” Will cried out before Jack reached for him and quieted him with one hand around his mouth.

“Let's not be hasty, Will. Count Lecter has done some horrible things, and he has to pay for them. You deserve better. We are going to be sure you do.”

Will struggled, his arms over his belly protectively as he mewled, his scent growing sour with distress. The Betas meanwhile stormed the backyard and Lecter, managing to get him down and docile, I'd only because Jack showed him Will, and how just in control of the Count’s life he was right now. Will struggled still as Hannibal went down willingly, tears in his eyes.

“We are going to take good care of Will and the baby. You won't be so lucky,” Jack said as they whacked Lecter over the back of his head to knock him out.

***

When Hannibal finally came to, his wrists and feet were bound and he was in a jail cell, though it was in less than stellar conditions. His first thought wasn't the the pain in his head

but Will. He could hear from walking near by, but his vision was still fuzzy and he assessed he might have a concussion. Still, he called out. "I demand to speak to Jack Crawford."

As if standing by and waiting, Jack appeared broad shoulders, hands behind his back. “We don’t usually meet demands of prisoners. Especially not serial killers.”

"You have yet to introduce me to this so called witness of yours," Hannibal said, standing up and holding onto the bars. "However my concern is not my alleged crimes, it is Will. How is he and what do you intend on doing with him?"

“Will is well taken care of. He’s being fed and cared for,” Jack insisted. “These killings happened after you moved to town. And we have one witness to a murder you committed just last week.”

"As a...Beta, I know you are not aware of the effect it will have on Will when I am gone, and even now. While you think you are doing what is best for him, you are only distressing both him and our pup to be," Hannibal insisted back, blurred eyes narrowed. He knew Jack intended on killing him, he'd heard of the city hall hangings, and the crowds they drew. The Alpha clucked his tongue, quietly, and leaned closer to the bars, almost speaking in a whisper. "I hope you are going to arrest everyone that moved into town the same time as we did, though I must say, I don't see there being enough room in this cell. Furthermore, I do have enemies, I can only imagine there are people who would likely say they saw me committing said murders. What a star it would make a commoner to bring an innocent Count to justice. A pity there are no cameras to regale the tale with full color imagery."

“We’re working on it,” was all Jack said, shaking his head slowly. “You act very innocent, Count Lecter, but even your mate knows what you’ve been up to, and the things you did in France.”

"Is that right, Mister Crawford? You do realize that reverse psychology will not work on me, hm? Especially not if I am who you seem to think I am, nor will trying to turn my own mate and husband against me," Hannibal said, his vision better now. "I do not suppose you will let me see him once more? To say...goodbye, since you are set on hanging me either way."

Jack nodded up at Beta by the stairs and a few minutes later, Will was brought down, not a scratch on him. They didn’t even have him bound. Jack stepped back and let Will take his place near the bar, and the Omega immediately ran up to them, pressing his head against them. Though he was not harmed, he was distressed.

Hannibal pressed close, kissing Will's lips and scenting him through the bars to offer comfort. His heart was heavy with emotion, stomach all but churning at the distress that was wafting off of his husband in thick waves. "William, my beautiful William, I am so very sorry," he said, quietly, inspecting him for injury. "Everything will be alright, Mylimasis."

The wheels were turning in Will’s head on how to get them out of this, but his distress was more than would let him think rationally. He pressed his forehead against the bars. “I fear the pup will stress and come too early,” Will whispered.

"Take in my scent, Will, I need you to be calm and strong for me, and for Abigail," Hannibal said, gently, and raised his bound hands to somewhat hold Will's through the bars. When he spoke next it was merely a faint whisper. "I told you before, no one will keep us apart but I need you to trust me that everything will be okay. For now, do as they say, speak very little and I will find you. I love you, always."

Will nodded, slowly. “I love you,” he whispered, a plan formulating in his mind as they spoke, clearer headed around his Alpha, and knowing he was safe now, for now, he could think it over.

Hannibal pressed his face as far as he could down towards Will's neck, and closed his eyes, happy that his Omega's scent was shifting to one of a calmer state. "You are cunning, Will, and capable of much," he said quieter still, and raised his head. "Soon we will be together, and perhaps return home, if you wish."

“As long as I’m with you,” Will whispered back. “I’ll be strong.”

"Thank you," Hannibal smiled and pecked Will's lips again, crouching down briefly afterwards to give his husband’s belly a kiss before standing again. "Papa loves you, too, Abigail."

Will’s resolve nearly broke there, but Jack and the other Beta were moving him again, back up the stairs, and then he was gone.

Hannibal bit back tears, as he'd watched Will be taken away and righted his stance, confidently, showing no signs of physical nor emotional pain. "Tell me, Jack, when am I to meet my inevitable end?"

“Soon enough.” Jack said. They'd put a few overly feral and violent Alphas to death already. Another would be no different.

"Jack, I wonder, what will you do with my body when I'm dead? After all once you kill me, you will be no better than this murder you seek, even going as far as to make a public display of your own making," Hannibal taunted, smiling wryly at the Beta.

“Not at all. We plan to burn you,” Jack said, mirroring the smile, snidely.

"Do you see the faces of the Alphas you've murdered at night? Do they haunt your dreams, Jack? Or are your actions justified because you feel it is a public service you've committed for the betterment of society?" Hannibal asked, his fingers clasped calmly in front of himself, nearing the bars again almost menacingly. "God kills everyday, both justly and mercilessly. I can only assume it makes your, otherwise pedestrian existence, seem more important, shall we say it even elevates you to a god-like status? Perhaps you’ll receive a medal."

“No medal required,” Jack said and stepped back. “Due justice, Count.”

Hannibal smiled, pleased with himself both at what he'd said and when Jack had stepped back. "Indeed. I wonder, who will come for you, one day, to offer up justice for the lives

you've taken, be they murders or otherwise. You're living on borrowed time, Mister Crawford. Do enjoy it while you can."

“As are you,” Jack said and left the cell, back up to where ever the stairs seemed to lead.

Smirking slightly, Hannibal turned away from the bars, to face the wall, entering his memory palace and simultaneously thinking up a plan. There was no way he would die at the hands of his inferiors without ever having met his pup.

***

“You pitiful little thing,” a woman said as she walked into the room where Will stayed, guarded, though how this woman got by, Will didn’t know. She smelled… different.

“Pitiful?” Will asked, holding his belly, protectively.

“With child and your mate on death row,” she huffed, taking a seat in a chair by the bed, one slender leg crossed over the other.

“He’s not going to die.”

“No? Will you get out of here in time to save him?” the woman waved the boy off. “You won’t. No without my help.”

Will took pause, blue eyes hard on the woman. “And who are you?”

“Bedelia DuMaurier,” she stated, simply. “An Alpha they have yet to detect. You either hide that you are one or become like the poor Count.”

“Why do you want to help us?”

“Someone must, or this world will go to shit,” Bedelia sighed, hands on his thigh. “Not that it isn’t already, but the Alpha Gender is dying out. With your little pup on the way, it’s bright hope around here.”

“And Omegas?”

“Still rare, but there will be no more if there are no Alphas.” Bedelia pulled something from her pocket, a letter, and handed it to Will. “From a friend of yours, I believe.”

Will picked up the letter and read it slowly, with a smile.

“It’s settled then?”

“Yes,” Will answered, simply.

***

A large group of Betas moved in to transport Lecter to the main stage to be hung, dragging him with all their weight, and managing to get him strung up, awaiting death with just the

simplest kick of the box out from under his feet.

Hannibal surveyed the crowd, sweat starting to cover his brow as he checked to see if they would be so cruel as to make Will watch. He had though surely he would have come up with a plan to escape by now, but they kept their distance from him and watched him closely. His heart ached, though none of that showed on his stoic features, ached with the knowledge that he would never get to see their pup, and his husband would be left to rear her alone. Death itself never bothered him, but abandoning his family did.

“Do it,” Jack said, the man near Hannibal kicked out the box, but instead of a struggle, a single gunshot was heard and the rope frayed and Hannibal dropped to his knees. An uproar exploded through the crowd, and more gunshots went off, taking down the guards one by one.

Hannibal got to his feet quickly, and removed the rope from his neck, going right for Jack. He used the distraction to his advantage and wrapped the rope around his neck, tugging backwards to knock him down and straddle him. "How the proverbial tables have turned, Jack," he growled, teeth exposed as he tightened the rope.

Jack gasped, “Don’t do it. You’ll just prove what you are-”

"Just as you have proven who you are," Hannibal snapped, eyes blood red with fury. He tightened the rope more with one hand and punched him with the other, under the jaw.

Jack used his brute strength to push Hannibal off, rolling over him, and punching him hard in the jaw, drawing a knife from his side pocket. Somewhere above them a gunshot sounded once again and a bullet pushed into Jack’s shoulder, knocking him off balance. All around Hannibal people were dropping left and right, more than one gun going off now.

Hannibal, who was smiling at Jack with a bloodied mouth, had watched as the bullet went into his shoulder and then bucked his hips to thrust him the rest of the way off his body. In an instant the Count was on top of Jack again and pressed his finger deep into the bullet wound, snarling as the other wrapped around his throat to squeeze. "I will be sure to burn your body, Jack, though I'm certain you will not be missed."

From behind Hannibal were three sets of footfalls, a sweet, pungent scent wafting through the air. Jack’s eyes bulged a little, air running out.

The Alpha leaned forward at the scent, not willing to delay this any further and clamped sharp teeth where his hand had been, ripping out Jack's throat in a spray of blood. He spat out the foul flesh-- it wasn't worth of consumption --and turned to face the scent and sound, crimson dripping down his chin and neck.

“Hannibal?” Will called, panting, having run in his condition down the steps and out to the courtyard. Next to him was Chiyoh and Bedelia, all three of them wielding guns.

"Will!" Hannibal called back, getting to his feet and running over to him, his arms wrapping around his body when he reached his mate, minding the gun. He gave him bloody kisses, on his face, and scented him, before he pulled back long enough to speak again. "My cunning

boy, thank you and you, dear Chiyoh," he said, smiling, and then looked at the blonde, "I do not yet know your name but I am also in your debt."

“That’s Bedelia. She’s an Alpha, too,” Will said, gun holstered once more over his shoulder, he hugged Hannibal tightly, far less stressed now. The ground was littered with bodies, but at least they were safe.

"A pleasure, Bedelia, and again, I am thankful to both of you ladies, and you especially, my William," Hannibal said, smiling warmly at this husband as he placed his hand over Will's belly and rubbed the nape of his neck with the other. "I'd like to show my thanks by cooking dinner for you both, tonight at our home, if it would please you?"

“And he cooks?” Bedelia asked, holstering her gun at her hip.

“He does,” Will said snuggling into Hannibal, far less stressed now, but his belly was tight either way with worry and being away from his Alpha.

Hannibal continued to rub at Will's nape, and then pressed his nose against his husband's scent gland as he held him, wanting to offer comfort. "I enjoy the culinary arts, yes. However it is not often we get to entertain guests, so it would an honor. Either way we should take our leave of this area and with haste."

Everyone agreeing, Chiyoh lead them back to the car she took from Hannibal’s place, and helped Will into the back with Hannibal, while she and Bedelia were up front. Chiyoh drove them back to the villa, securing the dogs once more in the house before helping Hannibal and Will out.

"Please, have a seat ladies, I'll get us something to drink. Will, would you join me in the kitchen," Hannibal suggested, taking his hand and already beginning to lead him there. He needed a moment alone with his husband above all else.

Will nodded though was already following, waddling his way into the kitchen with Hannibal, and hugged him tightly once more, nose against his scent gland. “Hannibal…”

"My Will," Hannibal purred and gently pressed Will against the counter, scenting him back, and then kissed him, having wiped his face in the car ride back home. "I missed you, and was worried for yours and Abigail's safety."

“I was worried for yours,” Will admitted, relishing the kiss. It’d only been a few days, but Will was sure it felt like longer. “I don’t want that to happen again.”

"Jack is dead, and I am very much alive, thanks to you, and the ladies in the living room," Hannibal murmured, holding Will's face, reverently. "I will not allow us to be separated again. We can go back home, as I said in that cell, to Castle Lecter, far away from here, or someplace else if you'd like."

“Anywhere with you. But all our things are here for Abigail,” Will whispered, a clench in his belly, like a roll of pain washing over him.

"We can go after she's born then," Hannibal offered, but then detected the clench. It was concerning and he wasn't at all worried about the women waiting in the other room, all that mattered was Will and Abigail. "Will, tell me what you're feeling."

Gripping onto Hannibal tightly with one fist, Will curled his hand under his belly, as everything seemed to hurt at once. He only knew from his first birth. “Contraction, I think,” he groaned, his distress new as his scent changed rapidly, and the women entered the kitchen as the scent.

“He’s going into labor,” Chiyoh said, going to wash up, Bedelia beside her instantly, doing the same.

"A bit earlier than anticipated, but yes, he is," Hannibal agreed, taking in the scent as it shifted. "We need to get him to the birthing tub," he said, and then rolled up his sleeves, washing his hands as well and then wrapping his arms around Will. "I can carry you there, if you are not able to walk, Will."

With a splash, Will’s water broke, stepping away not to get it on Hannibal. “I’ll walk, I won’t get this on you…” he managed, holding his belly again as another contraction came, gripping the counter for support.

Hannibal wasn't concerned about that, he was still bloody from the kill before anyways. As such, he quickly removed his shirt, left in only a clean under garment and his pants. "Please do not worry about that," he insisted and then picked Will up anyways, gently, when he saw the next contraction. "They are coming close together. We haven't much time."

He quickly lead Will down the hall and to the room with the birthing tub, where he gestured to Chiyoh to turn on the solar powered water pump to get it ready. He looked down at Will, and emitted soothing pheromones. "Steady your breathing, Will, just as we discussed in our practices."

Chiyoh and Bedelia went out to the back to turn the solar panels on, disappearing outside quickly.

Will groaned, the stress had gotten to him, it was too much, wasn’t it? He tucked his nose into Hannibal’s neck and tried to steady himself. “Okay, okay…” He’d done this one before without his Alpha, without comfort, he could do this again.

Hannibal held him, as he waited for the women to get the birthing tub ready. He was prepared, despite the sudden labor, and Will was not alone this time. "I'll give you an epidural, something I was able to get before I was taken, providing you're not too far along. I'll need to check you first," he said, and walked over to the exam table he had in the room in case of complications. "Unless you'd prefer to not have one, but I still need to see how far dilated you are, Mylimasis."

Chiyoh came back in and nodded that the panels were on and the tub was filling, and then went to go prepare any towels they would need for the baby.

“No drugs, I’ll be fine,” Will huffed, tiredly, kicking off his shoes to the ground.

Hannibal thanked Chiyoh and then got Will onto the table, removing his pants, and underwear, placing a sheet over him for some privacy. "You might change your mind, Will, think about it," he offered, putting his mate's feet in the stirrups, and turned on the solar powered light. After putting on some gloves, he got down between Will's legs. "Relax as best you can, you'll feel some pressure."

Will groaned again, trying not to writhe in pain on the table right there, the pressure from the contractions were immense. “Is she too early? Will she be okay?” The boy was starting to worry, panic settling in.

"She is only around three weeks early," Hannibal said, feeling inside of Will. "She may be a bit on the smaller side but there is nothing to worry about, mylimasis, you and our pup will be just fine."

Hannibal removed his fingers after a moment and pulled off his gloves. "You are eight centimeters dilated, and will need to begin pushing soon," he said and leaned over Will to scent him again. "Let's get you into the tub, are you certain you do not wish to receive an epidural, last chance."

Will reached his arms around Hannibal’s shoulders to be picked up and moved. “I don’t need one. I’ve done this, I can do this again.”

Picking Will up, the Alpha nodded, not thinking about his husband's first time and instead, sat him on the side of the tub, taking off his shirt. Once he was stripped, he put him into the water, and took his hand. "How does that feel?" he asked, and kissed his brow, standing up to pull over a tray of items they would need once she was born.

The warmth helped the pain, just a little bit. It was a much better experience this time around, he could feel it. “It’s nice and warm.”

"Good, just please continue your breathing, and once you feel the urge to push, you may begin. I will count with you and walk you through it, every step of the way," Hannibal promised, smiling over at Will, continually emitting his scent as he readied the bassinet they'd fashioned, and got the clamp for the cord and medical scissors ready.

Turning in the tub, Will rested his arms over the side, butt sticking out a little as his legs spread, more comfortable this way given how male Omegas had to give birth. Will refrained from saying anything else about how he knew what to do, sensing Hannibal wasn’t keen to listen.

Hannibal wouldn't be petty in times like this, all he wanted was to see Will through to a safe birth and meet their child. More than that, it had been an exhausting few days for all of them.

Once the would be doctor readied everything, he knelt at Will's side and took his hand, emotion in his eyes. "I want to be here for you, Will, please don't deny me this."

“Why would I deny you?” Will asked, hips lifting slightly as another contraction rolled through him, and then another, causing the boy to gasp and bear down.

"It's not important, Will, I am just eager to meet our little girl," Hannibal smiled, and held onto his mate. "They are coming faster, it's almost time to push."

Will frowned, arms around Hannibal, as Chiyoh walked in alone, watching from the doorway, but getting no closer. Will looked at her but then kept his eyes on Hannibal. Knowing Hannibal could be petty about this and throw Will's last time at him but didn't helped the boy ease his tension a little as he started to push, contractions a constant wave now.

Hannibal leaned forward to kiss Will's brow, and still holding his hand but also moving a bit to get closer to see the birth and catch their little girl once she was born. "You are starting to crown, William, breath and push again, you're doing beautifully."

Groaning, Will started to push, gasping and gripping Hannibal's hand tightly. "Oh…"

Eyes were damp, and heart was pounding as the Alpha both kept watch and comforted his husband simultaneously. "Almost, Will, a few more pushes and we're home free."

Will managed and finally slumped against the tub, unable to do much more, but Chiyoh was behind Hannibal with a towel, to help get the baby out and cleaned off.

Hannibal brushed Will's damp curls from his brow, and once Chiyoh pulled Abigail out, and the cry was heard, he politely took over, snipping the cord and wrapping her up. She was beautiful, just as he knew she would be. He walked over to his husband to let him hold their daughter, knowing the first bond should be between the two of them. "Will, meet our little Abigail."

Will leaned back now against the tub, and held the pup to his chest, crying, as Chiyoh helped with the cleaning up and having Will deliver the placenta, which she took to save and freeze for him.

"She is beautiful," Will whispered, kissing their pup's head.

"Beautiful, yes...just like you," Hannibal murmured, a tear cascading down his cheek as he nodded a thanks to Chiyoh and then stooped beside Will and Abi. He kissed his husband's lips once and then their little angel's head as his mate had done.

"Will you hold her while I get out?" Will asked, softly, edging her back into Hannibal's arms so he could grab his robe.

"Certainly," Hannibal smiled, and carefully took her into his arms. He nodded at Chiyoh, and then to Will, for her to help him if he needed it, since his arms were full. He cooed at his little love, nuzzling and scenting her before looking back at Will. "You will need to rest, in bed, even though you were not cut."

Chiyoh went to Will's side and helped him into the robe and then tied it in the front. "She is very beautiful girl, Will. You are very lucky," she whispered and kissed his flushed cheek. She offered her shoulder for Will to use and helped him lie down on the couch.

"We both are," Hannibal added, having heard the whisper as he followed them to the living room, protectively. He offered Chiyoh a brief smile, and then scanned for Bedelia before looking back at Will. "We've been graced with an angel of our very own, there is nothing more divine than that."

Chiyoh touched Hannibal's arm. "You are." Bedelia was sitting by the fire they had built, a brandy in one hand that Chiyoh had gotten her.

Hannibal hummed at that, appreciating her more than he ever had. He had stabilized quite a lot since they'd last seen each other. He looked at Bedelia for a moment next and chuckled, quietly. "It would appear as though tonight's dinner party has turned into a celebration of Abigail's birth. I will begin supper as soon as I see that my family is properly settled," he said, and then winked at his husband. "You will need proper nutrition for breastfeeding and yourself."

Will nodded as Bedelia raised her glass and downed it at that. Will reached for the pup. "Speaking of that, I should try to."

"Yes, agreed," Hannibal nodded, once and handed Abigail over to Will, carefully. "It may take a few tries to get her to latch on, as I'm sure you know, but the first feeding is crucial for the bond." He stayed put, wanting to witness it before he would start dinner.

Chiyoh busied herself not to stare, and Bedelia rose to gather another drink.

Will held Abigail to his slightly swollen breast, gently tilting her toward him, and she opened her petite little mouth and latched on immediately, which caused the Omega to flush and glow with happiness.

Hannibal beamed with pride, as it also gave a nod to Abigail's instincts, even just being born. He neared and crouched by the couch, stroking Will's hair lovingly, watching. "I love you both, immensely."

Will tugged the blanket over the back around him and Abigail, and then leaned back to look at Hannibal. "We love you, too."

"For that I shall be eternally grateful, Mylimasis," Hannibal smiled, a purr resonating from his chest. He leaned forward and kissed Abigail's soft head, smelling her tuft of hair. "I'll go start dinner if there is nothing more you require?"

"A glass of water please," Will acquire, rocking the pup back and forth.,

"I won't be but a moment," Hannibal said, and then excused himself, walking into the kitchen to get a glass of water. He returned and handed it to Will.

"Thank you," Will said, holding the pup with one arm and the glass with his free hand, drinking it down. This was not the welcome home they wanted, but it was the one they needed.

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